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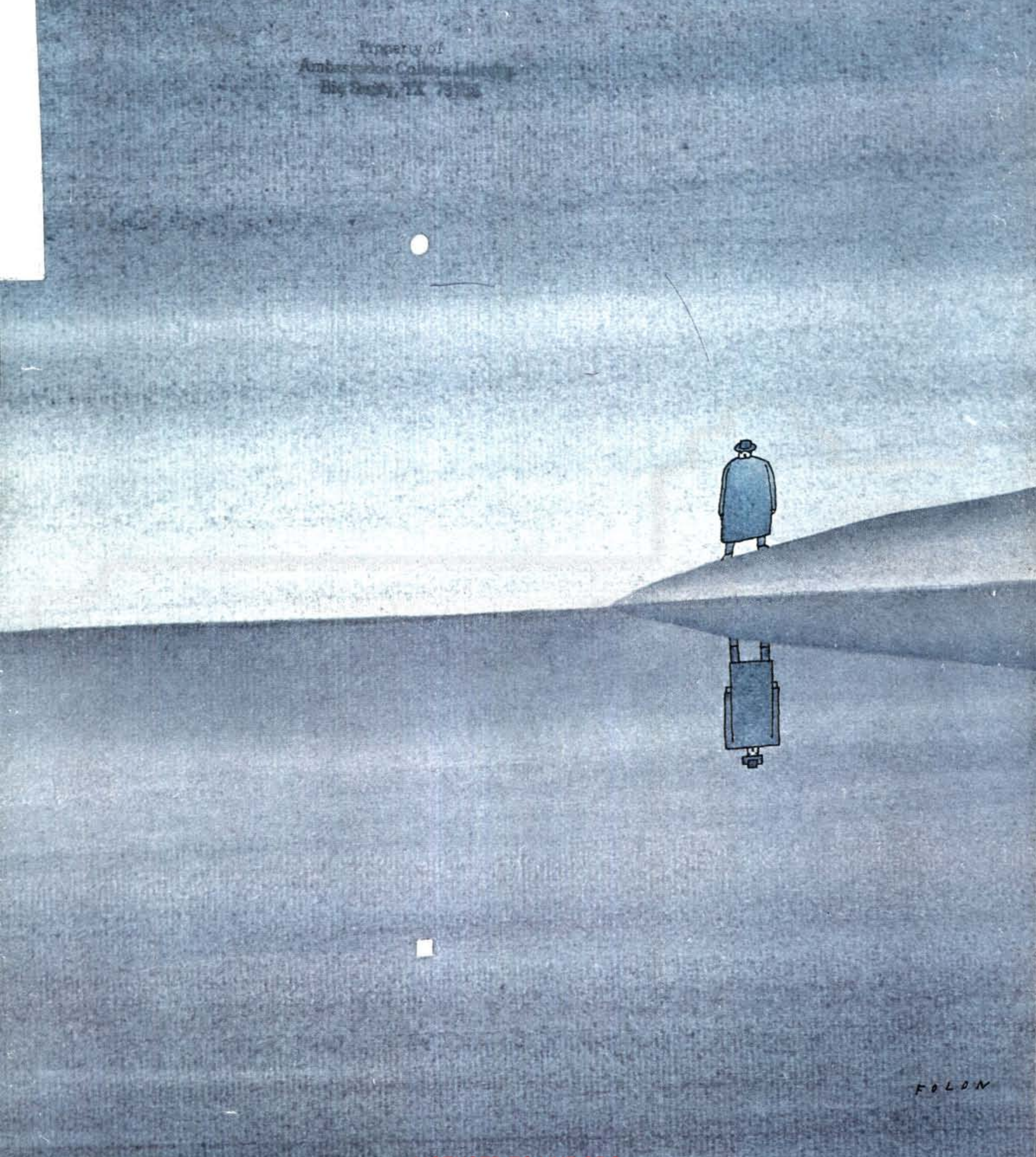

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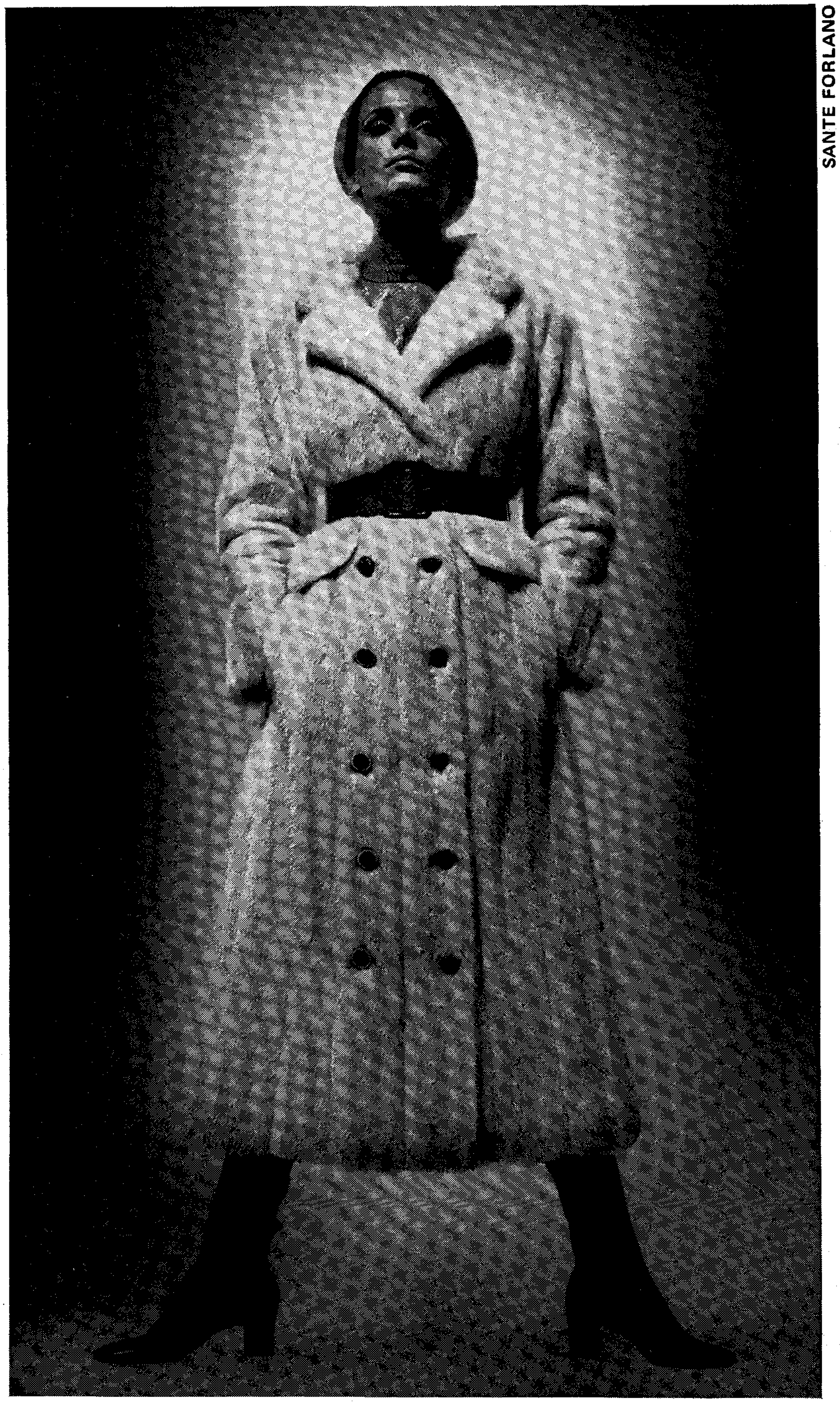

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

### THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

#### PLAYS

**And Puppy Dog Tails**—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—with the difference that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Butterflies Are Free**—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Ceremonies in Dark Old Men**—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Fortune and Men's Eyes**—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Front Page**—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Indians**—Stacy Keach plays Buffalo Bill in this rousing phantasmagorical account, by Arthur Kopit, of the white man's centuries-long betrayal of the Indian. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Little Boxes**—Tony Tanner in an English comedy by John Bowen. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 3. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Makbeth**—A strenuous exercise, with moments of ingenuity here and there, that gets very tiresome after a while. Any resemblance to the Shakespearean original is purely accidental. Jerry Rojo's setting is a marvel. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8:30.)

**The Mundy Scheme**—Jack Cassidy, Patrick Bedford, Godfrey Quigley, and Dorothy Stickney in Brian Friel's play, imported from Dublin. Donal Donnelly is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 11. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**No Place to Be Somebody**—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

**Our Town**—Thornton Wilder's dark and sunny examination of small-town life and death has been given an agreeable production by the Plumstead Playhouse. On hand are Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Elizabeth Hartman, Ed Begley, and Harvey Evans. Directed by Donald Driver. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 27.)

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**Private Lives**—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in the APA Repertory Company's production of Noël Coward's comedy. Directed by Stephen Porter. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center**—William Saroyan's play of 1939, **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE**, is mildly amusing as a vaudeville; nothing in it can afford to be examined too closely, but a large cast keeps half a dozen minuscule plots in motion and makes an air of good humor take the place of wit. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 20.). . . ¶ At the Forum in the same building—Vaclav Havel's **THE INCREASED DIFFICULTY OF CONCENTRATION**, translated by Vera Blackwell. The first in this season's series of four productions in the Forum. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**A Scent of Flowers**—A fantasy in which the heroine is a girl recently dead by her own hand. Katharine Houghton is delightful in the part, and she gets strong support from John Glover and Roderick Cook. James Saunders wrote the play, and Brian Murray directed it. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Slave Ship**—LeRoi Jones' graphic and horrify-

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DRAWINGS: *Dana Fradon, Lee Lorenz, George Price, William O'Brian, Warren Miller, Mischa Richter, F. B. Modell, Charles Barsotti, William Steig, Stan Hunt, Robert Day, Edward Koren, Joseph Mirachi*

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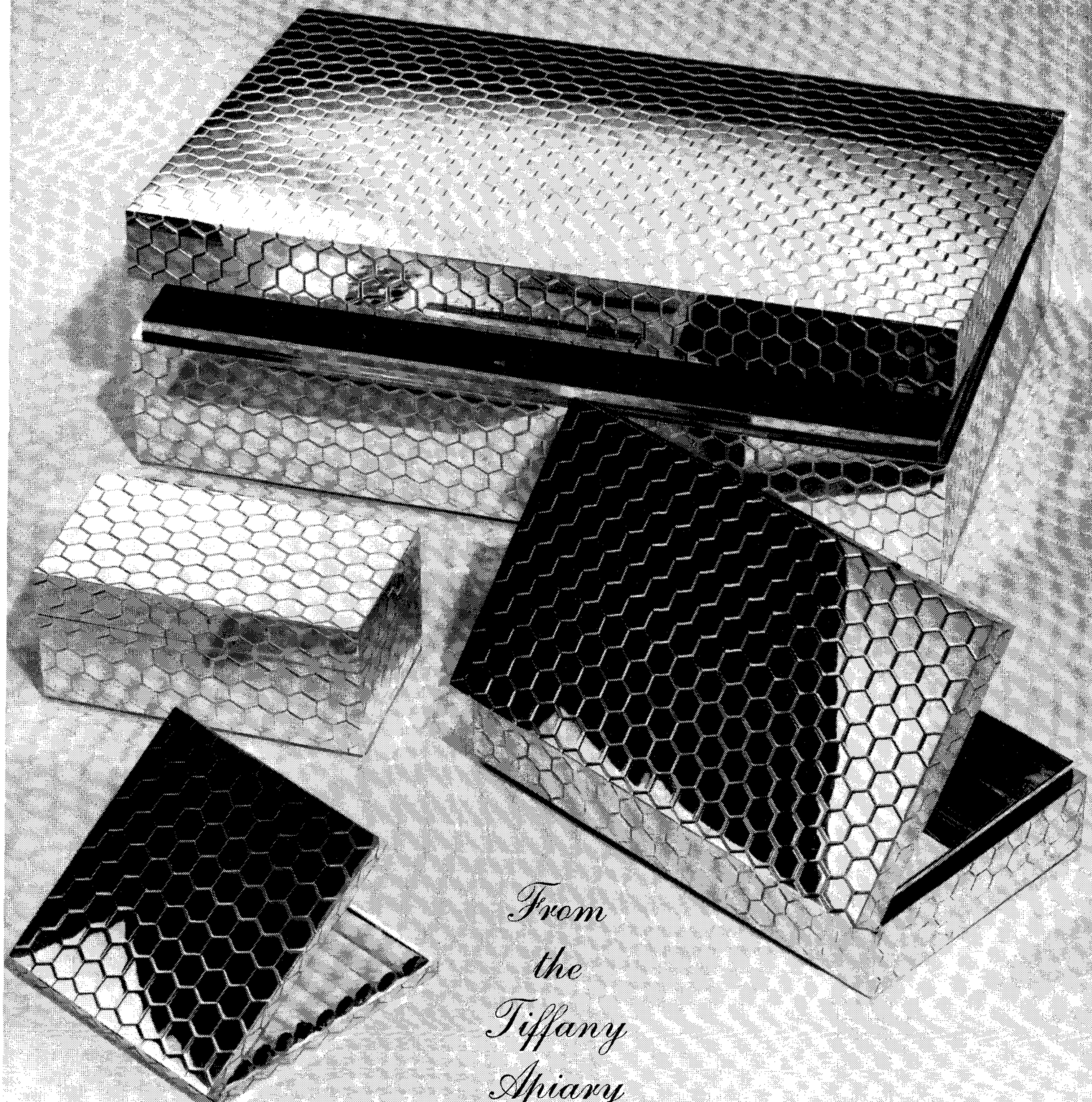
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 42, December 6, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing demonstration of life aboard a slaver. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-5111. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Three Men on a Horse**—A marvellous revival of the nineteen-thirties farce by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. The admirable cast includes Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, Dorothy Loudon, Paul Ford, Rosemary Prinz, and Leon Janney. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Trees Die Standing**—This comedy is the first entry in Ida Kaminska's proposed Yiddish repertory season. The play is rather foolish, and the simultaneous translation available over transistor radio is rather deadening, but Miss Kaminska, as a kind of foxy grandma, is a total delight. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

**A Whistle in the Dark**—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Who's Happy Now?**—A slapdash but often funny play about the peculiar domestic life of a family in Texas. The setting is a bar. With Teresa Wright and Rue McClanahan. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs—ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FORTY CARATS:** Julie Harris and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** A huge cast, headed by Yaphet Kotto, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK:** A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

### MUSICALS

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**Buck White**—A musical version by Oscar Brown, Jr., of Joseph Dolan Tuotti's play, with Cassius Clay in the title role. Staged by Mr. Brown and Jean Pace. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Jimmy**—Not a humdrum musical comedy for the reason that there is literally nothing to hum. Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson are valiant in vain. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Oh! Calcutta!**—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Promenade**—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Salvation**—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

**1776**—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

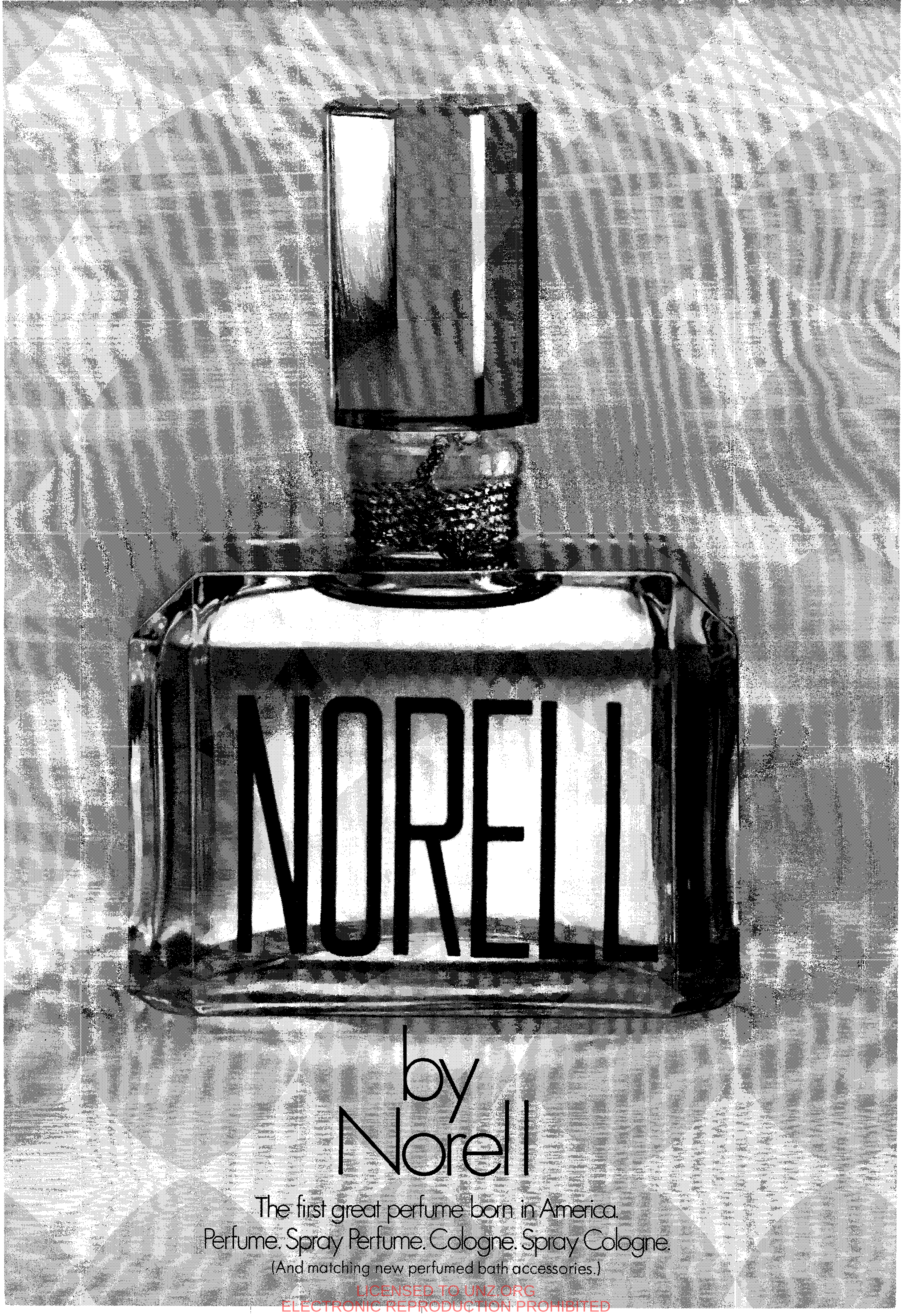
**Stomp**—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**Long Runs—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** He shaved evenly and with care, in silence, seriously. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Claudio Brook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Brook at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Episodes," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:15: "La Source," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," the new unnamed ballet, and "Episodes.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:15: "Ivesiana," "Allegro Brillante," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Ivesiana," and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 7, at 1:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ "The Nutcracker": Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 8:15, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:15 and 8:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

**American Ballet Theatre**—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30: "Les Noces," "Dark Elegies," "Corsair Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "The Eternal Idol" (première), "Dark Elegies," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30: "Les Noces," "Corsair Pas de Deux," "Fancy Free," and "Gala Performance.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2: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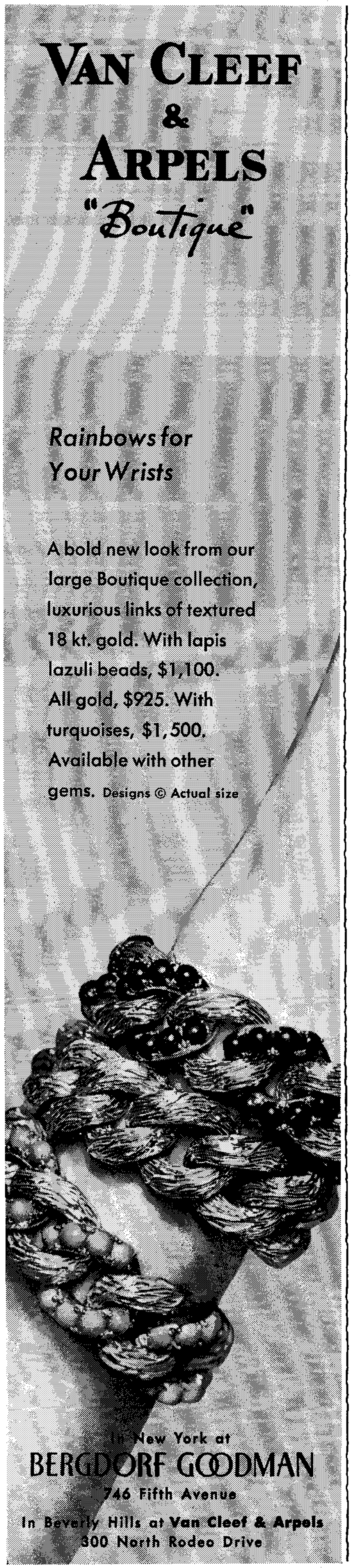

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"Swan Lake."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30: "Las Hermanas," "The Eternal Idol," "Dark Elegies," and "Gala Performance."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30: "Pulcinella Variations," "Brahms Quintet" (première), "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: "Las Hermanas," "Brahms Quintet," "Caprichos," and "Pulcinella Variations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Coppélia." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Through Sunday, Dec. 14.)

**ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE**—Final performances of a one-week engagement—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 3-4, and Saturday, Dec. 6, all at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:30: "Somniloquy," "Divertissement," and "Echo" (première).... ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:30: "Divertissement," "Tower," and "Tent." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY**—Tuesday, Dec. 9, and Sunday, Dec. 14, both at 7:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30: "Piece Period," "Private Domain," and "Public Domain."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, all at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:30: "Post Meridian," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Churchyard" (première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Bill Haley and the Comets will play until Wednesday, Dec. 10, when singer-pianist David Ackles and a rock outfit called Morgan will turn up. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

**LA BOHÈME,** 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—A misnamed box whose mainspring is its music (the rest is *comme ci, comme ça*). The Lee Konitz quartet shares the bill with the Teddy Charles orchestra. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**CASEY'S,** 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

**HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. The Zoot Sims quartet plays six nights a week. On Fridays and Saturdays, singer Chris Connor is also on hand. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, rather depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—usually played by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, George Reed, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

**RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

**RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

**SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the McCoy Tyner quintet. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, the Lee Morgan quintet will arrive. On Mondays, the place is turned over to Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra.

**TONY PARENTI'S CLUB,** 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—A bar like the ones that used to front on 52nd Street in proliferation during the Jazz Era, with—in a sort of window box—a band dedicated with conviction to Dixie. Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Graham Stewart, and even venerable Freddie Moore are concerned. The cast may change now and then, but the sound will not. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Junior Mance trio takes turns with the pianist Toshiko. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. Dining.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. The Roland Kirk sextet will be onstage until Tuesday, Dec. 9, when the McCoy Tyner quintet will move in. Monday, Dec. 8, is reserved for Duke Pearson's sixteen-piece band.

**WEST BOONDOCK,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

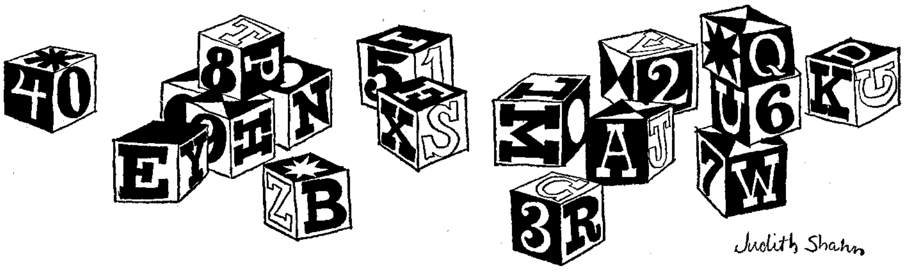
(No dining, unless indicated.)

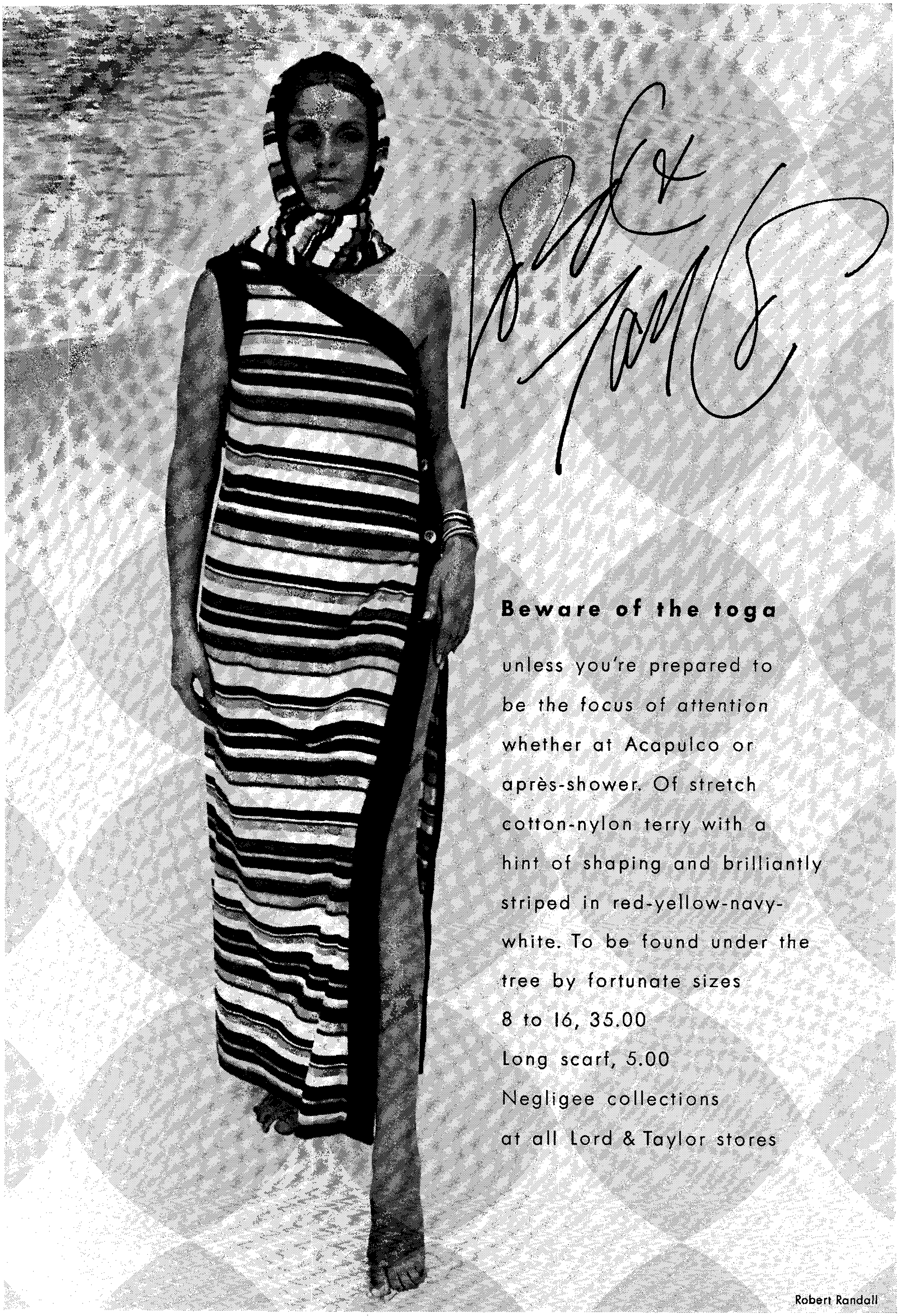
**AUX PUCES,** 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte.* Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele look satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

**ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Tractor plays for dancing until Tuesday, Dec. 9, when Train takes over. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

**L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

**SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at





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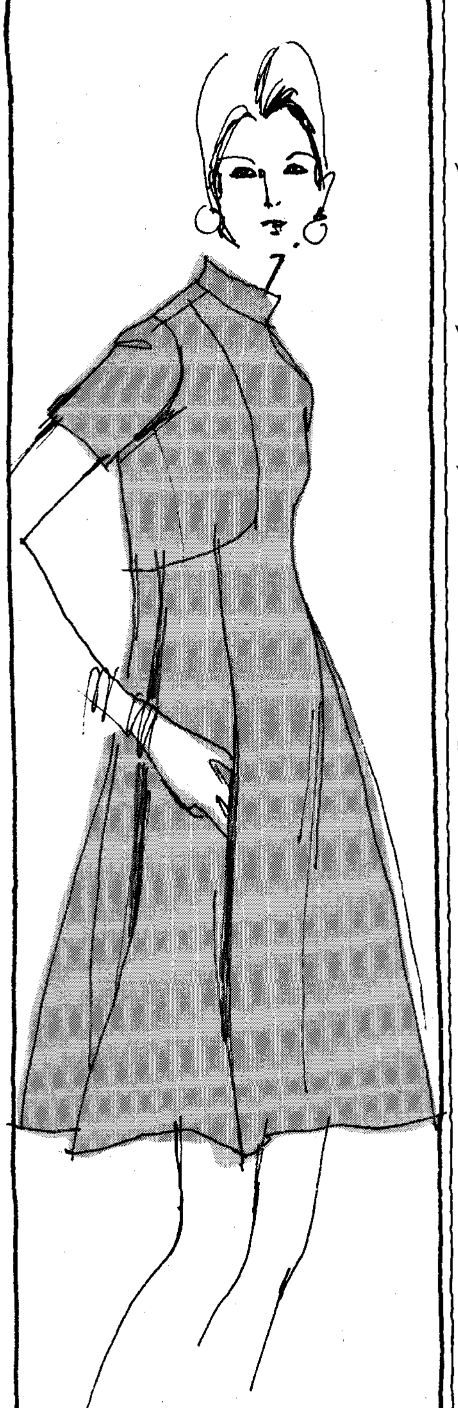

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56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Oh! Cairo! Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Between record sets, some Spanish boys and girls known as the Zaras entertain. On Monday, Dec. 8, What Four, a group of singers and players, will begin an engagement. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

**Wednesday's,** 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

**Wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Flow does. Closed Sundays.

**Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "I'm Gonna Make You Love Me," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big.

### OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

**EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Everybody else got into the act at one time and another; now it is the turn of Billy Reed, a man of more experience, to revive the venerable fun-and-gamesmanship club, and we will see what we will see; Horace Diaz is in charge of the dance tunes, which have already enjoyed a revival. The music starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The household words here, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): On Monday, Dec. 8, Ray McKinley's fair-to-middling big band comes in off the road and out of the cold. Six until two during the week, one until eight on Sundays. The other band should have stayed on the road. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): No great shakes, such as rocking, rolling, and strangleholding, are permitted by the management, which prefers such old-fashioned virtues as the two-step. The nourishment is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and an acceptable one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He does two turns an evening (nine-thirty and midnight), and every evening.

**Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Now that there is no Met, no Isolde, Felicia Sanders must be relied upon for our super-songs of passion, and here she is—Mondays at eleven, then at ten and twelve up to Saturday, when she begins at nine-thirty and ends at one. Irving Joseph's trio adds background and beneficence to the deal. Closed Sundays.

**El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play instruments (well, a Persian dumbek) that don't grow on trees, or do they? The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

**The Twelve Steps,** 44 W. 54th St. (JU 2-2348)—A mere slip of a place, in which a rock operetta (the not at all overbearing group called A More Perfect Union does the music) anthologizes city life in an Edgar Lee Masters' sort of way, with a "Pins and Needles" point of view. All hands are young, extremely earnest, and deserving. Tee-off times are nine and eleven, Wednesday through Saturday. Eats.

**Upstairs at the Downstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The new local revue, "Weigh-In, Way-Out," is not altogether pleased with some aspects of the current edition of civilization, and says so—half the time in words of pretty good wisdom. Except for Pam Meyers, the cast is B-minus. Diatribes twice a night, except on Sundays.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box is the Chatter Box while Tony Sandler and partner (not, unfortunately, a silent one) are onstage during dinner and supper. Mr. Sandler happens to be a most personable persiflager, which helps a lot. In between all this, there is music by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an army perfect at minding its p's and cues. Closed Sundays.

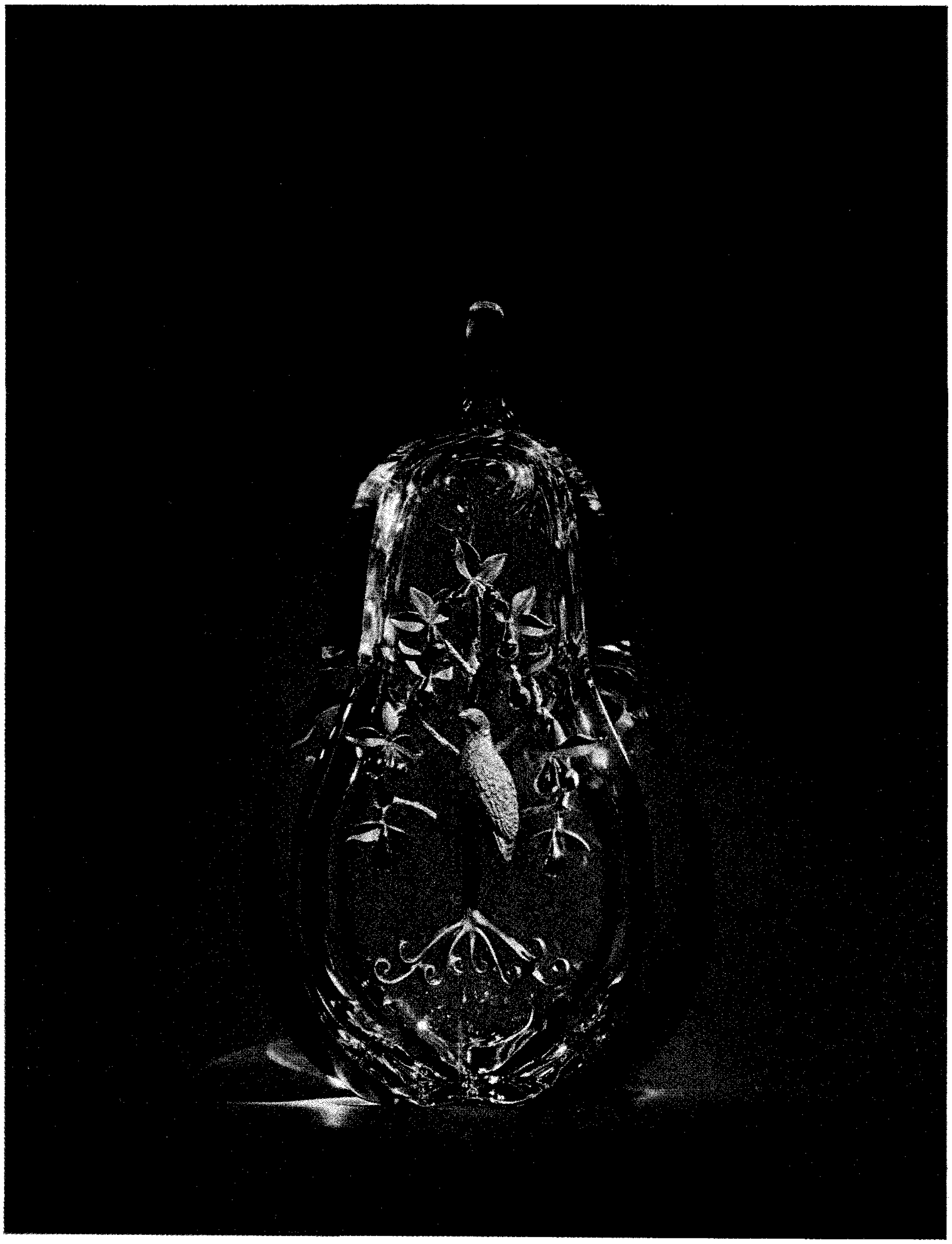
**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, a fine set of sentimental gentlemen, come driving across the plains from Barcelona, which simply has to be a Fun City whenever their song-and-prance act is in residence there. They, and their accompanying ballerinas, do their specialties every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Leo Rivera and the voice of Domingo Alvarado. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

**Downbeat,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Any group led by Bobby Hackett is always on the silver standard because of the sound of his solitary, winding hunting horn. (Vic Dickenson, John Ulrich, Jimmy Madison, and Franklyn Skeete are the Hackett bodyguard.) Add to this the Teddy Wilson trio and the net result is bliss. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, Barbara McNair is often in communion with rock and roll—a good thing for r. and r., all right. In fact, whatever she does when she stops talking and gets back to singing is all right. Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's play on and on into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ:** The band in the charge of Lionel Hampton rumbles out of the city on Sunday, Dec. 7, to be replaced, on Tuesday, Dec. 9, by the fivesome of the Olympian Earl Hines—a simple, direct, outgoing, and wonderful invention. The music these groups produce is for meditation, not gymnastics. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio, which is staying on, will continue chipping in with music for further listening and music for footwork. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In this almost topless tower of Ilium, the Sandpipers do their glee-club duty during dinner and supper. They depart on Saturday, Dec. 6; on Monday, Dec. 8, Jonah Jones and his saints will come marching in. The purely *dance* music, by other hands, goes on from eight until two. Closed Sundays.

**Roosevelt Grill,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—What is sunnily called the World's Greatest Jazz Band is a reasonable facsimile of the promise implicit in the title, for it



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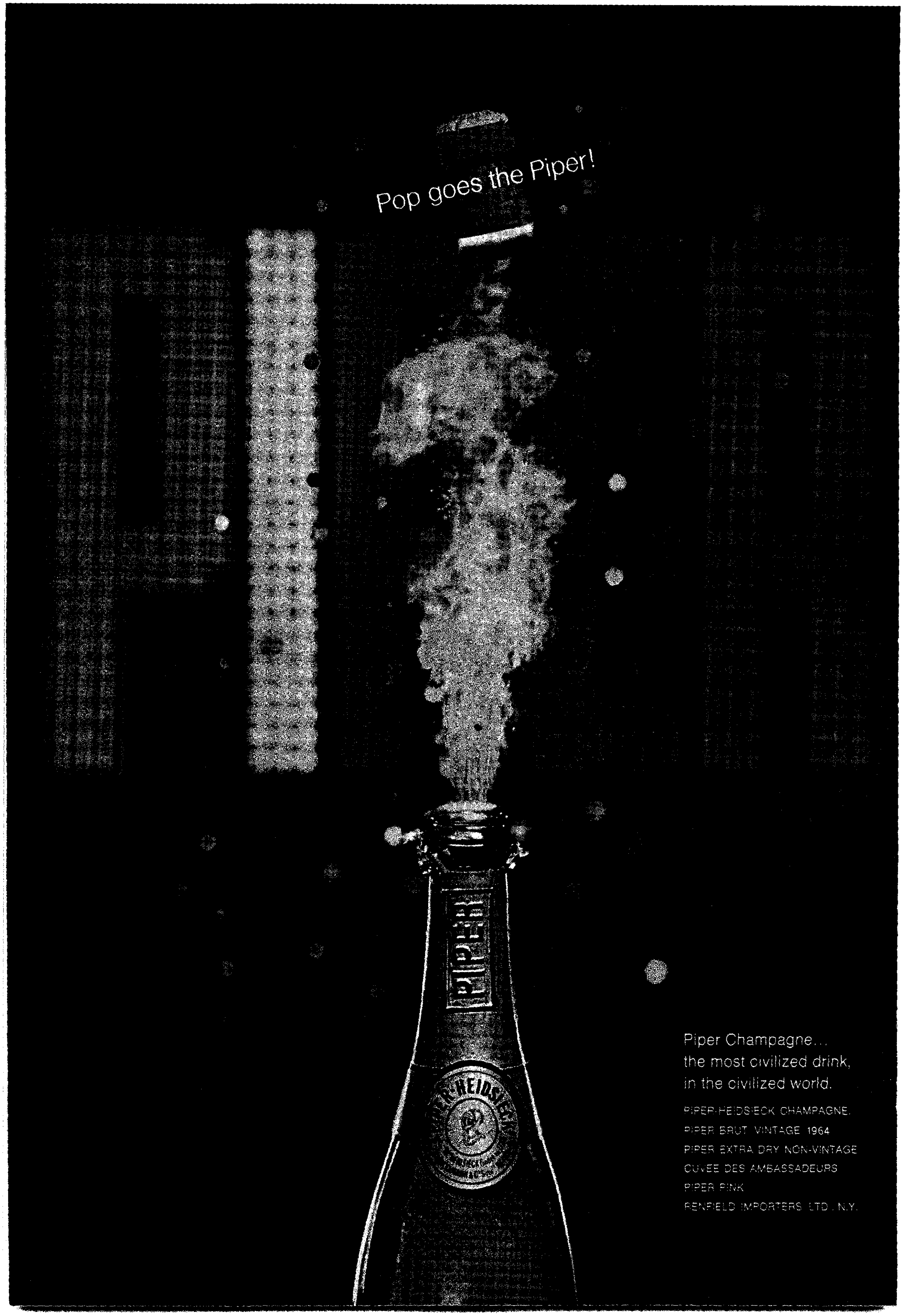
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

amounts to Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Carl Fontana, and Gus Johnson, Jr. Joe Venuti's quartet (Jack Lesberg, Lou Stein, and Cliff Leeman are his helpmeets) trade places with it now and then. The music goes from seven to one (two on Saturdays), and so does the dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a good new band led by Hal Turner) except when, amid dinner and supper, Marguerite Piazza sings, with a skill that needs no echo chamber, no electronic engineering to bolster her. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Julie London, no longer a weeping willow, sings with gale force through dinner and supper in the Empire Room, a new and considerably improved Empire Room. The music comes in large part from the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, and it will do. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This little star, so long a part of our firmament, shines more brightly now that it is soon to disappear forever. Until it does, Louis Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders will keep the two pianos properly stoked. Eight, or not long after, until quite well along. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eat, drink, and be merry, for not until morning does Bobby Short cease and desist from his labor of songs of love (requited, benighted, delighted). Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are, as always, his devoted sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825) : Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning; he is off duty Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960) : The piano in the bar is the property of Lynn Richards, a girl whose lyrics indicate that she knows her way around New York. Nine to two is her stint, and she has Sundays to herself. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Muriel Roberts represses only part of her jazz instinct as she addresses her piano and her lyrics from five-thirty until nine-thirty Tuesday through Friday and from seven to nine-thirty Saturday; Scott Reed, who plays and sings from nine-thirty until three, runs from Tuesday through Saturday.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The bar is sometimes *viva-voce*, but the restaurant is *allegro*. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. Enrico Pianori, guitarist and intoner of *con-amore* ballads, does his seven-to-one recital every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): An evening's leisurely journey from Vienna to Schönbrunn, conducted by George Feyer's piano. The journey takes from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band, Elemer Horvath's, that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. . . . ¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, will be exhibiting special selections of works in various mediums.)

### GALLERIES

**Anne Arnold**—Larger-than-life cats, made of canvas stretched on wooden frames; through Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**David Aronson**—Figurative sculptures and reliefs in bronze; through Dec. 20. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Max Beckmann** (1884-1950)—Paintings done in the United States from 1947 to 1950 by an important German Symbolist; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Arthur Biehl**—Realistic landscapes and interiors; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

**Arnold Blanch** (1896-1968)—Drawings of landscapes and nudes; through Dec. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Marcelo Bonevardi**—Painting-constructions; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

**Ernest Briggs**—Expressionist paintings; through

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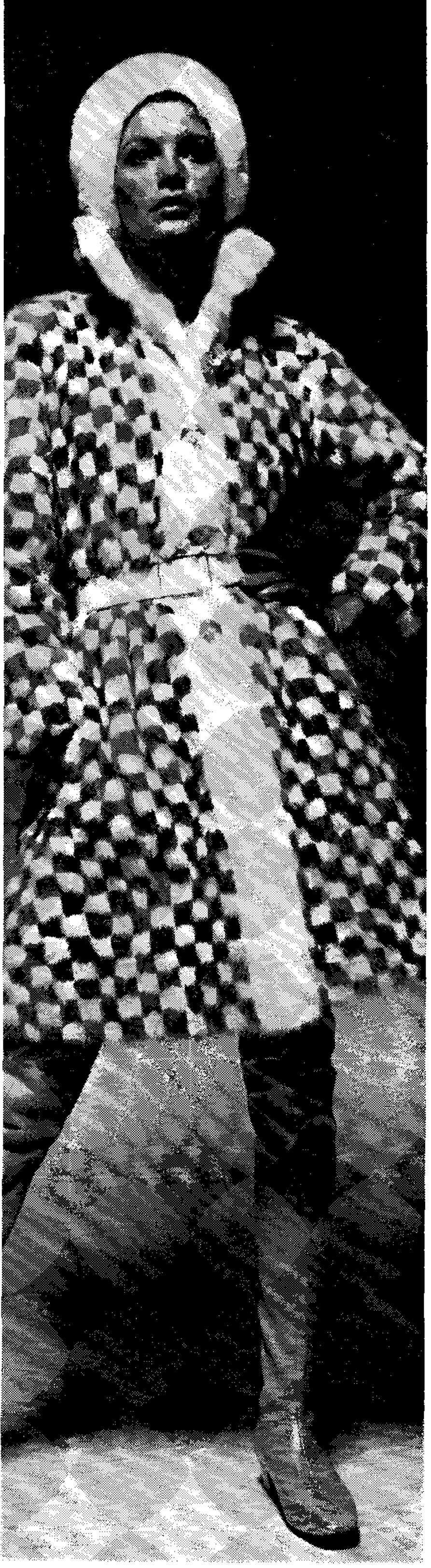

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 20. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Rudy Burckhardt**—Paintings by a well-known art photographer; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30; open Friday and Saturday evenings, 7:30 to 9:30.)

**Marc Chagall**—Watercolors, drawings, and gouaches; through Dec. 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Corot**—A benefit show of eighty paintings selected from all periods of the master's career; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**Sonia Delaunay**—Forty small Orphic compositions; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Richard Diebenkorn**—Abstract paintings suggestive of landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jean Dubuffet**—Landscapes, tables, trees, and figures assembled from multiple sculptural units in black and white; through Wednesday, Dec. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)... ¶ A small retrospective of his paintings and sculptures, together with works by artists—Oldenburg, Christo, Tinguely, Yves Klein, and George Cohen—related to or influenced by the French "anti-culturist;" through Jan. 3. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

**Mark Feldstein**—Five large color-area paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Ferren**—Emblematic paintings by a veteran colorist; through Thursday, Dec. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Henry Gasser**—Watercolors of Italian, Greek, and French subjects by a member of the National Academy; starting Tuesday, Dec. 9. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

**Arshile Gorky** (1904-48)—A hundred and fifty drawings related to important themes in the artist's work; through Dec. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**Harry Gottlieb**—Contemporary New York scenes by an artist familiar in the thirties; through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

**Tony Harrison**—Large color abstractions; through Dec. 24. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Will Insley**—Scale models, drawings, and photographs of terrestrial projects; through Dec. 20. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Horst Egon Kalinowski**—Leather wall sculptures of physiological motifs; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Henry Kallem**—Triptychs and standup paintings with panels that can be turned; through Thursday, Dec. 11. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ben Kamihira**—Landscapes of Spain and figure compositions; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Howard Kanovitz**—Sculptured canvases of basketball players, based on photographs; through Dec. 31. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Karl Knaths**—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Dec. 20. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**Robert Kulicke**—Paintings of roses in a precise style; starting Saturday, Dec. 6. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Leonid**—Neo-Romantic seascapes, figures, landscapes, and horses; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

**Isadore Levy**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

**René Magritte**—Eight sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Dec. 27. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Louisa Matthiasdottir**—Realistic still-lifes, landscapes, figures, and portraits; through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Legh Myers**—Abstract marble sculptures; through Thursday, Dec. 11. (Chapman, 922 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6.)

**Louise Nevelson**—Black wall sculptures and columns; through Dec. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**William Palmer**—Landscapes of upper New York State; through Dec. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Enzo Plazzotta**—Romantic portraits and figure sculptures; through Dec. 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

**Ogden Pleissner**—Recent oils and watercolors of Europe and Vermont; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Herman Rose**—Paintings and drawings by an artist who has long specialized in Bronx rooftops; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Gerald Samuels**—Paintings and sculptures by a former student of Hans Hofmann; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Molesworth, 692 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

**Leon Polk Smith**—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Dec. 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Chaim Soutine** (1893-1943)—Twenty-eight paintings by this artist, who is infrequently shown in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Margaret Stark**—Drawings, watercolors, constructions, and assemblages; through Dec. 20. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**Frank Stella**—More shaped canvases; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Clyfford Still**—The first show in twenty years of paintings (done between 1947 and 1966) by this leading Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Stanley Twardowicz**—Tonal compositions in acrylic, making use of the oval form; through Dec. 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Richard Van Buren**—Multi-sectional wall pieces in poured fibre glass; through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

**John Wesley**—Paintings of everyday subjects with a comic-book slant; through Dec. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Sanford Wurmfeld**—Three large geometric constructions in transparent colored plastic; through Dec. 20. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **Alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by about twenty-five artists, among them Ernest Briggs, Charles E. Martin, and Sybil Wilson; through Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **Architectural League of New York**, 41 E. 65th St.: An exhibition, organized by Les Levine, lampooning art-establishment taste by exhibiting the participants' "worst work;" through Friday, Dec. 5.... **Byron**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: More than fifty paintings, drawings, and sculptures by leading Surrealists; through Dec. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **Center for Inter-American Relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Four Latin-American artists working in advanced modes; through Jan. 18. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **Cordier & Ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and objects by Arman, Man Ray, Marisol, Ossorio, Bearden, and others on the theme of the hat block; through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **Emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and objects of pre-Columbian and colonial Peru; starting Saturday, Dec. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **Frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Dada and Surrealist drawings; through Jan. 3.... **Gallery of Israeli Art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings by ten Israeli modernists; through Tuesday, Dec. 9. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **Goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Works on paper by Balthus, Brauner, de Kooning, Klee, and others; through Dec. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **Kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and graphics by artists of the

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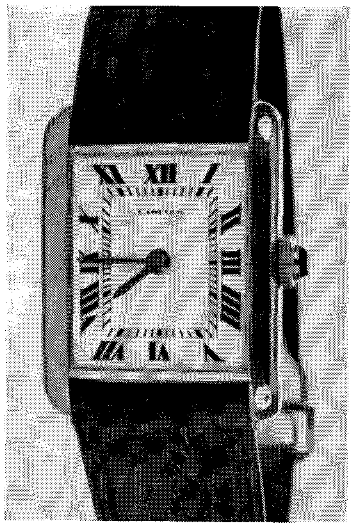
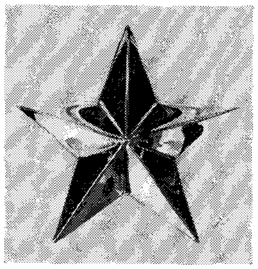
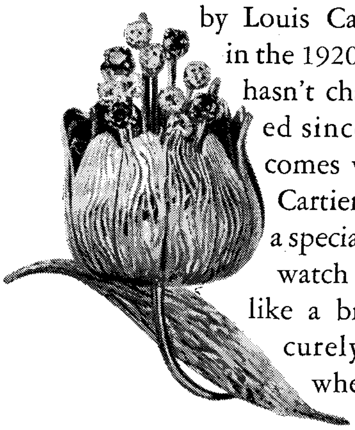
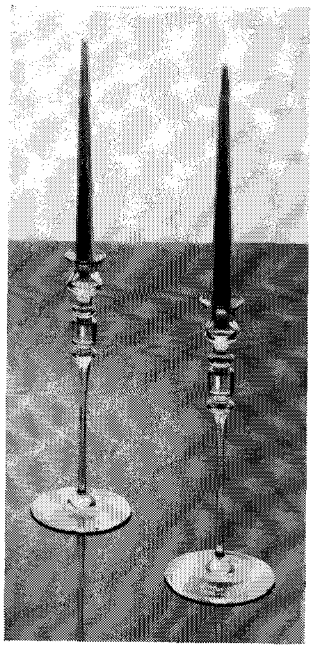
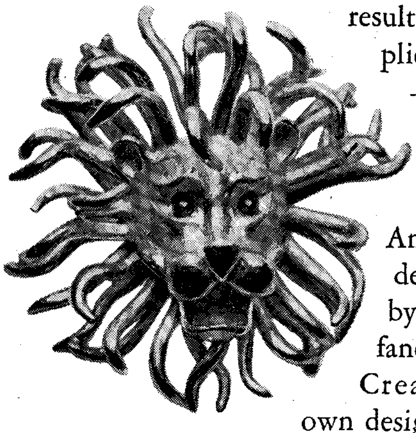


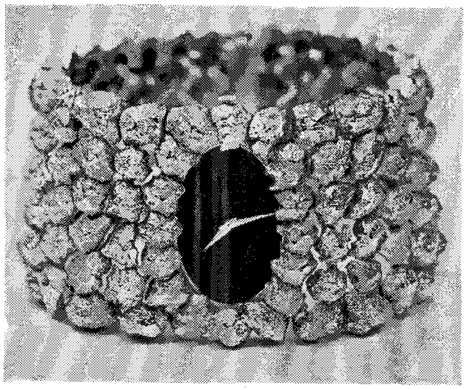


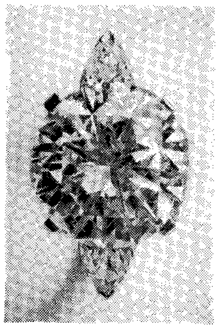




It's that time again. You're Christmas shopping, and you'd like to give something beautiful, something personal. Something contemporary or classic. To help you plan your shopping, we'd like to send you a copy of our Christmas booklet, *The Fine Art of Cartier,* with everything in it from whimsy to grandeur. But in the meantime, we'd like to suggest a few of our very favorite gift ideas. The man who prefers elegance without fripperies will appreciate the classic Cartier watch. Designed by Louis Cartier in the 1920's, it hasn't changed since. It comes with Cartier's own deployant buckle, a special feature which allows the watch to be slipped on and off like a bracelet, while staying securely in place on the wrist when fastened. With the well-known Cartier dial, distinctive sapphire crown on the winding wheel, and the deployant buckle, the watch is $650. And for tradition there's the Cartier star, sure to become an heirloom Christmas treasure. Shown here in shining vermeil, it comes with a little hook for hanging from tree branches, mantles or any place that needs brightening. $35. In silver, $30. Our tulip pin is an enduring way to give the romance of flowers. It is crafted by hand in 18 karat gold with exaggerated stamens tipped with your choice of precious stones. It begins at $575. The crystal candlesticks are special favorites of ours. They're fashioned individually by hand from molten crystal, heavily leaded for utmost sparkle and brilliance. The result is purity and simplicity in line and form—a design equally at home in traditional or contemporary settings. $25 the pair. And who wouldn't be delighted and charmed by our lion, who's more fanciful than ferocious. Created by one of our own designers in vermeil over sterling with onyx eyes, he's a perfect pendant, an unusual belt buckle, or whatever imagination permits. $275. For contemporary boldness, there's really nothing comparable to our bracelet watch, created by Piaget exclusively for us. The band of shining nuggets is crafted by hand and finished in 18 karat gold with a rare oval tiger-eye face. $4,900. And for someone *very* special may we suggest our Ring of Diamonds. The rare canary brilliant in an uncommon arrangement with 2 pear-shaped diamonds is scintillant in a platinum setting. 10.06 karats. Price upon request. If you'd like more suggestions please write for our catalogue. Or come by and look around for yourself. (The enamel and gold lady bugs are $20 each.) Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Second Street, New York 10022. Chicago, Palm Beach.







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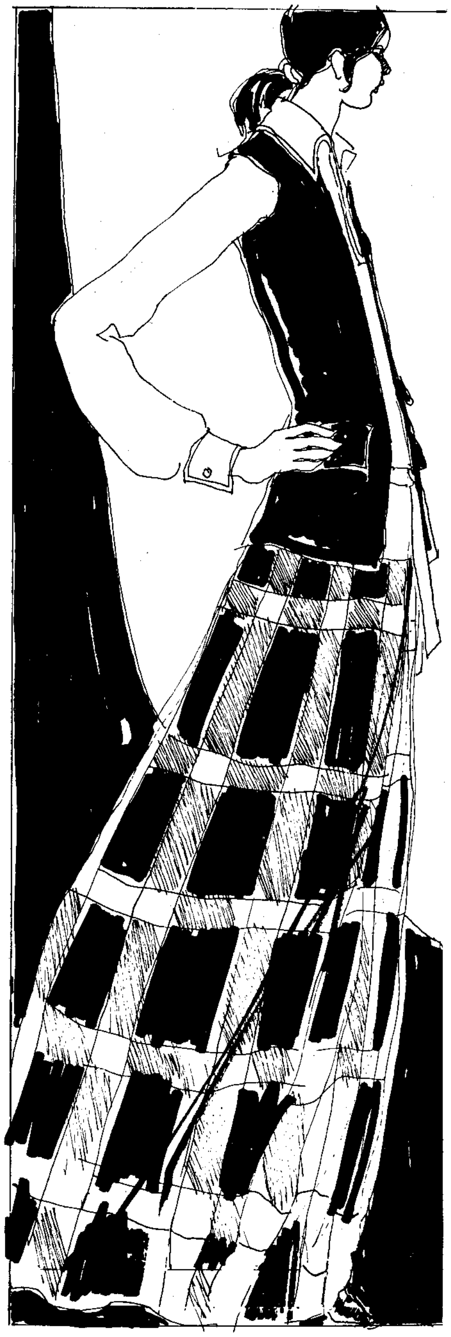

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first three decades of the century, featuring John Sloan, and with Glackens, Bacon, and Biehl, among others; through Dec. 27. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Selections from the New York University and Longview Foundation art collections, by (to mention a few) Newman, Brooks, Steinberg, and Vicente; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred and forty-five drawings from the sixties by a hundred prominent Americans; through Jan. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Posters done between 1900 and 1920 by seventeen German artists, among them Kirchner, Pechstein, Otto Mueller, and Schiele; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent drawings by Picasso, together with drawings by González, Gris, Klee, and Léger; through Jan. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Art produced by light effects, gas pressures, motions, and sounds; starting Saturday, Dec. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann, Marin, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

**Sculpture**—At the **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by new members; through Dec. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Examples in a variety of modes by Bauermeister, Bertoia, Bill, Chryssa, and Etrog (to name a few); through Saturday, Dec. 6.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections; through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by the major twentieth-century sculptor Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Fifty-three paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Martin J. Heade, a nineteenth-century itinerant painter of landscapes, portraits, and tropical birds and flowers; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibit of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-one works (by, for instance, Raymond Saunders, Sidney Goodman, Lowell Nesbitt, Hans Moller, and Stefano Cusumano) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Sculptures and graphics by Institute members; through Dec. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—Sixty-one Cambodian bronze and stone figures—ranging from animals to deified monarchs—done between 650 and 1250 A.D.; through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**China House**, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design**, Third Ave. at 7th St.—A Rembrandt anniversary-celebration exhibition of etchings from all periods of the artist's printmaking, and running concurrently with his show at the Morgan Library; through Jan. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

**Finch College Museum of Art**, 62 E. 78th St.—Sixty-six anonymous paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—One work each in plastic materials by forty-nine artists, among them Louise Nevelson, Frank Gallo, Les Levine, and Rockne Krebs; through Jan. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and fifteen etchings by Rembrandt being shown on the three-hundredth anniversary of his death and running concurrently with a similar exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art**, 49 W. 53rd St.—A handsome display, with room settings, of handicrafts of the Shaker sect, designed to portray the Shaker "order of Christmas;" through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures that create sound, among other sound-creating mediums; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Museum of Primitive Art**, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center**, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifteen paintings and drawings by Robert Henri, founder of the Eight, also known as the Ashcan School; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Sculptures depicting the human condition by Rhoda Sherbell; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ A private collector's hundred and fifty drawings, watercolors, and pastels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; starting Tuesday, Dec. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**New-York Historical Society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last decade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**Riverside Museum**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings by six artists based on photographs and photographic reproductions; starting Tuesday, Dec. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Fourteen black artists from Boston; through Jan. 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Hunter College Opera Theatre**—Mozart's "The Magic Flute," conducted by Karoly Koepe

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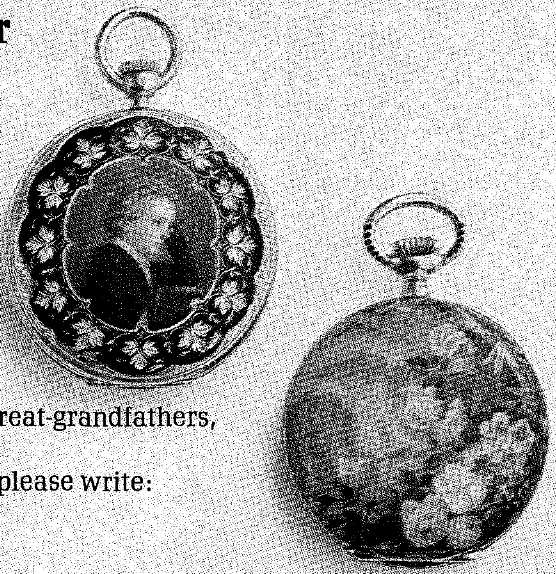

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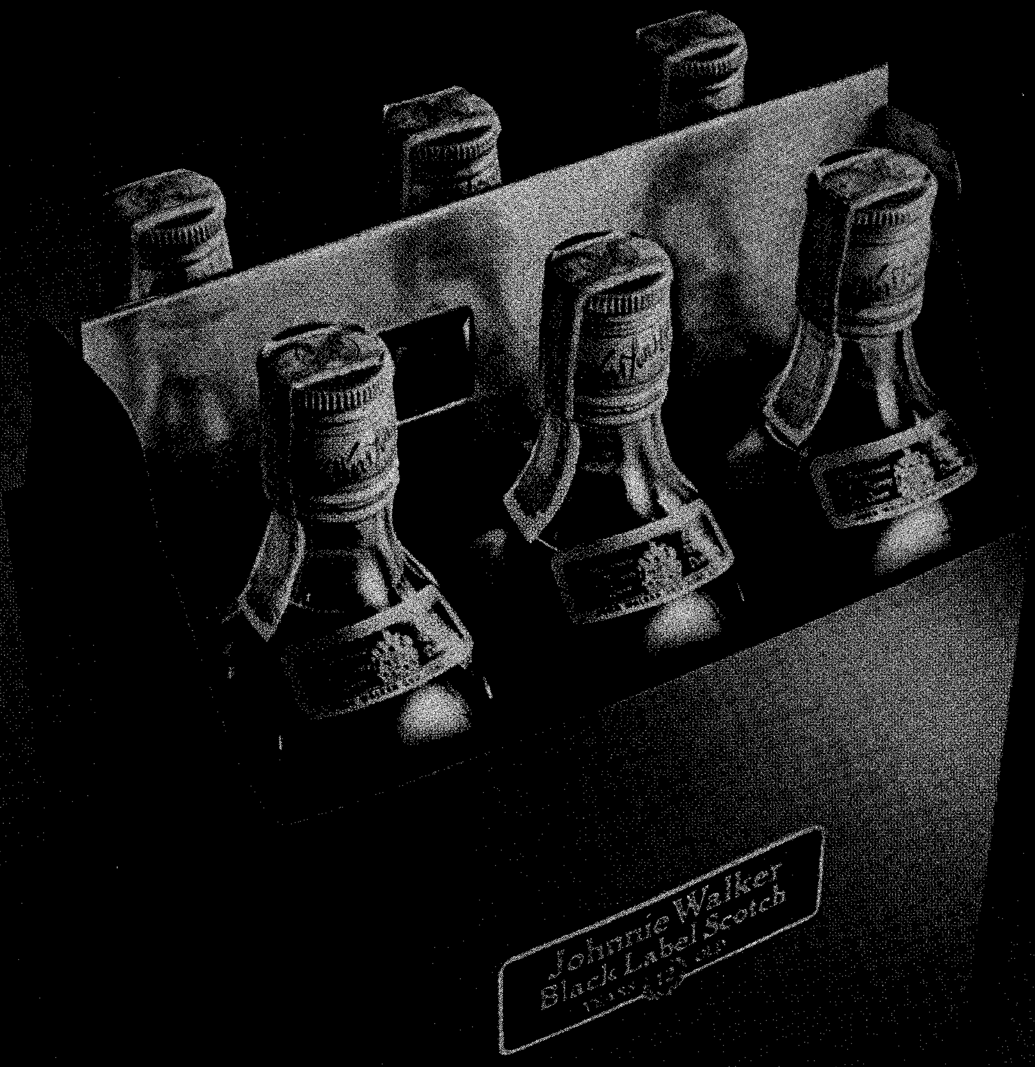
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and staged by Chester Thornhill. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5. at 8:15.)

**John Brownlee Opera Theatre**—Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte," produced by Robert Cotten, staged by James Lucas, and conducted by George Schick. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall—George Szell conducting on Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 8, at 7:30 (all with Pierre Fournier, cello). . . . ¶ Istvan Kertesz conducting on Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 15, at 7:30 (all with Olga Szonyi, mezzo-soprano, and Andras Farago, baritone).

**Boston Symphony**—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30, both with Evelyn Lear, soprano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; no soloists.)

**Mannes Chamber Orchestra**—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

**Juilliard Orchestra**—Jean Morel conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

**American Symphony**—Leopold Stokowski conducting an all-Wagner program, with Berit Lindholm, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

**Symphony of the New World**—Paul Freeman conducting, with Harry Glickman, violin; Kermit Moore, cello; and Alan Booth, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

**Prague Chamber Orchestra**—Thirty-six musicians who perform without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Pierre Fournier, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold for the first concert, and only standing room is left.)

**New York Choral Society**—Martin Josman directing an all-Bach program, with an orchestra and soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

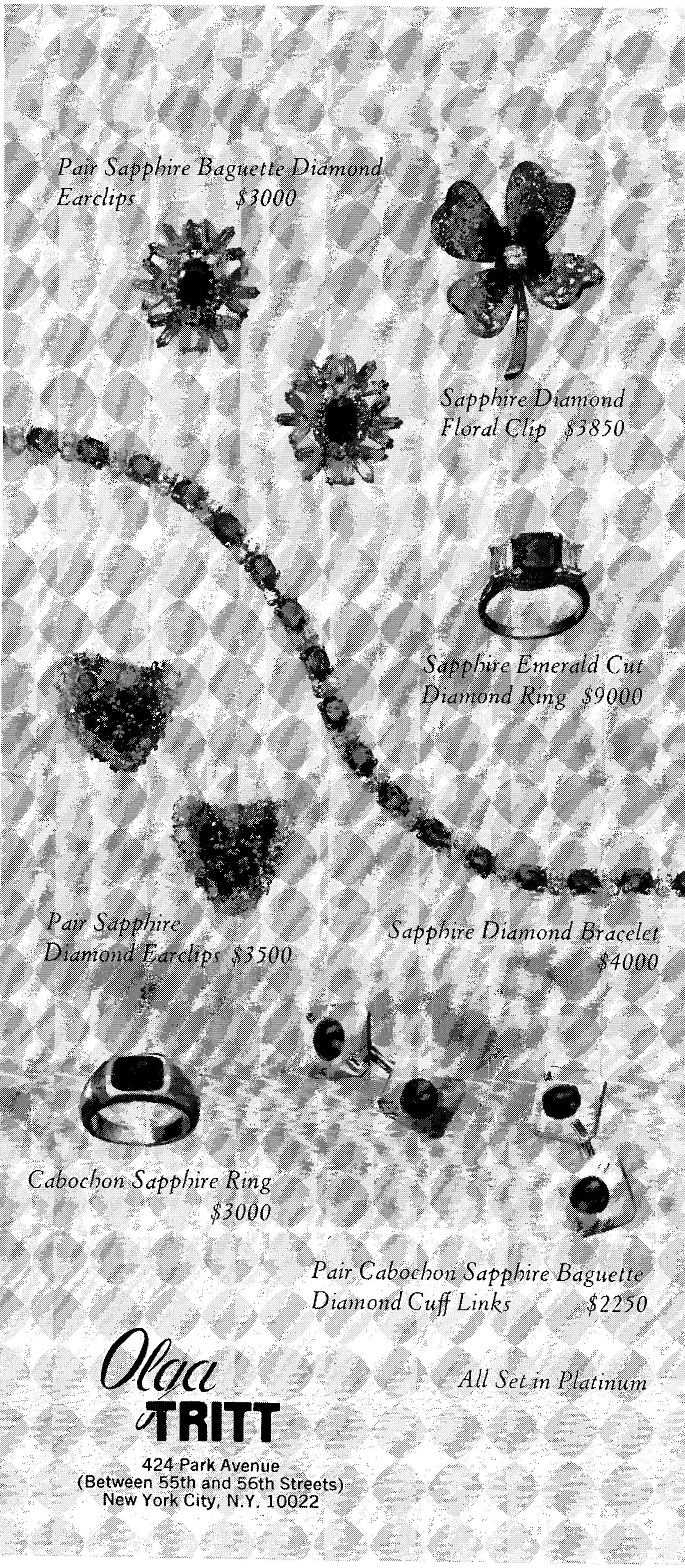
**Barnard-Columbia Chorus**—David Josephson directing a program of music by Percy Grainger, with the Columbia University Concert Band and Orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra**—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Maria Stader, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Thomas Palmer, bass-baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

**Juilliard Chorus and Theatre Orchestra**—Abraham Kaplan directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

**Bach Aria Group**—Elmer Iseler directing the Festival Singers of Canada and the Bach Aria Group Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

**Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra**—David Randolph directing the first two in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah."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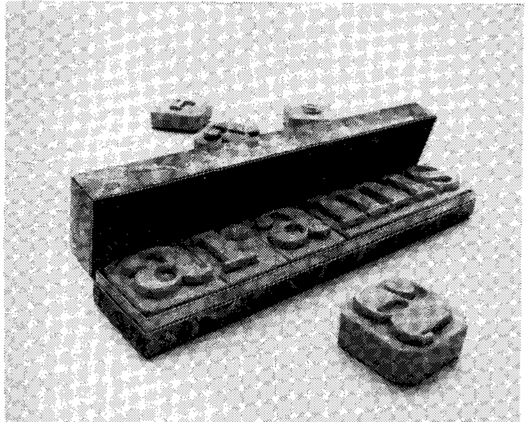
The a-r-a-m-i-s Soap Blocks $8.50

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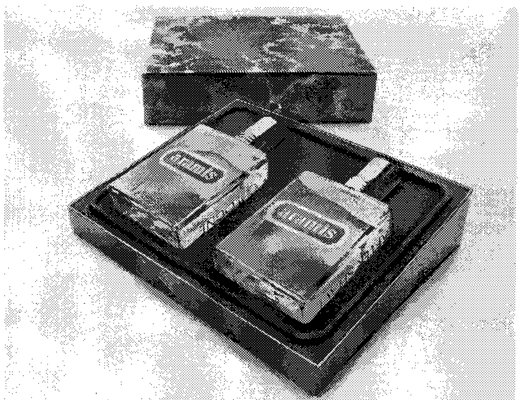
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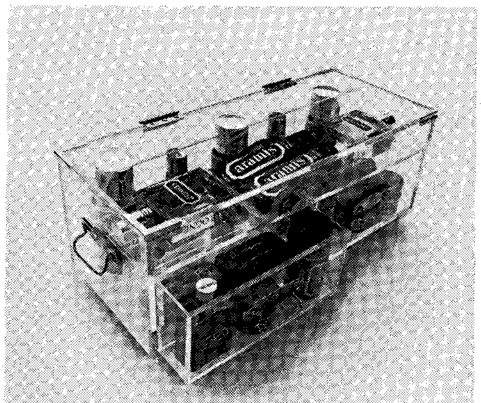
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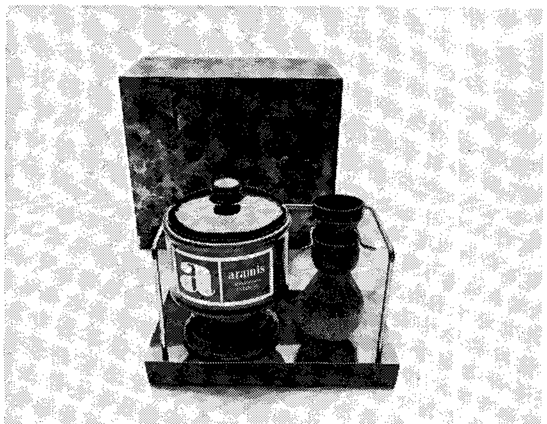
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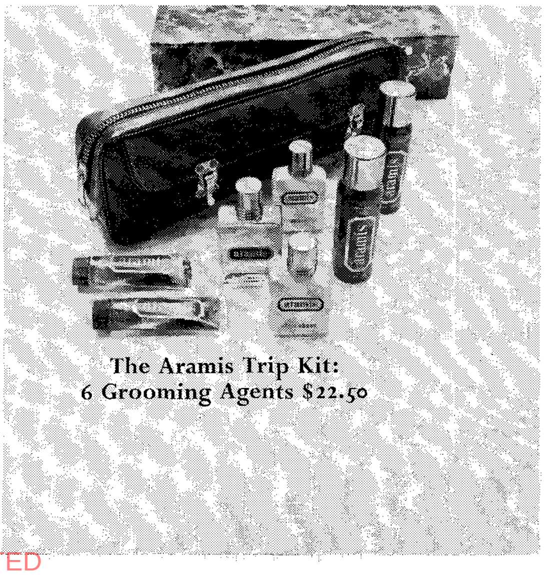
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Youth-Dew Solid Perfume $7.50
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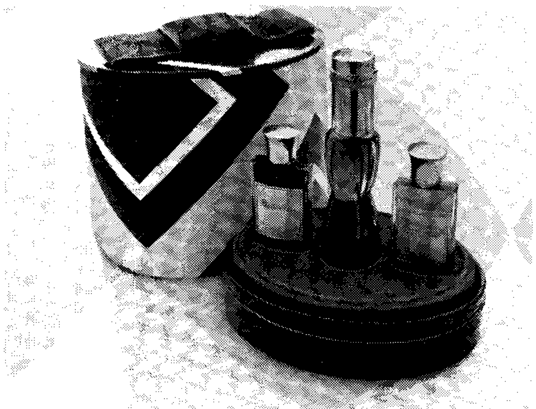
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Youth-Dew Treasure Suite $10.00
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Youth-Dew Bath Oil $7.50 to $43.00
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The Midnight Sapphires $20.00
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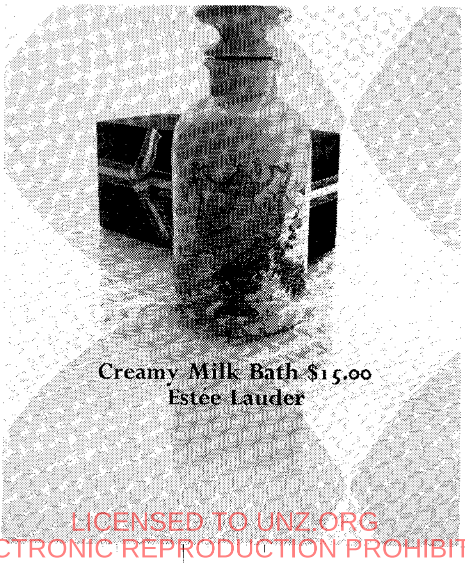
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.... ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

**New York University Men's and Women's Glee Clubs**—E. Jon de Revere directing, with a chamber orchestra and brass and percussion ensembles. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

## RECITALS

**Anthony di Bonaventura**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—The third in a series of five programs (by different quartets) presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:40.)

**Alexander Slobodyanik**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

**Deller Consort**—A program of music by Henry Purcell. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts**—David Glazer, clarinet, and Camilla Williams, soprano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

**Shirley Verrett**—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30, the third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.)

**Benno and Sylvia Rabinof**—Presenting the Beethoven cycle of violin and piano sonatas in a pair of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

**Jung-Ja Kim**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

**Jerome Rose**—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals, this an all-Brahms program. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

**Claudio Arrau**—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

**Alicia de Larrocha**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

**William Masselos**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—At Alice Tully Hall—Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30: Charles Treger and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and the Orford String Quartet.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 9: Raphael Hillyer, viola; the Messrs. Parnas, Arner, Goode, and Wadsworth; and the Orford String Quartet.

**Guiomar Novaes**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians**—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.

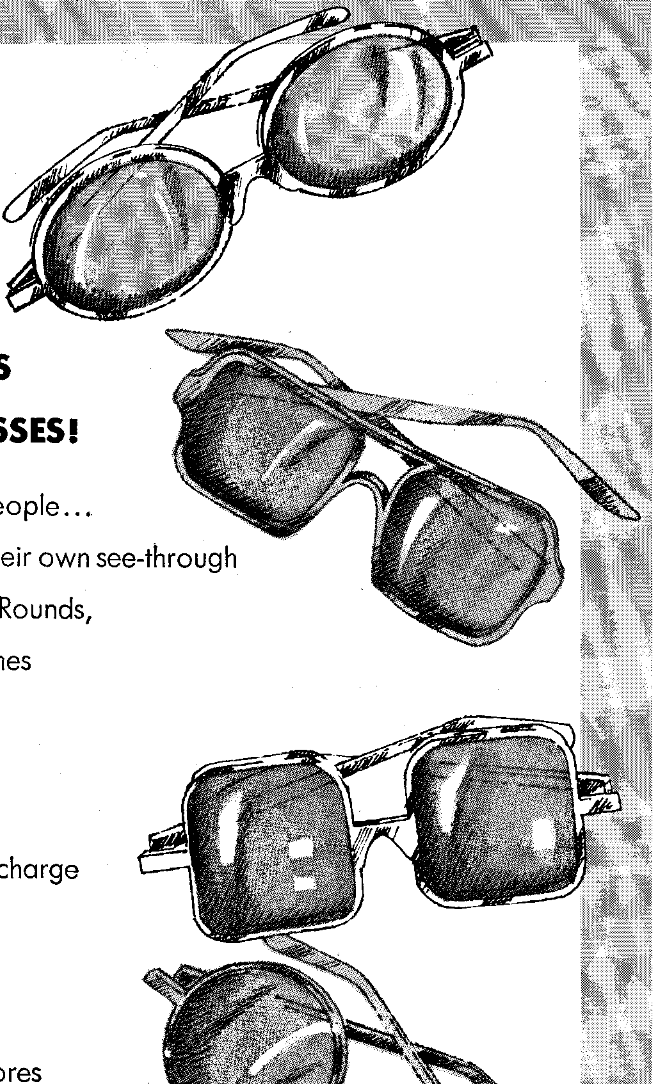
**Johnny Cash**—With the Tennessee Three and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

**Dionne Warwick and the Rascals**—With Anthony & the Imperials and Patti & the Bluebelles. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8 and 10:30.)

**Jethro Tull, Grand Funk Railroad, and Fat Mattress**—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

**"The Birth and Growth of the Blues"**—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30.

**Betty Carter**—With a trio. (Judson Hall, 165



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

**STEPPENWOLF**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30 and at midnight.

**NANA MOUSKOURI**—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.

**RICHIE HAVENS, NINA SIMONE, AND ISAAC HAYES**—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

**BOXING**—Jerry Quarry vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**DOG SHOW**—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 6.)

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 1:30.)

**HOCKEY**—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago. ... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

**RACING**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 15. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 6.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 3.

**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Dec. 15.

## FOR CHILDREN

**OPERA**—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Magic Flute," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) ... B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Golden Melon." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 1 and 3:30, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2.)

**JUNIOR MUSEUM**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

**NOTE**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

## ET ALIA

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before

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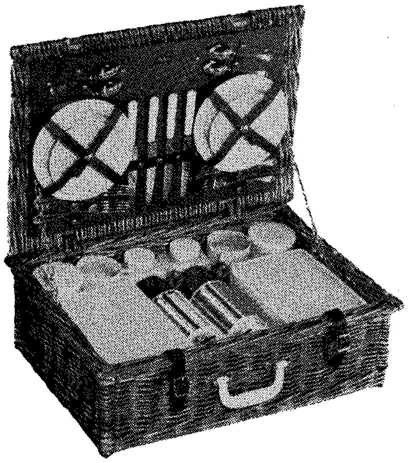
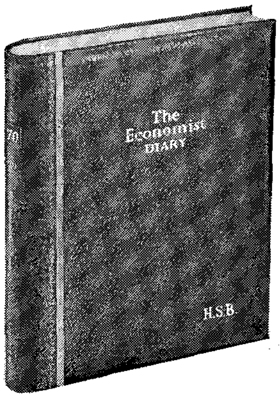

English wicker picnic basket for six with plastic dishes, flatware, food containers and two Thermos® bottles, $67.50



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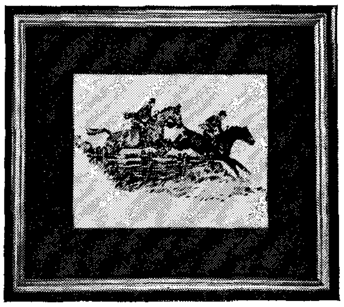
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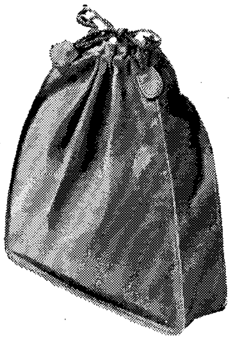
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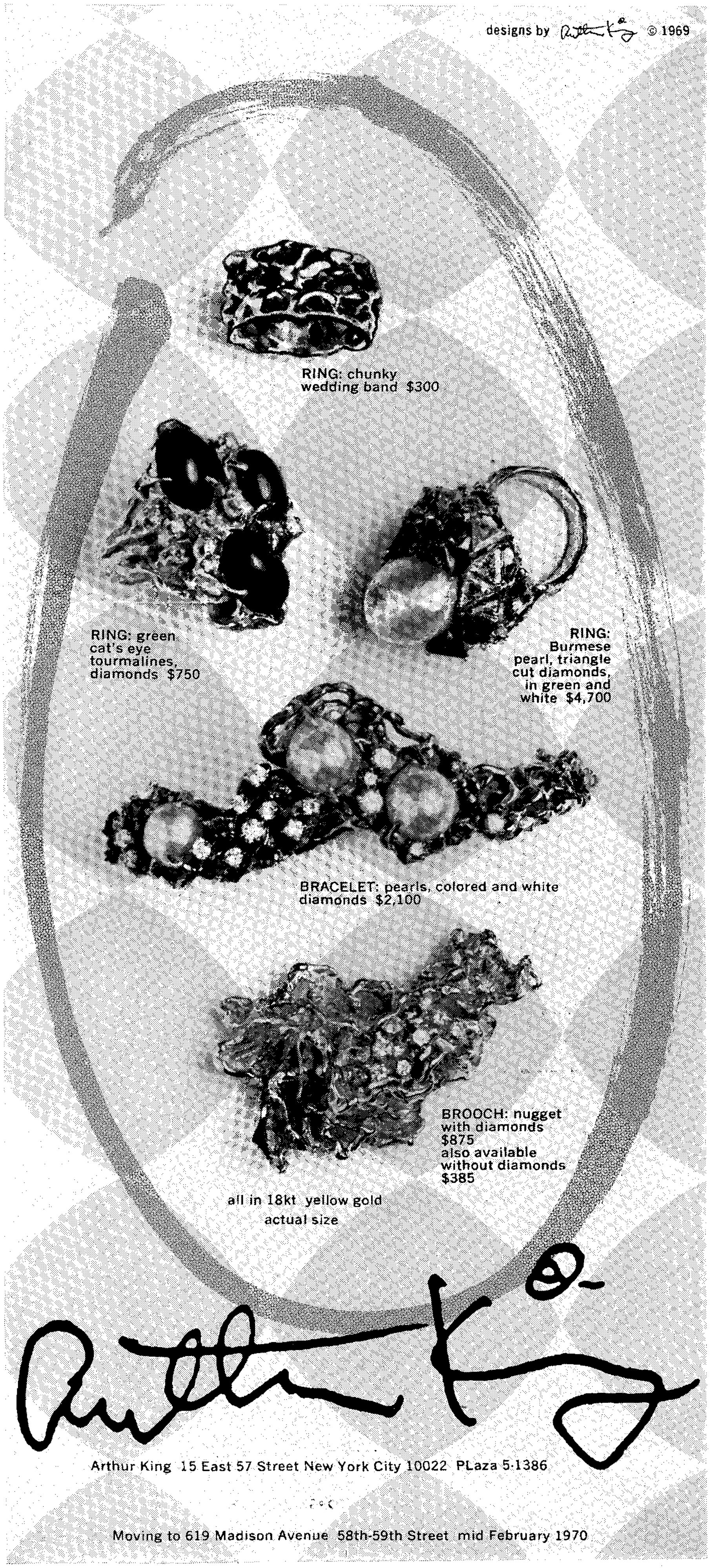

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**POETRY, PROSE, AND DRAMA READINGS**—At the POETRY CENTER, Y.M.H.A.: Sunday, Dec. 7: Anthony Burgess reading from his new novel. ... ¶ Monday, Dec. 8: Jorge Luis Borges reading from his own works, in Spanish, with English translations read by Norman Thomas di Giovanni. A half-hour film about Señor Borges will be shown before the readings. ... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11: Arthur Miller reading from his new play. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Evenings at 8:30.)... SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM AUDITORIUM: William Jay Smith reading from his own poetry. (1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

**LECTURE**—James Johnson Sweeney presenting the fourth in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 3. Admission is free.)

**NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR**—Among this year's exhibits will be holiday ornaments, children's furniture and dolls, and Pennsylvania quilts and coverlets. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 3-6, from 1 to 10:30, and Sunday, Dec. 7, from 1 to 5.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 10 and 1:45: Russian works of art, including a gilded silver-and-enamel Imperial Presentation punch bowl set, a bronze bust of Tolstoy by Aronson, and icons and other paintings; from many sources. ... ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 1:45: Part III of the Melvin Gutman collection of classical jewelry, this one comprising Greek, Etruscan, Roman, and Egyptian gold and silver pieces, an Irish Bronze Age gold torque, and rock-crystal miniature vessels. ... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 10: Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes (modelled by Dorothy Doughty); bird, animal, and religious porcelain statuettes (modelled by Edward Marshall Boehm), and other porcelains and pottery; from the estate of Helen Porter Pryibil and from other sources. ... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French and other Continental furniture and decorations, from many sources. ... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 4. ... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 10: Japanese art, from several sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 5. ... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 1:45: A hundred Picasso prints, from various collections. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 6. ... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 1:45: *Objets de vertu* and watches, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 6.

**FILM LIBRARIES**—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Dec. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Lucrezia Borgia" (1935), in French, with Edwige Feuillère. ... ¶ Dec. 4 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Stark Love" (1927), with residents of the Great Smoky Mountains. ... ¶ Dec. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Wedding of Palo" (1937), in Eskimo. ... ¶ Dec. 6 at 11:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt. ... ¶ Dec. 6 at 3 and 5:30: "Straight Shooting" (1917), directed by John Ford, with Harry Carey; Czechoslovakian titles. ... ¶ Dec. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Taki no Shiraito" (1933), in Japanese. ... ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "The Unholy Three" (1925), with Lon Chaney and Mae Busch. ... ¶ Dec. 8 at 5:30: "The Unholy Three" (1930), with Lon Chaney and Lila Lee. ... ¶ Dec. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Mud and Soldiers" (1939), in Japanese, no English titles. ... ¶ Dec. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "La Libération de Paris" (1944), in French, no English titles; and "The Liberation of Rome" (1944). ... ¶ Dec. 11 at 2, 5:30, and 8: Two films by Michael Snow. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at

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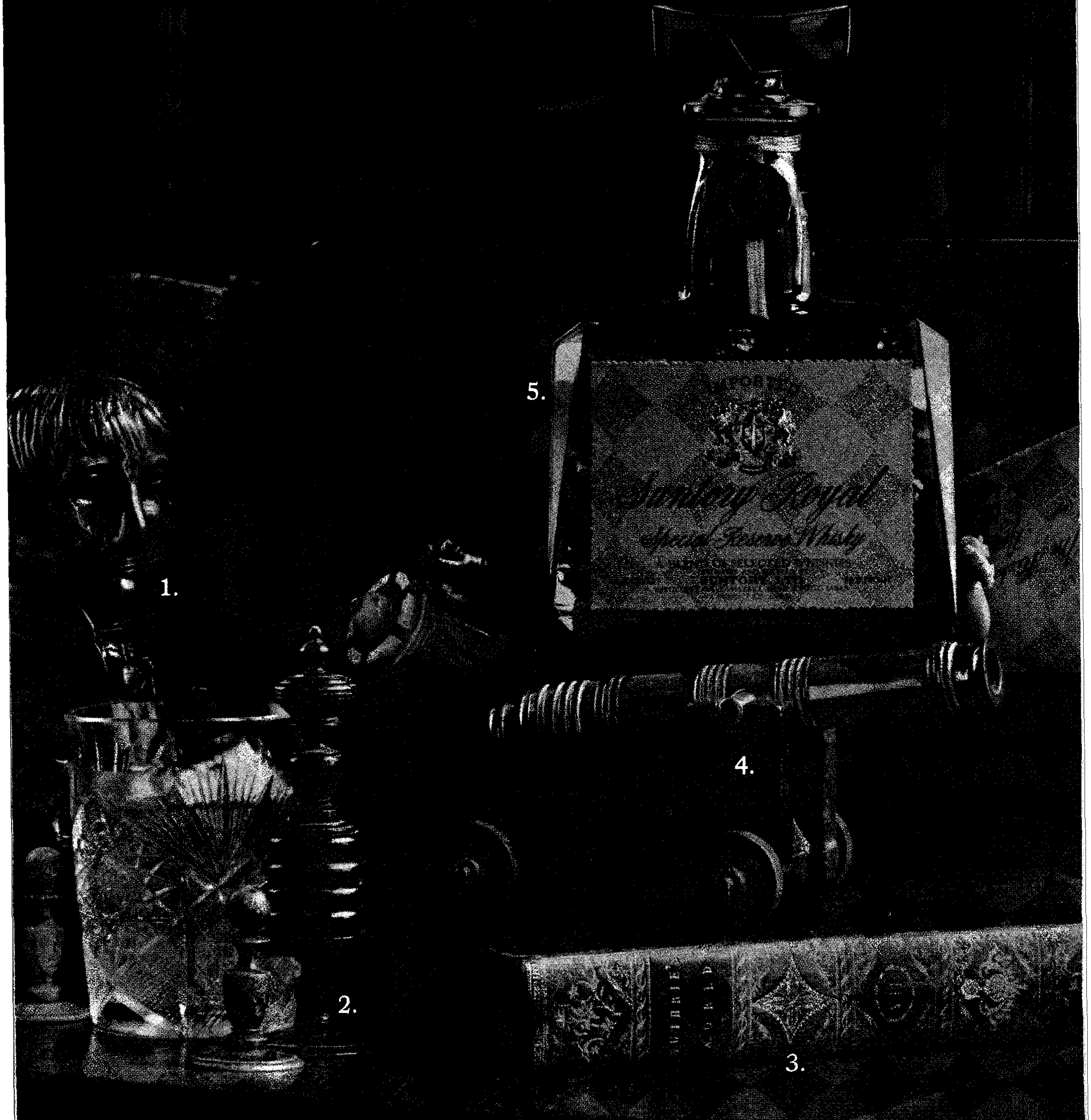

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through Dec. 4: "Love Happy" (1950), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ Dec. 5-7: "Room Service" (1938), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ Dec. 10: "Sahara" (1943), with Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 11: "Key Largo" (1948), with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Note**—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its ten thousand amber, green, red, blue, and crystal lights, and ready to be turned on at 5:45 on Thursday, Dec. 11.

## COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 16, 20, 25, and 30, and Jan. 3.

**Professional Football**—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Dec. 21.)

**Hockey**—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 14, 17, 21, 26, 28, and 31, and Jan. 4.

**Squash Racquets**—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 20-21.)

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Jan. 3-March 4.

**Music**—**CITY CENTER** (CI 6-8989): A double bill of Menotti operas—"Help, Help, the Globolinks!" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors," Dec. 22-Jan. 4. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 23. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 16 and Jan. 6. . . . ¶ John Browning, piano, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ National Chorale, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 21 and 27. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 27-28 and 30-31 and Jan. 2-4. . . . ¶ Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, violin and piano, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jan. 7. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony, Dec. 14-15 and Jan. 4-5. . . . ¶ John Ranck, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 27-28. . . . ¶ Walter Berry, baritone, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 8-9. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL**, Lincoln Center (362-1911): Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Zino Francescatti, violin, and Robert Casadesus, piano, Jan. 10. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, Jan. 9.

**Theatre**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "La Strada," a musical based on the Fellini film, with music and lyrics by Lionel Bart, book by Charles K. Peck, Jr., and a cast that includes Bernadette Peters, Vincent Beck, and Larry Kert. . . . ¶ Katharine Hepburn in a musical, "Coco;" Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics and André Previn the score. . . . ¶ A comedy by John Patrick, "Love Is a Time of Day," with Sandy Duncan and Tom Ligon. . . . ¶ A revival of Shaw's "Candida," with Celeste Holm in the title role. . . . ¶ Neil Simon's new comedy, "Last of the Red Hot Lovers," a four-character play, in which James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts will appear. . . . ¶ A revival of Tennessee Williams' "Camino Real," the second in this season's series of four productions by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

**Other Dates**—Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Thursdays. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 6-18. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, Jan. 15.

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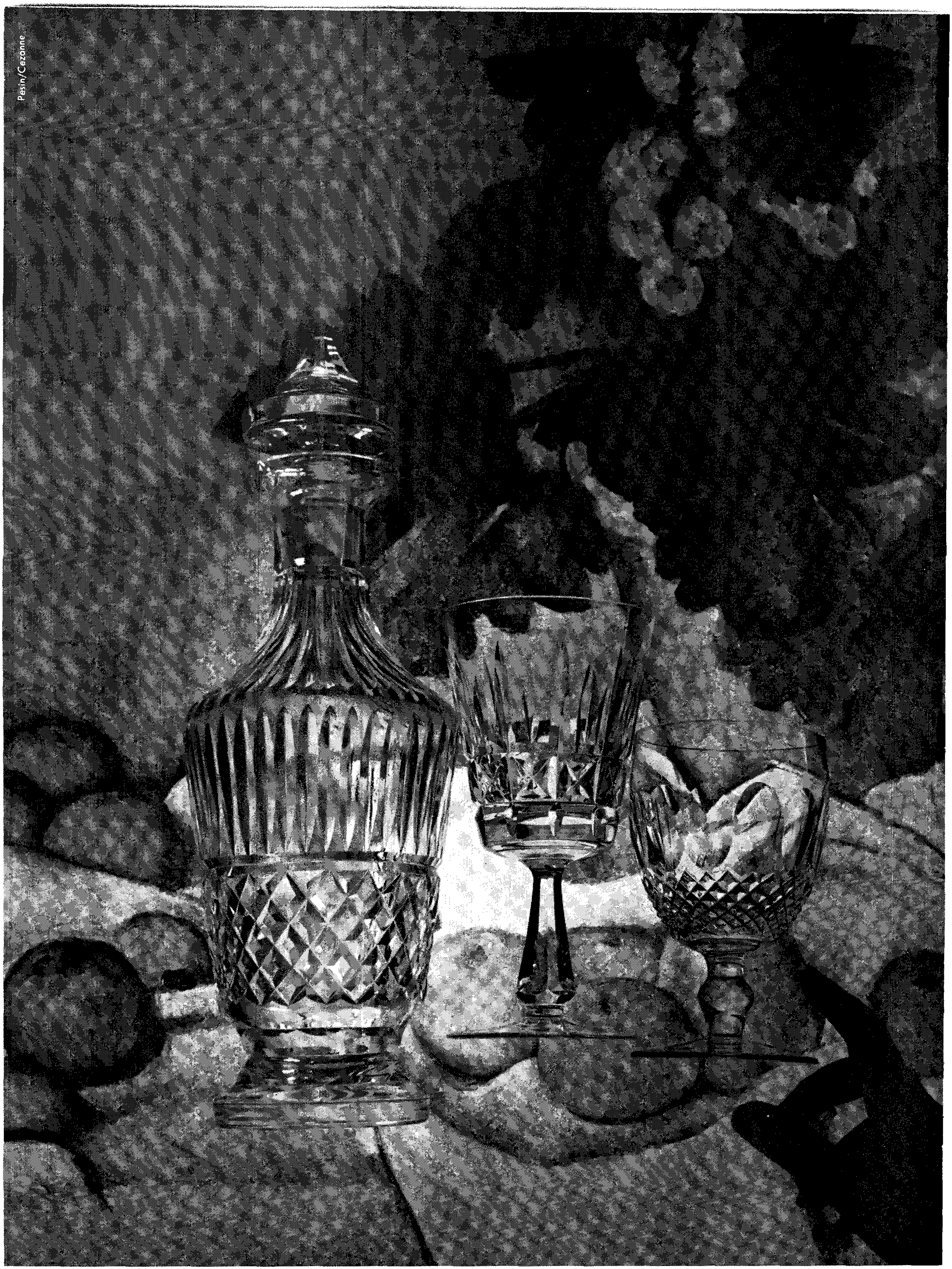

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

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| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | | |

**Accident** (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 9-10.)

**Adalen 31**—An extraordinarily sensitive re-creation of a strike and riot that altered the course of Swedish political life. Bo Widerberg made this beautiful, yet somewhat academic, film. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030; through Dec. 9.)

**Alice's Restaurant**—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film about Arlo's friendship with Alice and his brush with the police. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

**Alphaville** (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 7.)

**America America** (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the new land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 11.)

**The Arrangement**—Elia Kazan wrote and directed this monstrously unconvincing story of a successful advertising man's breakdown. With Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, and Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**Band of Outsiders** (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just like in the movies—and then try to carry it out, in Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical and romantic film. With Anna Karina. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 10.)

**Belle de Jour** (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 10.)

**Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice**—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**Breathless** (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 4.)

**Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid**—It's a poor excuse for an American Western legend, but there are some pleasant people (Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross). (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Les Carabiniers** (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 11.)

**Coming Apart**—It's supposed to be about the disintegration of a psychiatrist (Rip Torn), and it's fun, at first, when the idea just seems a put-on and an excuse for some entertaining sex scenes. But then the director, Milton Moses Ginsberg, brings on the miseries, and the picture disintegrates. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

**Contempt** (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 8.)

**Downhill Racer**—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional neat little surprises in this promising début. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

**Duet for Cannibals**—Susan Sontag made this chamber film in Sweden. It's about an older couple and the games they play with a younger couple, but the people have little character, and as the games don't seem to have rules, it's all rather dry. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

**Easy Rider**—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. Jack Nicholson's boozing radical Southern lawyer is brilliant. Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 7.)

**Eclipse** (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 3.)

**Elvira Madigan** (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

**The Exterminating Angel** (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 7-8.)

**Faces** (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semi-documentary style. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 10.)

**La Femme Infidèle**—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

**Funny Girl**—It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Goodbye, Mr. Chips**—An overblown version of James Hilton's tear-stained little gold mine of a book, yet there's still charm in the story, and Peter O'Toole is a fine romantic hero. Petula Clark and Sian Phillips have some good moments. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**Hiroshima, Mon Amour** (1959)—The Alain Resnais milestone. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 5-6.)

**I'm No Angel** (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

**In the Year of the Pig**—Emile de Antonio has gathered news footage from many sources for this overview of the background and issues of the Vietnam war. There are some almost forgotten faces, like Emperor Bao Dai's and Madame Nhu's, and some American words we might like to forget. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

**Intimate Lighting**—A charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the husband's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. The director, Ivan Passer, is witty in small, odd ways that are peculiarly satisfying. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

**Knife in the Water** (1962)—The director Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Dec. 8.)

**Last Year at Marienbad** (1961)—Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 5-6.)

**The Lion in Winter**—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Madwoman of Chaillot**—Katharine Hepburn is an extremely sane madwoman in this large, expensive, and dull version of Giraudoux's little conceit. With Edith Evans, Margaret Leighton, Danny Kaye, Yul Brynner, and others. Directed by Bryan Forbes, who should have known better. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**Midnight Cowboy**—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

**The Music Room** (1963)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 4.)

**La Notte** (1962)—A portrait of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 3.)

**Oh! What a Lovely War**—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

**Paint Your Wagon**—Relatively inoffensive at its own corny level. The stars are Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**Pather Panchali** (1954)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 4.)

**Le Petit Soldat** (1960)—Terrorists and counter-terrorists trying to outwit each other in the calm setting of Geneva. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 9.)

**Pierrot le Fou** (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 5-6.)

**La Prisonnière** (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot writes and directs a story about sadomasochism set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 9.)

**Putney Swope**—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**Rachel, Rachel** (1968)—A film about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Directed by Paul Newman. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 9.)

**Romeo and Juliet** (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli's version. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Dec. 9.)

**The Secret of Santa Vittoria**—It's noisy, it's crude, it's Kramer. Anthony Quinn as Bombolini, the town drunkard and buffoon; Anna Magnani, rolling pin in hand, as Rosa, his shrewish wife, and a cast of thousands of hairy, warty, wine-loving peasants. The ethnic movie of the year. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

**The Seven Samurai** (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits. Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 8.)

**She Done Him Wrong** (1933)—Mae West, the great shady-lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

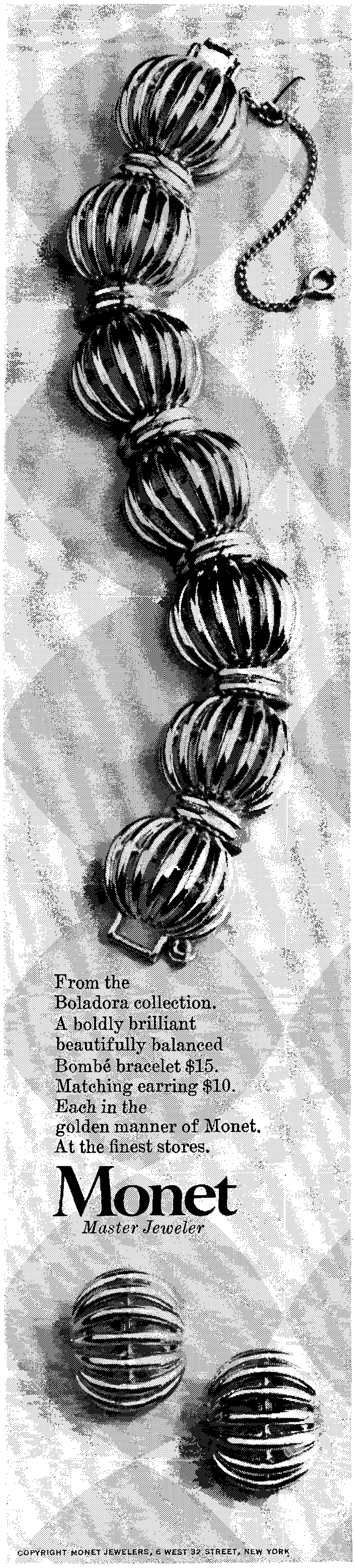
**The Sterile Cuckoo**—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

**Take the Money and Run**—Done like a solemn TV spectacular tracing the career of a great man, Woody Allen's film is about himself as a failed criminal. Very funny, proceeding by fits and starts, like a silent-comedy car. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

**Troika**—An experimental film in three parts. Full of bad ideas and shopworn Surrealism, it also has some interesting photographic effects, and the last section is a stunningly edited apocalyptic vision. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750.)

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 9.)

**The Young and the Damned** (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 7-8.)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# THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG.**

**Evergreen**, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
**COMING APART.**

**Charles**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 9: "Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer; and "High Infidelity" (1965; in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
From Dec. 10: "de Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger; and "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia" (1968), Dudley Moore.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 9: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**; and "Bye Bye Braverman" (1968), George Segal, Jack Warden.
From Dec. 10: **FACES**; and "The Comic," Dick Van Dyke, Michele Lee.

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Futz," performed by the La Mama Troupe.

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 10: "Little Caesar" (1930), Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart; and "Public Enemy" (1931), James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
From Dec. 11: To be announced.

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**THE ARRANGEMENT.**

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 9: **ADALEN 31** (in Swedish).
From Dec. 10: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin.

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.**

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**DOWNHILL RACER.**

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

**Pacific East**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
**TROIKA.**

**Avco Embassy East**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Don't Drink the Water," Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.

**Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
**COMING APART.**

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**PUTNEY SWOPE.**

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 7: **EASY RIDER.**
From Dec. 8, at 8:30: "Z" (in French), Yves Montand, Irene Papas. (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
**TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.**

**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**THE STERILE CUCKOO.**

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
**SHE DONE HIM WRONG**; and **I'M NO ANGEL.**

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
**THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.**

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 9: "Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.
From Dec. 10: "Alfred the Great," David Hemmings, Michael York.

**Loew's Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Minx," Jan Sterling.

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Sex of Angels," Bernard De Vries.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
**DUET FOR CANNIBALS** (in Swedish).

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
**ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and "More," Mimsy Farmer.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 4: **BREATHLESS** (in French).
Dec. 5-6: **PIERROT LE FOU** (in French).
Dec. 7: **ALPHAVILLE** (in French).
Dec. 8: **CONTEMPT** (in French).
Dec. 9: **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French).
Dec. 10: **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** (in French).
Dec. 11: **LES CARABINIERS** (in French).

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
**INTIMATE LIGHTING**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Kaya, I'll Kill You," a Yugoslav film.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 9: **LA PRISONNIÈRE** (in French); and "A Nice Girl Like Me," Barbara Ferris, Harry Andrews.
From Dec. 10: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "Friends and Lovers," Anne Linden.

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 8: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966), Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.
From Dec. 9: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957), Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 9: "Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**FUNNY GIRL.**

**State 2**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**PAINT YOUR WAGON.**

**Palace**, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
**GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.**

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ten Commandments" (1956), Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Dec. 3: "The Brain," David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Dec. 4: "A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Popcorn," a rock film.

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
**ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

**Cinema 57 Rendezvous**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 10: "I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.
From Dec. 11: Theatre closed.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
**LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

**Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**THE LION IN WINTER.**

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
**OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.**

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Dec. 9: "Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

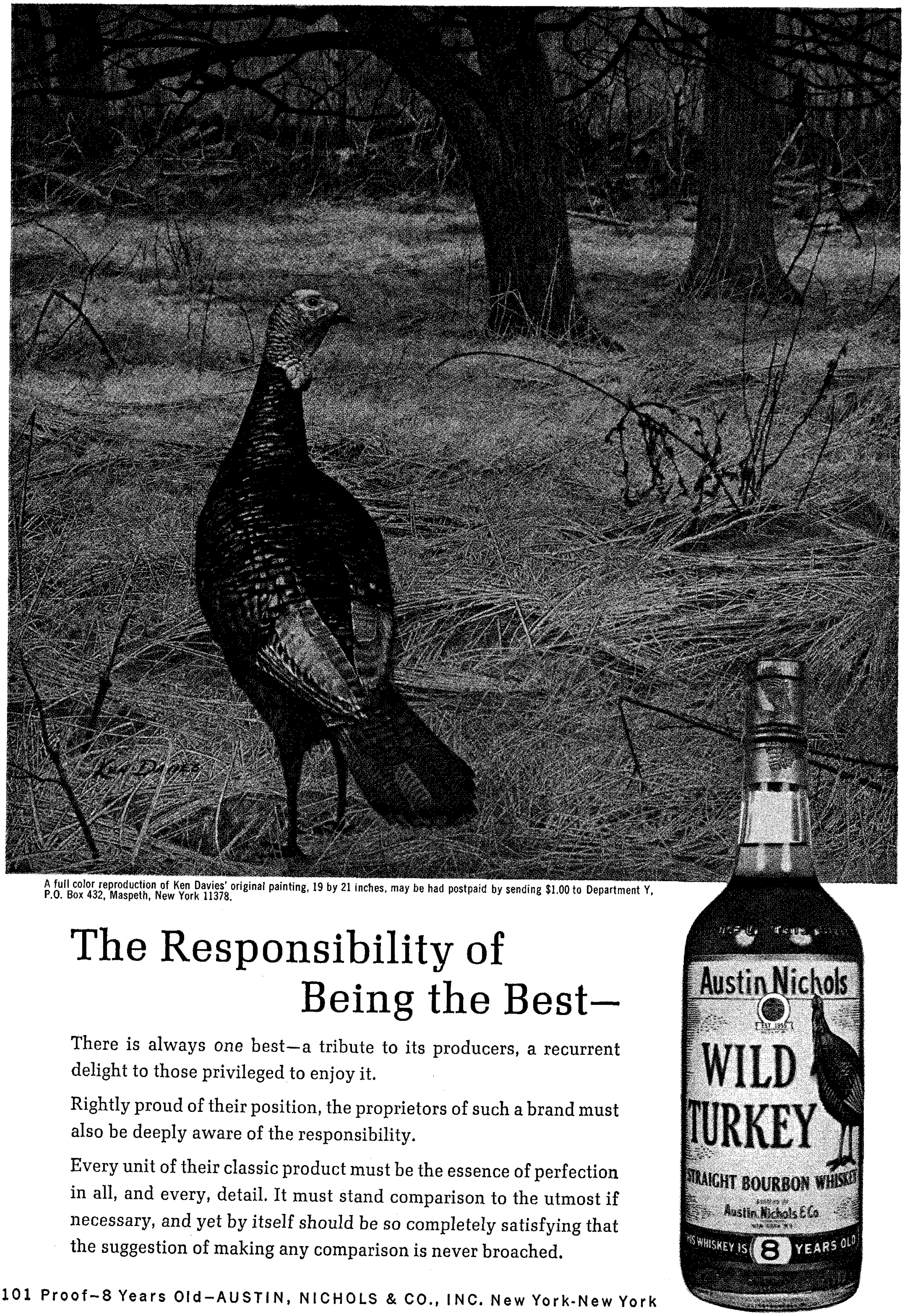
**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 9: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 8: **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** (in Japanese); and "Identification Marks: None" (1964; in Polish).
From Dec. 9: "Me and My Brother" (1969), a Robert Frank film; and "Les Créatures" (1966; in French), an Agnès Varda film, with Catherine Deneuve.

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 9: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**; and **RACHEL, RACHEL.**
From Dec. 10: "The Subject Was Roses" (1968), Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson; and "The Fixer" (1968), Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 3: **ECLIPSE** and **LA NOTTE** (both in Italian).
Dec. 4: **PATHER PANCHALI** and **THE MUSIC ROOM** (both in Bengali).
Dec. 5-6: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (both in French).
Dec. 7-8: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** and **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (both in Spanish).
Dec. 9-10: **ACCIDENT**; and "These Are the Damned" (1965), Macdonald Carey.
Dec. 11: **AMERICA AMERICA.**

**Midtown**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 9: **LA PRISONNIÈRE** (in French); and "A Nice Girl Like Me," Barbara Ferris, Harry Andrews.
From Dec. 10: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "Friends and Lovers," Anne Linden.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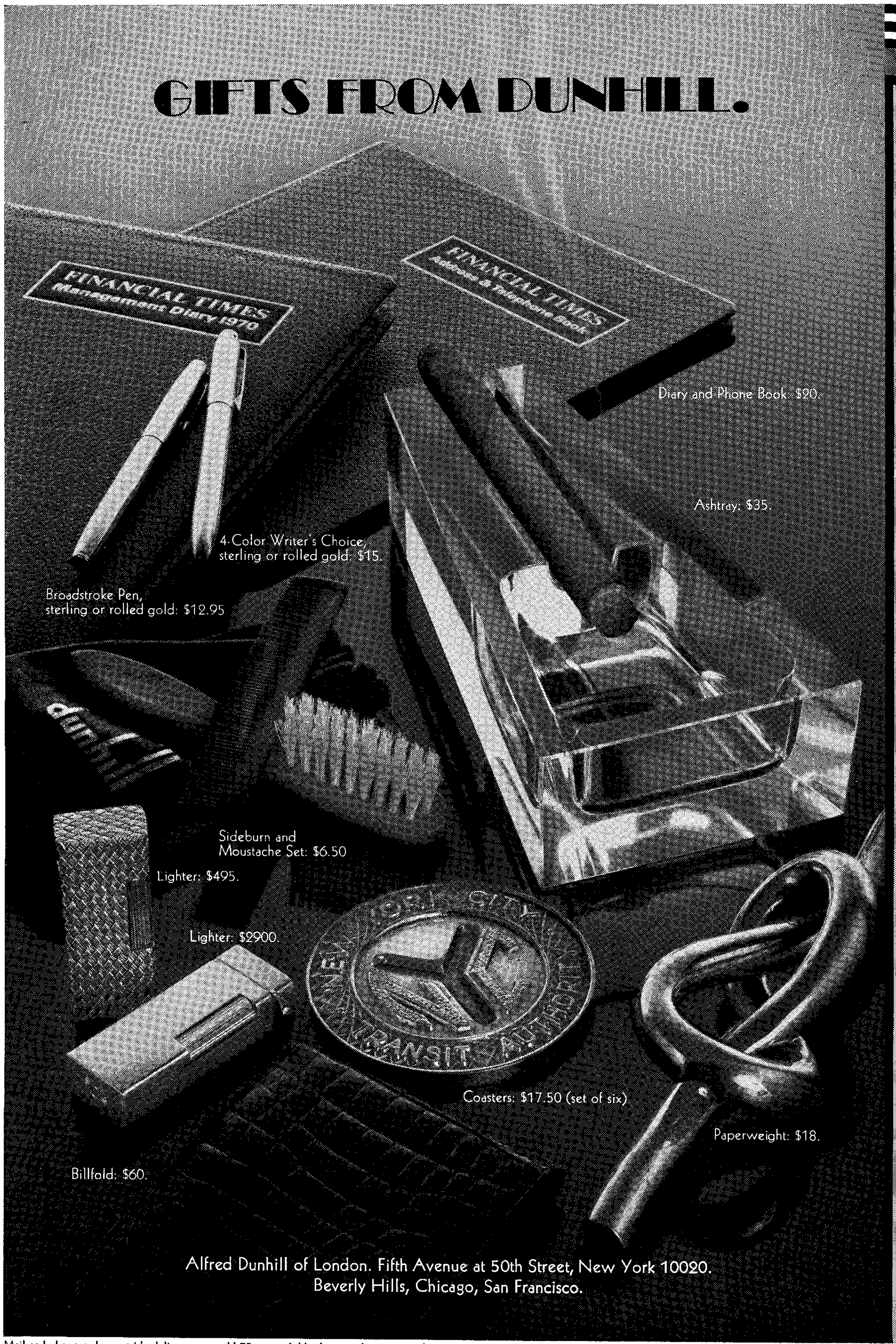
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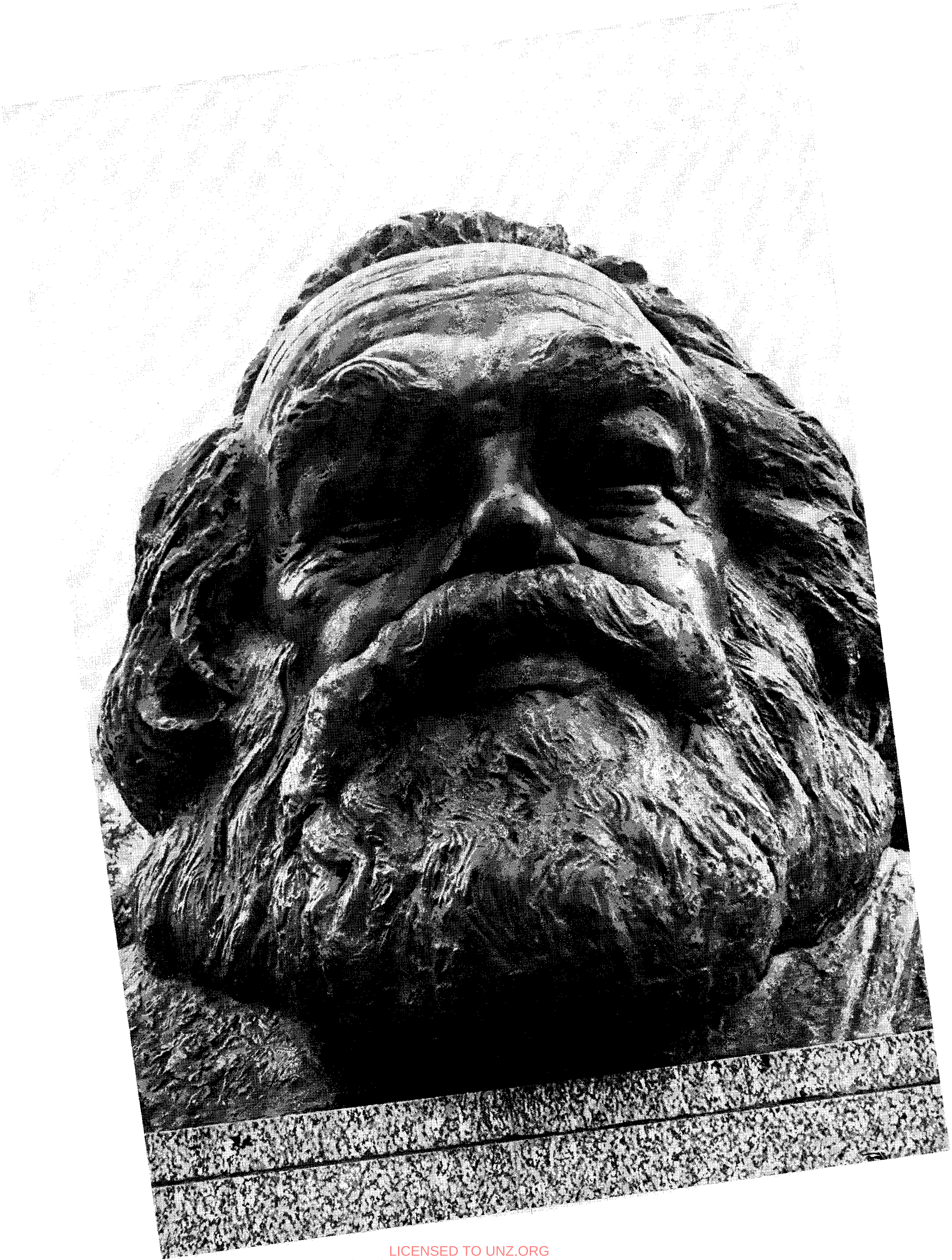

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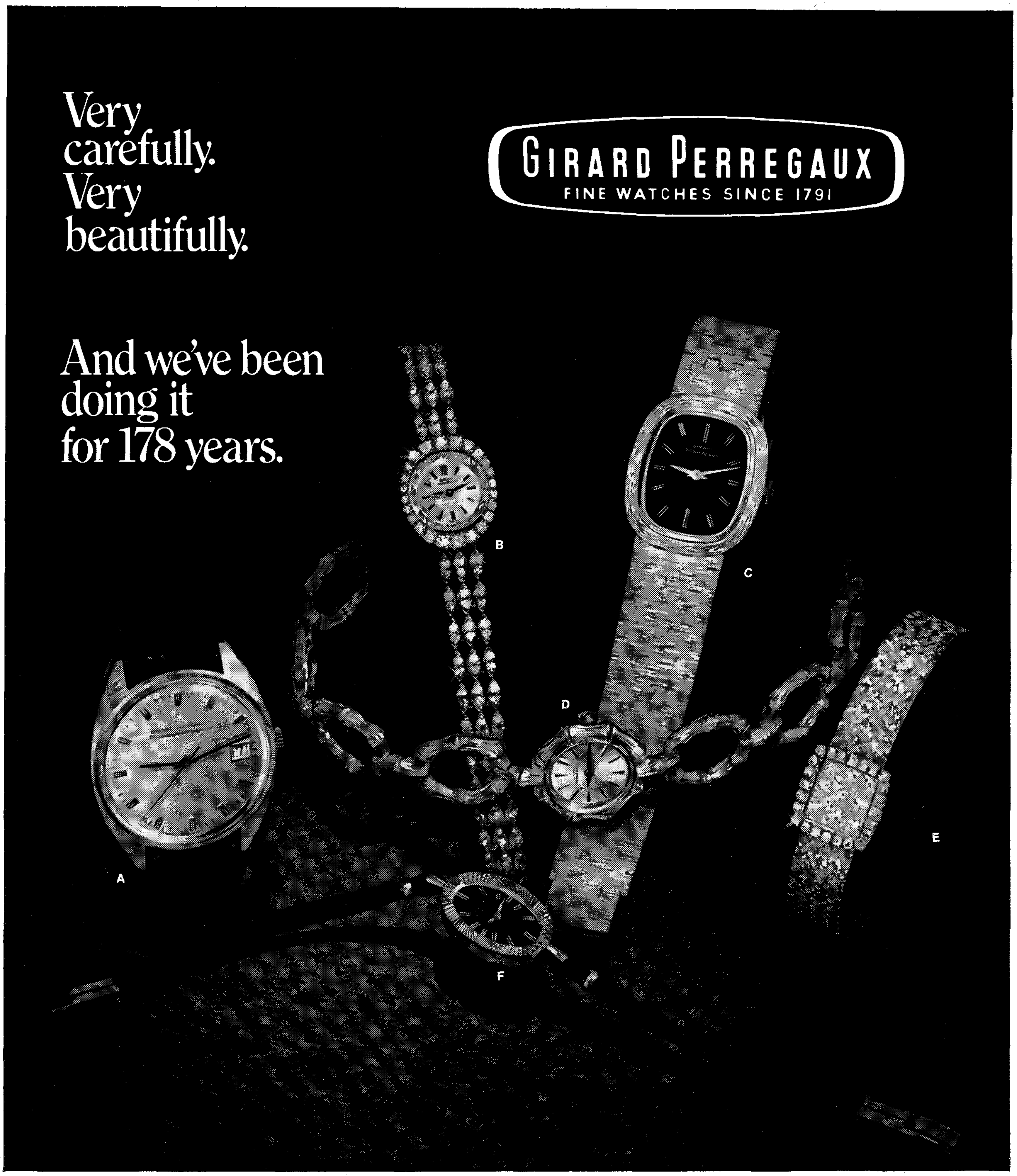
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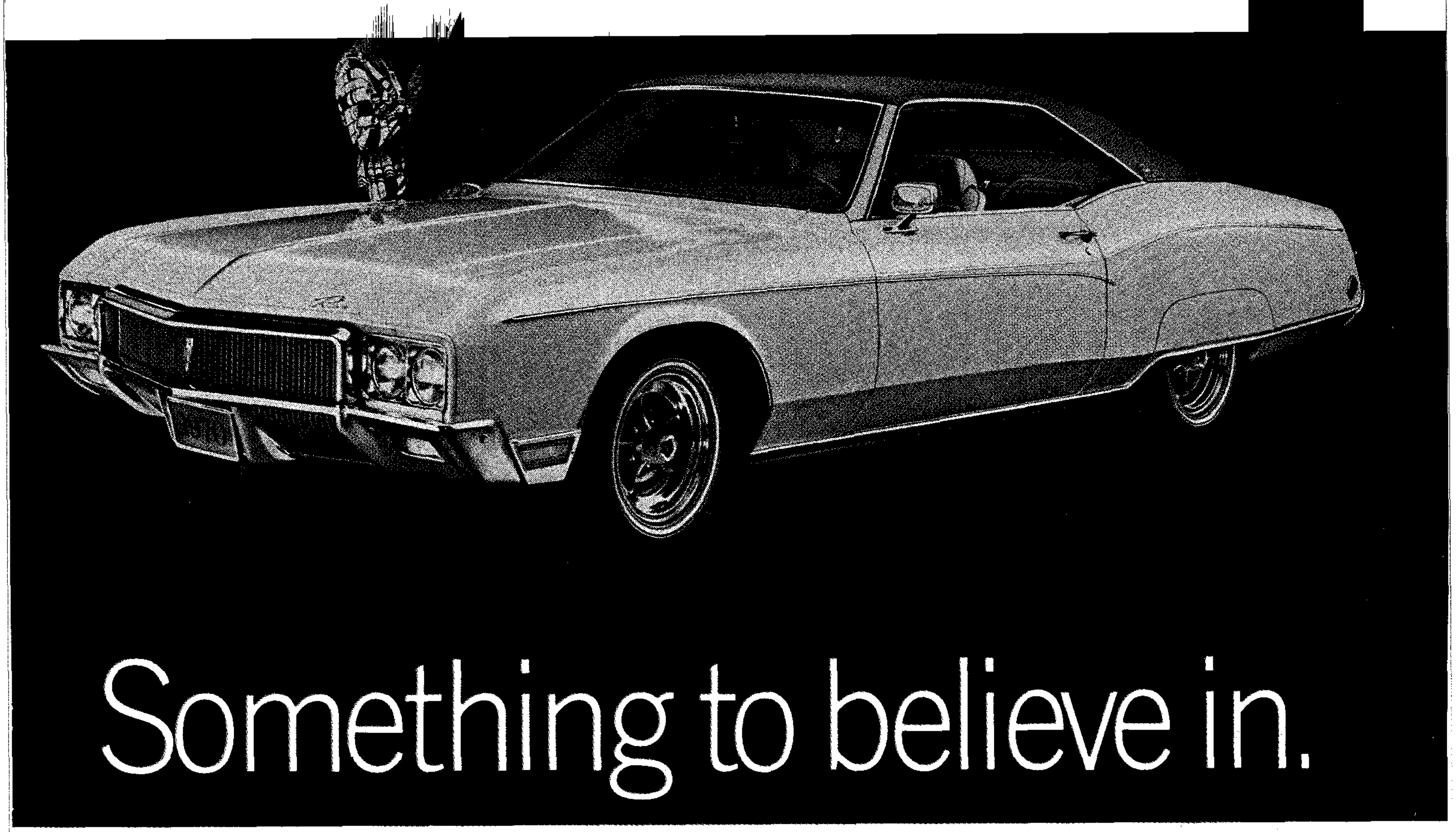

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The 1970 Riviera has variable ratio power steering and power brakes as standard equipment. Plus a cooling system that should never overheat. And a new carburetor time modulated choke control (a Buick exclusive) for fast starts in any weather.

We build our cars with product integrity because we want them to be something to believe in.

They always have been.
They always will be.

Now, wouldn't you really rather have a

# 1970 Buick.

# If you want to create a Mild Sensation perhaps you should give one.

Around December 25th, who can say that he would not like to share the limelight in some way? Either for giving. Or by receiving.

Happily for us, we can satisfy both sides. And with Scotch, as you can plainly see.

A blend of 45 of the lightest Scotch whiskies Scotsmen have ever been able to marry. All at least eight years old.

Because we found that it takes that much time to make a smooth Scotch. So naturally, we're patient.

And then what you give (or if you're lucky enough, receive) is more than just light Scotch. It's a Mild Sensation.

Ambassador Scotch Whisky
Aged 8 Years
World's Lightest Scotch
Ambassador
Deluxe Scotch
Blended Scotch Whiskies
100% Scotch Whiskies Bottled in Scotland
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Scotland
Ambassador Deluxe Scotch
8

Ambassador...The Mild Sensation
*Mellowed 8 years*

GIFT PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST

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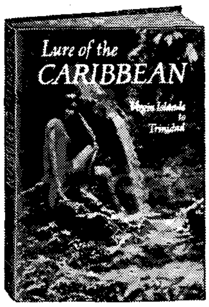
# Beautiful Christmas gifts for a beautiful Christmas morn.

OLD TESTAMENT MINIATURES


Lure of the CARIBBEAN
Virgin Islands to Trinidad

PISANO
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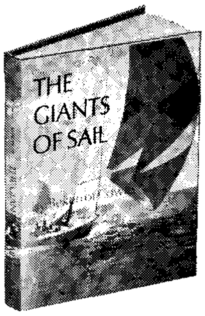
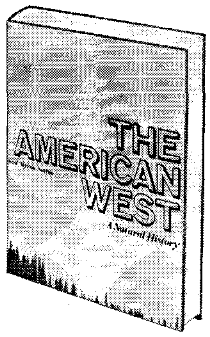
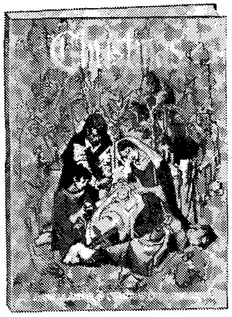
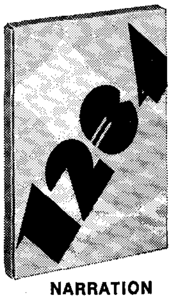
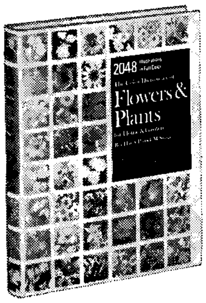

THE GIANTS OF SAIL


THE AMERICAN WEST
A Natural History





NARRATION


2048
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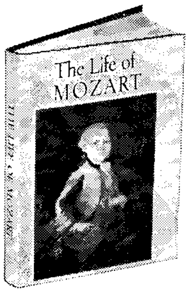
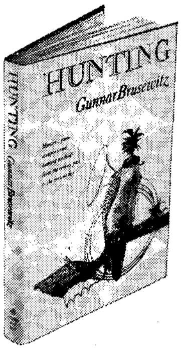
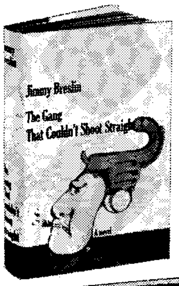
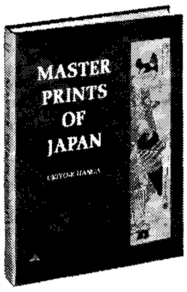

The Life of MOZART

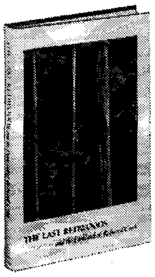
NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS


HUNTING
Gunnar Brusewitz

IRON COFFINS


Jimmy Breslin
The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight


MASTER PRINTS OF JAPAN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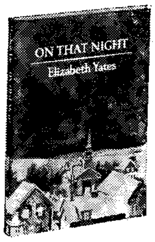
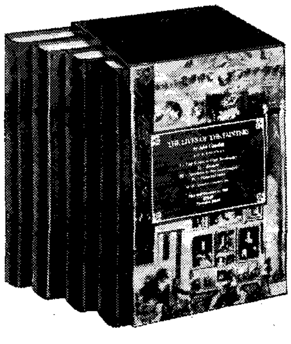

ON THAT NIGHT
Elizabeth Yates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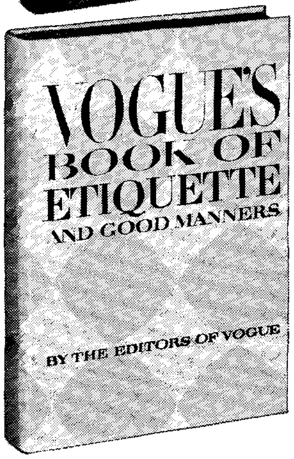
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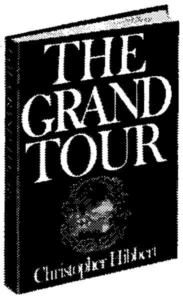
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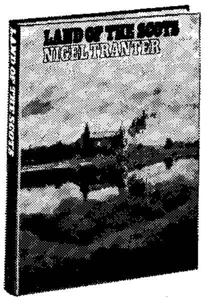
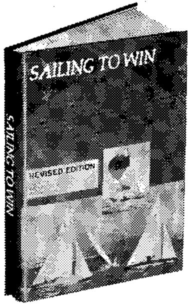
Christopher Hibbert


LAND OF THE SCOTS
NIGEL TRANTER

The Catch And The Feast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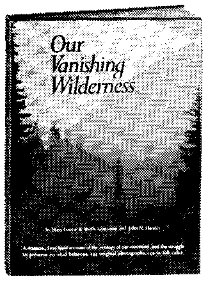
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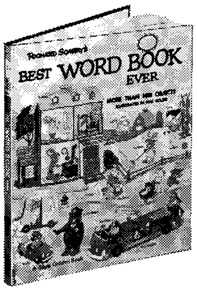
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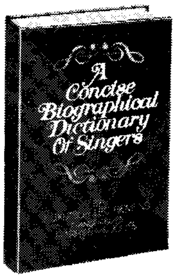
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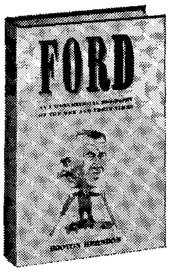
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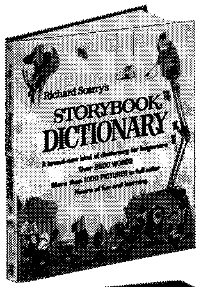
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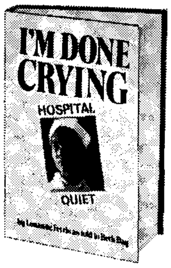
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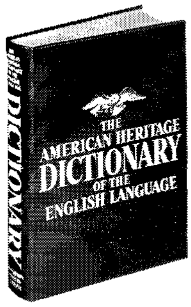
HOSPITAL
QUIET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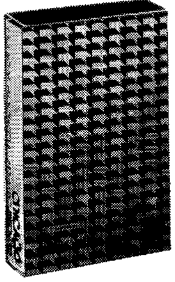
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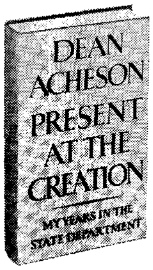
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PRESENT AT THE CREATION
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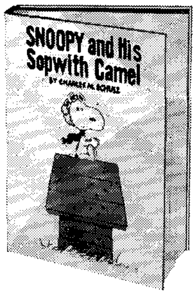
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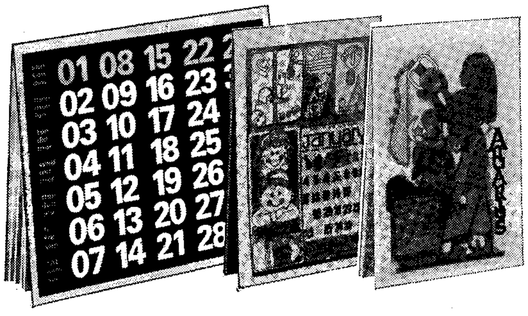
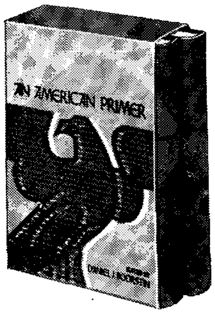

01 08 15 22
02 09 16 23
03 10 17 24
04 11 18 25
05 12 19 26
06 13 20 27
07 14 21 28
AQUARIUS

# sons and daughters, aunts and uncles. Forget anyone?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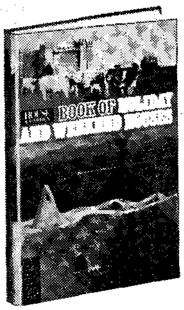

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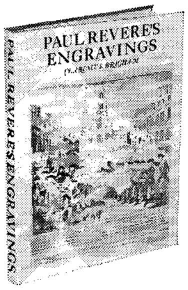
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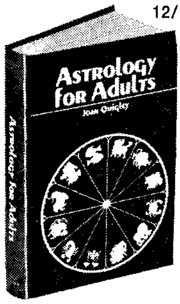
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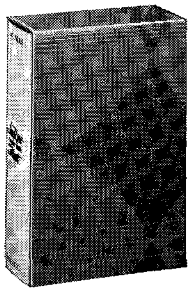

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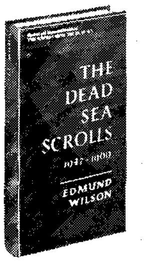
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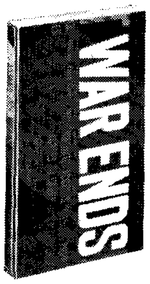

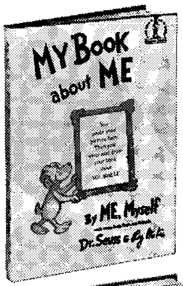
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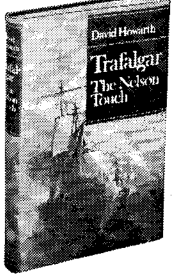
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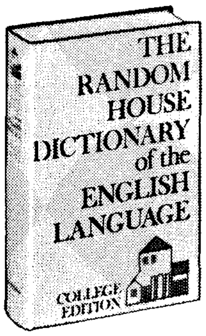
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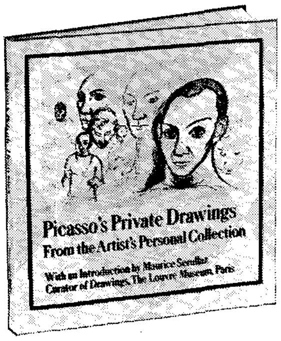
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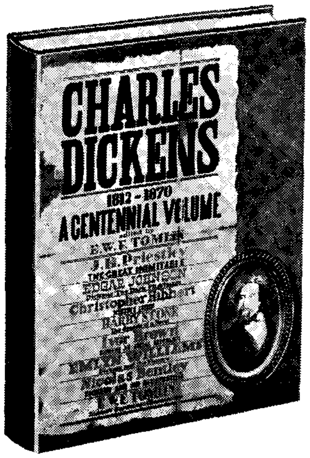

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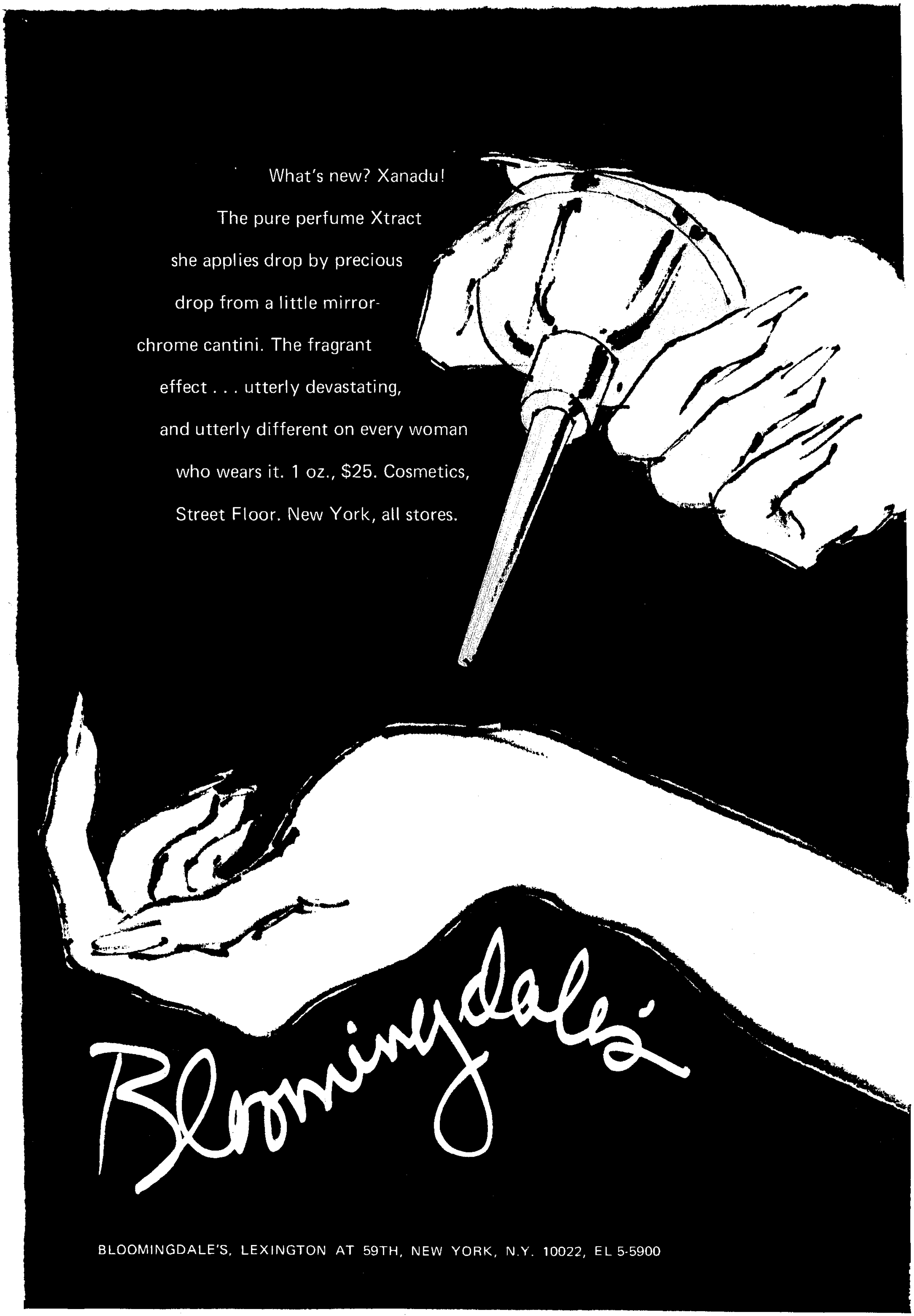

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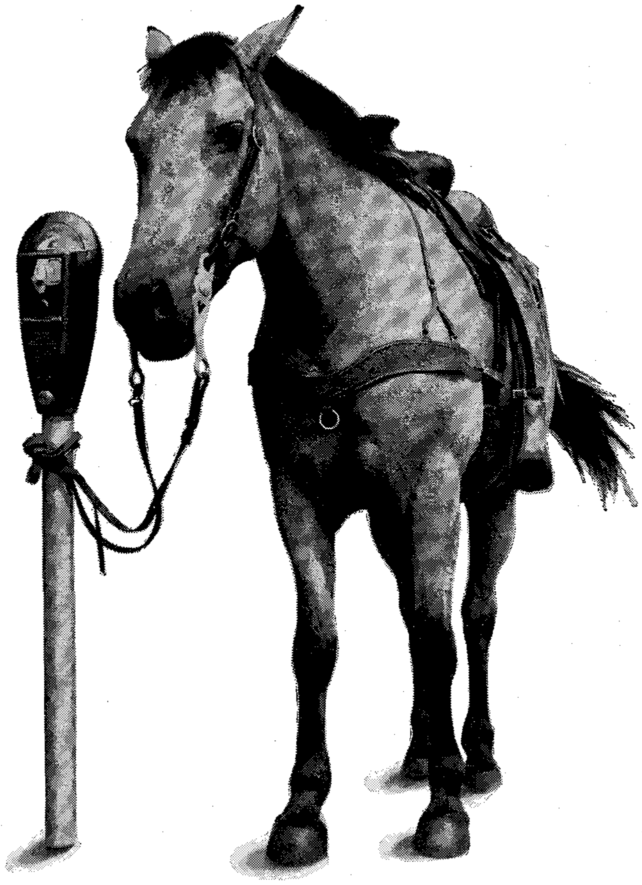

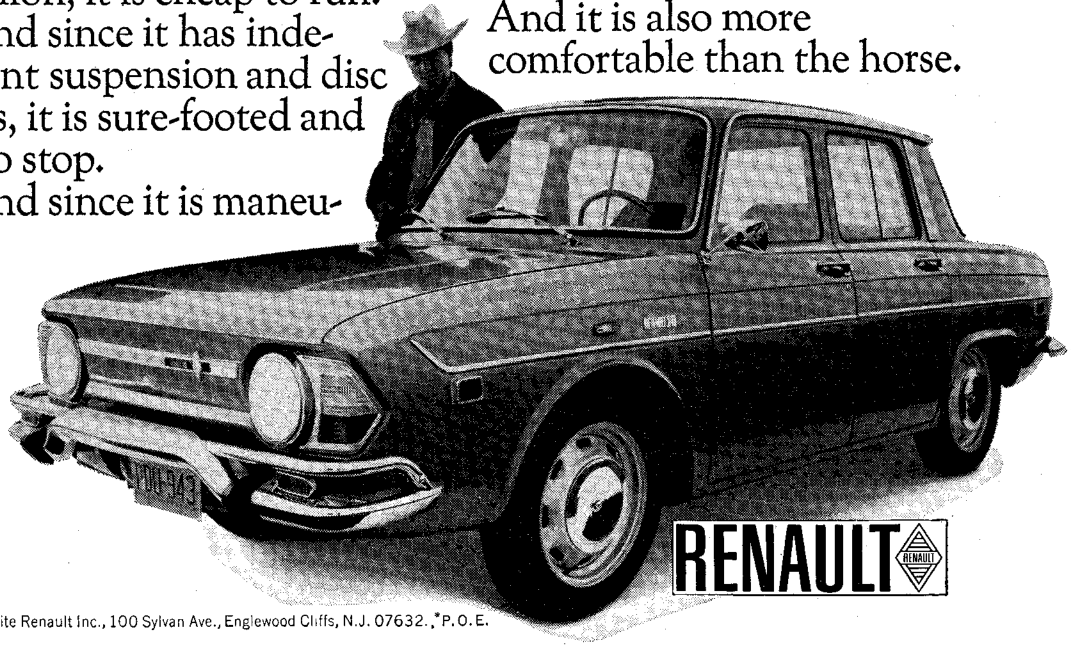

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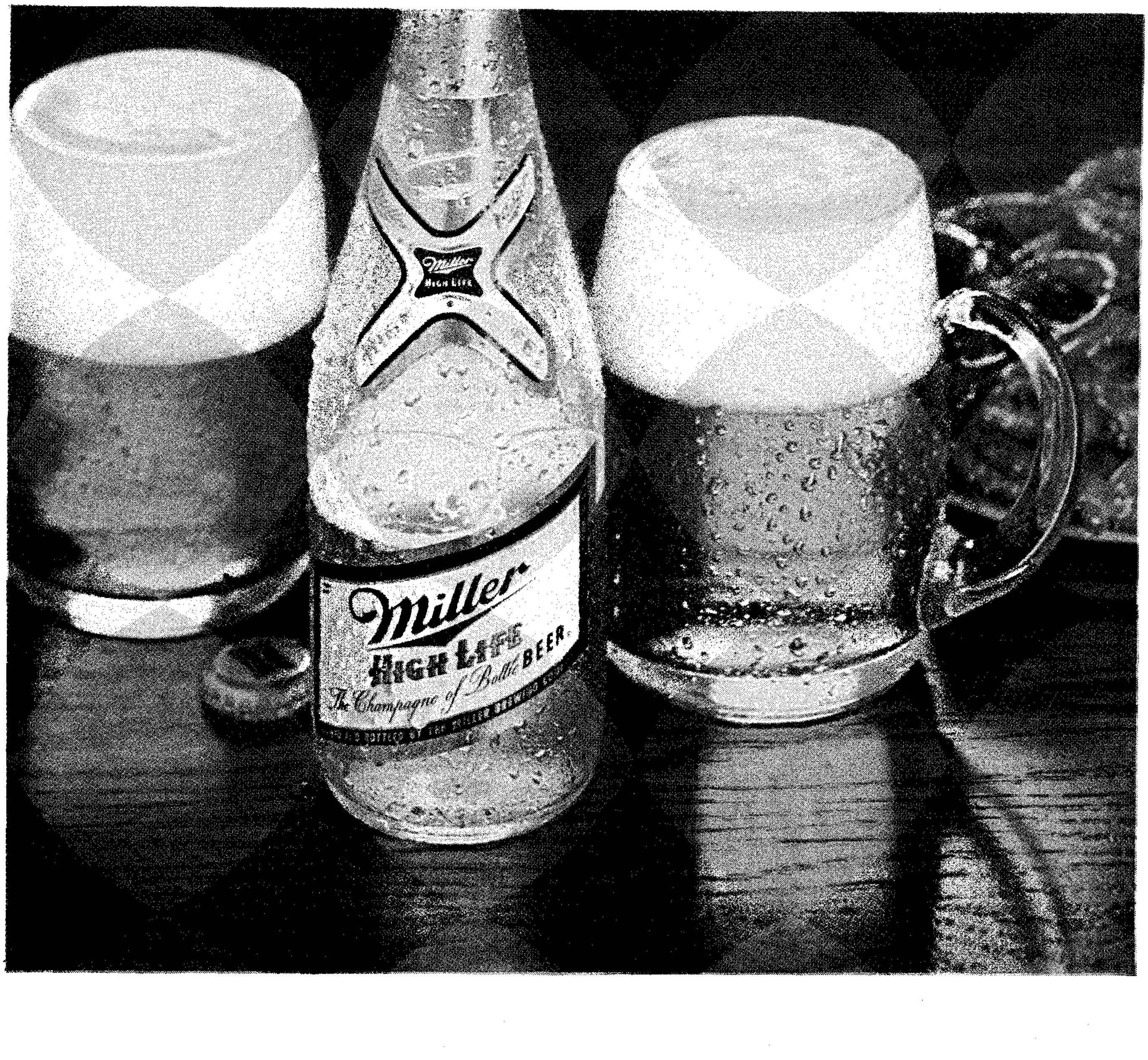
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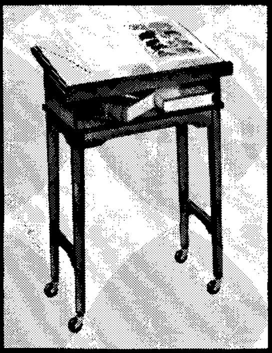

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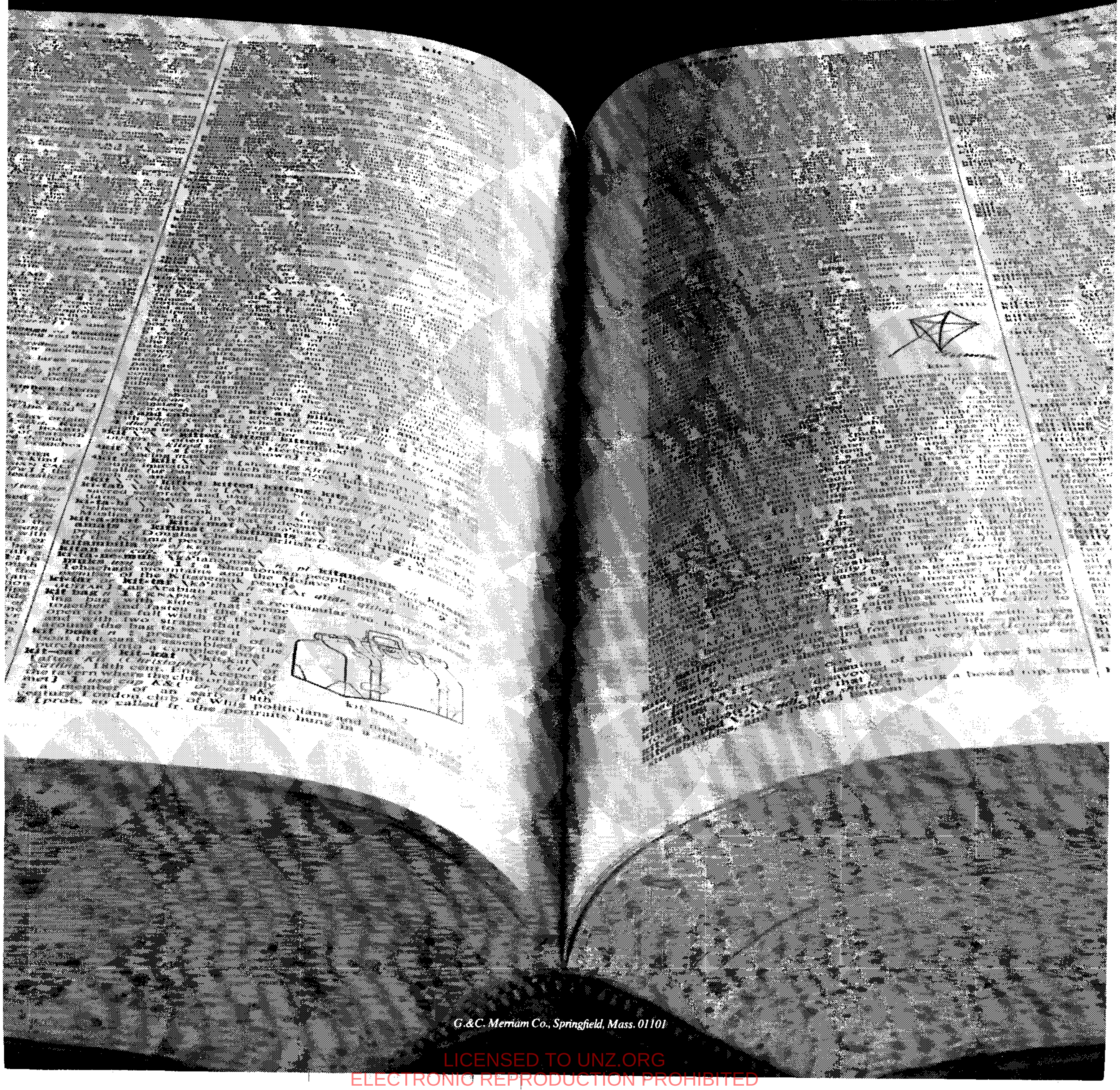

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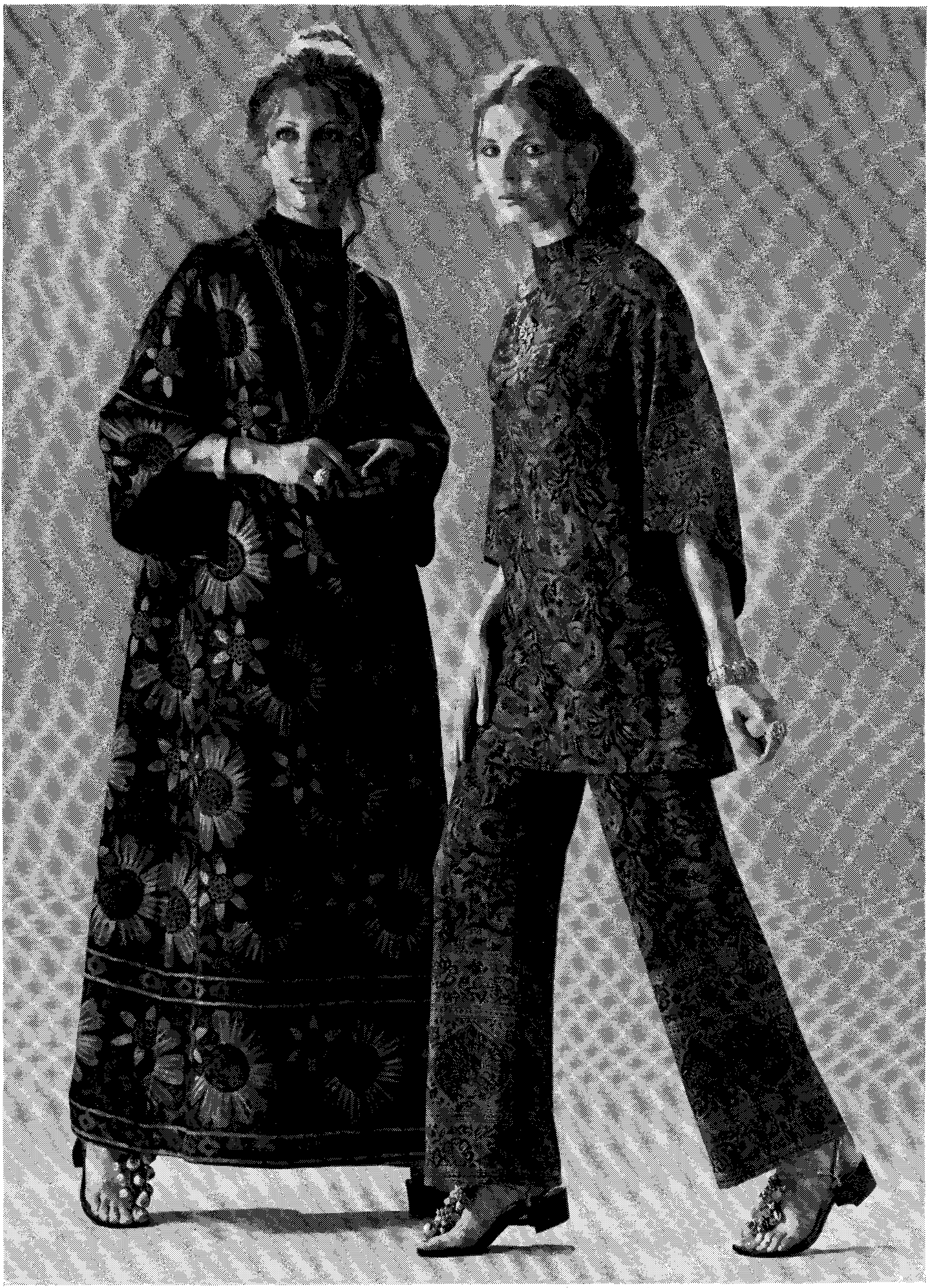

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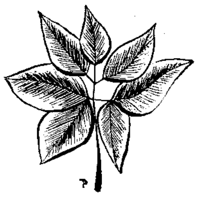
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

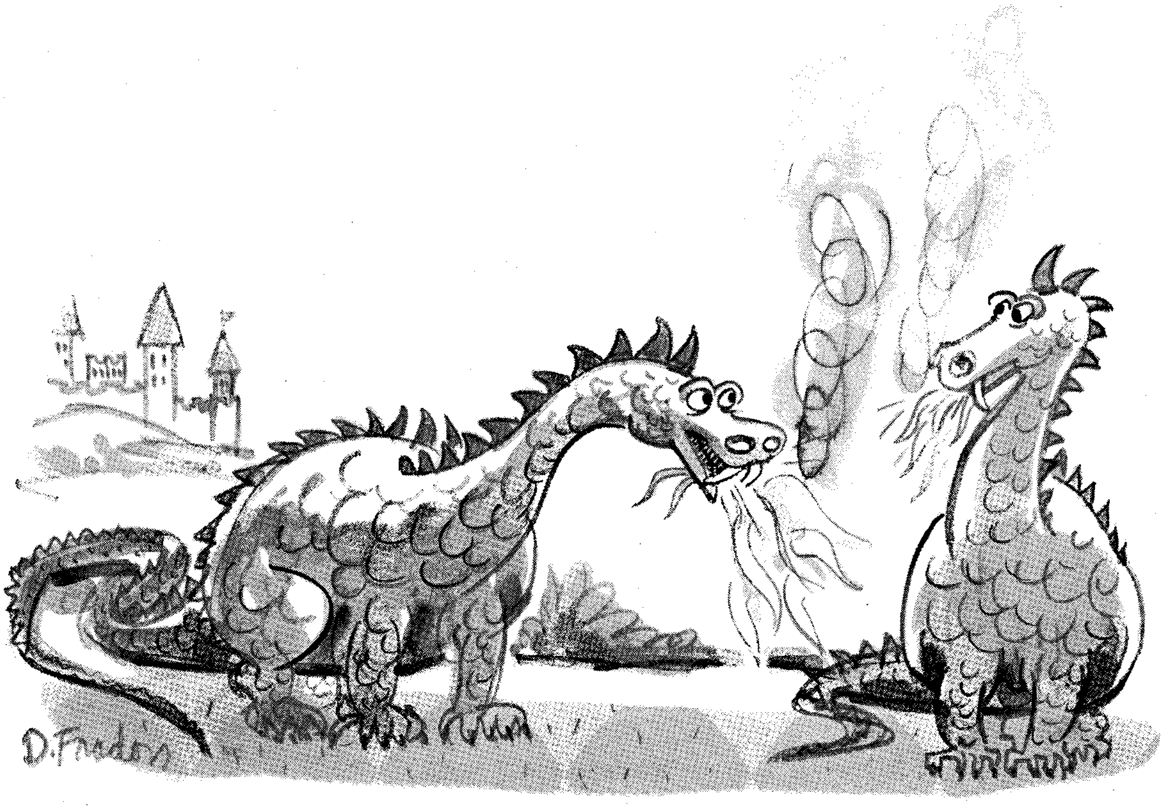
## *Notes and Comment*

SOME events of the last few weeks indicate that the Nixon Administration may have come to view the issue of the war in Vietnam as a problem more of ending dissent against the war than of ending the war itself. When, near the end of his November 3rd address to the nation on Vietnam—at the point where Presidents, in their speeches, often make an appeal to all the citizens of the country to support Administration policies—President Nixon said, "So tonight, to you, the great silent majority of my fellow-Americans, I ask for your support," we felt that although the Administration's policy toward the war seemed to be unchanged, a new tone had been set in its policy toward the American people. Never before in our democracy has silence had such a high reputation. This Administration's praise and encouragement of the "silent majority," together with its campaign to silence the "vocal minority," suggest a new vision of America—as the Silent Nation. But we found the Presidential appeal to one segment of the population disturbing, in part because it seemed to add authority to an idea that had been expressed in much more intemperate and frightening language by the Vice-President shortly before. The Vice-President had referred to protest against the war as "sick and rancid" and to the protesters—millions of American citizens—as "vultures," "ideological eunuchs," and "parasites," and had said that "we can afford to separate them from our society with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel." He had given no explanation of what he meant by "separate them from our society," and, with our imagination left free to wander, we could not help thinking of the prisons and concentration camps employed by other men in our century who have spoken of separating parasites from society. The President has himself remained silent since his Vietnam address, except to give public approval to speeches made by the Vice-President, but a number of Administration officials have made moves and stated opinions that, taken together, constitute a trend that poses the gravest threat in our memory to the rights guaranteed by the Constitution to all citizens.

One of the most telling signs of this danger was the position that the Justice Department took toward the New Mobilization march in Washington on November 15th. Before the march, Justice Department officials attempted to discourage citizens from attending it by spreading alarms of violence; troops were called into the city on the basis of Justice Department "intelligence reports" stating that the march was organized by Communists. After the march, a number of Administration officials made baseless and inflammatory allegations about the people who had marched. Transportation Secretary John Volpe declared that most of the organizers of the march were "Communist or Communist-inspired," and Postmaster General Winton M. Blount said that dissent in America was "killing American boys." And—most significant of all—Attorney General Mitchell claimed that the march had been characterized by violence and that the Mobilization leaders had wanted violence to occur. Anyone who saw the march or has read reports of it knows that there were only two infinitesimal incidents of violence in a vast peaceful event and that the Attorney General's statements are not just distortions of the truth but are simply false. Nonetheless, Deputy Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst announced shortly after he made them that the Justice Department had embarked on investigations that could lead to indictments against a number of the Mobilization leaders. If the organizers of this peaceful march, who, whatever their other political beliefs may be, are nearly all fervent advocates of non-violence, and who attempted, through the deployment of their marshals, to prevent violence wherever it threatened, can be brought to trial on the basis of Mitchell's charges, then the right of free assembly in this country is seriously imperilled. And while the Justice Department was threatening the leaders of the march with indictments, Vice-President Agnew gave two speeches, one attacking television and the other attacking the nation's newspapers, which, in combination with several moves made by other Administration officials, pose a parallel threat to the freedom of the press.



Of course, there is no reason a Vice-President, or even a President, should not defend his Administration and his policies against criticism by the press. Government officials are as free as any newspaper or any television commentator to enter into press debates on government policies. It is when the government sets out not only to disagree with the press but to threaten or coerce it that the danger line is crossed. Several officials of the present Administration have crossed that line. Federal Communications Commission Chairman Dean Burch crossed the line when—in a gesture that, in its timing and in its context, was intimidating—he called up several television stations after Nixon's Vietnam speech and asked for transcripts of their editorial comments on it. The Vice-President crossed the line when he pointedly asserted, in his attack on television news coverage, that commentators enjoy a "monopoly sanctioned and licensed by government." (It is precisely *because* television stations are federally licensed that officials of the federal government, when they choose to engage in political debate with television commentators, have a special duty to debate the issues, and not to brandish the government's



*"I'm thinking of converting from oil to gas."*

power to revoke licenses.) Communications Director Herbert G. Klein crossed the line in a particularly threatening way when he said, "If you [people in the television industry] look at the problems you have today and you fail to continue to examine them, you do invite the government to come in. I would not like to see that happen." The Vice-President crossed it again when he took it upon himself, in his speech attacking television, to inaugurate a public write-in campaign against the networks. Indeed, the burden of Agnew's two speeches was not the defense of Administration policies against criticism—in fact, he hardly mentioned any questions of Administration policy in either of his speeches about the news media—but the setting in motion of forces that would bring about concrete changes in the news media, in the form of greater support for the President's policies. Although the Vice-President certainly sees himself as a defender of our system of government and no doubt believes that the actions of the Administration he belongs to pose no threat to it, the content of his two speeches—and also his decision, as Vice-President, to give them—rests on several fundamental misunderstandings of democracy and of the Constitution, and these same misunderstandings may underlie the Administration's entire ill-advised campaign.

The Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution in order to protect the people against the government, because of the government's great power. After Thomas Jefferson had seen a draft of the Constitution which did not contain a bill of rights, he wrote in a letter to a friend, "What I disapproved from the first moment also, was the want of a bill of rights, to guard liberty against the legislative as well as the executive branches of the government." In a letter to James Madison, again urging the inclusion of a bill of rights, he wrote, "The tyranny of the legislatures is the most formidable dread at present, and will be for many years," and then he added, "That of the executive will come in its turn; but it will be at a remote period." The freedom of the press was not intended for the benefit of the press. Like the rest of the Bill of Rights, it was intended as a protection for the people against the enormous power of the government. As for protecting the people against the press, we have libel laws to do that. In Vice-President Agnew's speeches, the relationships between the people, the press, and the government are muddled and reversed. He does seem to have had some idea that his thinking represented a departure from the Constitution, for, in one of the more ominous passages in his first speech, he said of the influence exercised by the networks, "We cannot measure this power and influence by the traditional democratic standards." What, then, are the new standards? At several points, he spoke as though the right of free speech had been established to protect the government against censorship by the press or by the people. In his speech attacking the press, he said, "My political and journalistic adversaries seem to be asking . . . that I circumscribe my rhetorical freedom while they place no restriction on theirs," and at the beginning of that speech he had referred to his speech attacking the networks as an exercise of "my right to dissent." But his "right to dissent" (if one can even speak of the government as having a "right to dissent," since in our democracy the term "dissent" refers to the citizens' right to criticize their government) is not a *right* at all but simply a *fact*, since there is no power great enough to threaten its exercise. In both his speeches, the Vice-President consistently portrayed the press and the government as foes that were equally powerful, except that one of them—the government—had been unfairly shackled until the moment when he decided to speak out. In an article in the *Times*, he was quoted as carrying this idea to an absurd extreme by saying, "The Vice-President has a right to dissent, too. If anybody is intimidated, it should be me. I don't have the resources the networks have." But, as the framers of the Constitution well knew, the press and the government are not two adversaries with equal powers and equal rights. There is no comparison between the power of the government and the power of the press. Whereas the government has virtually unchallengeable power in the form of, among other things, the Army, the Air Force, the Navy, the Marines, and the various police forces, the press has only its rights, and can survive only as long as the government continues to honor them.

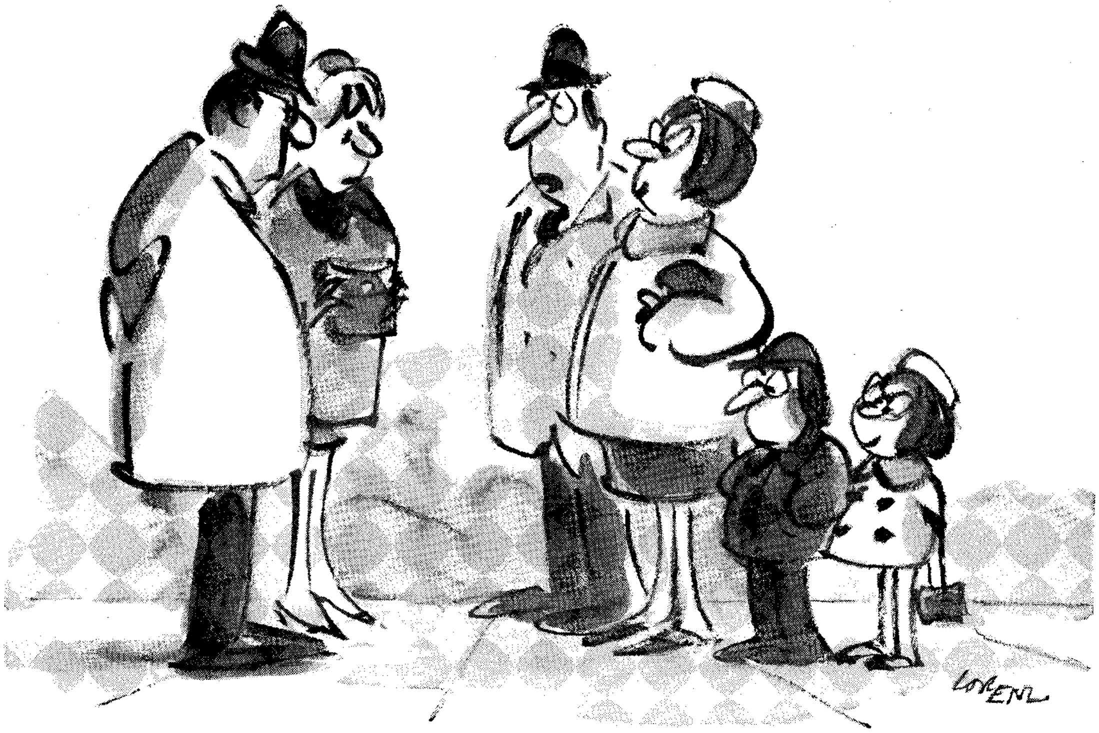
The Vice-President's concept of censorship is like his concept of rights. In a democracy, the word "censorship" refers specifically to official government interference with the press. When the Vice-

President told us in his speech attacking television that he opposed censorship, he said that he was "not asking for government censorship" but was "asking whether a form of censorship already exists when the news that forty million Americans receive each night is determined by a handful of men responsible only to their corporate employers." But, like his idea of his rights and the Constitution's idea of the people's rights, the two kinds of "censorship" are not comparable; one, by definition, is censorship and the other is not. The presentation of a consistently biassed interpretation of the news by the networks, if that were possible, would result in an extremely regrettable state of public misinformation, but government censorship would interfere with the public's right to know and would mean the loss of liberty. Because of the inescapability of federal licensing, what must be devised is a set of guarantees that protects the public against any political misuse of the air and also—what is far more important—protects the stations and networks, and thus, again, the public, against such political intervention as Vice-President Agnew's. The Vice-President's statements seemed to show contempt for any kind of criticism of any government by its citizens. In an article in *Life*, he said, "Consider the idea of protest purely, removing it from any issue. . . . It does not offer constructive alternatives and it is not conducive to creating the thoughtful atmosphere where positive answers may be formulated." In his speech about television, he said that "when Winston Churchill rallied public opinion to stay the course against Hitler's Germany, he didn't have to contend with a gaggle of commentators raising doubts about whether he was reading the public right." This, of course, is not true. Churchill had many vocal opponents, both in the press and among politicians. A more nearly correct statement is that Hitler didn't have to contend with any commentators when he was rallying his people against Churchill's England.

As for the Vice-President's idea of the role of the press in a democracy, it is as strange as his concepts of rights and of censorship. In his speech on newspapers, he said that "the time for naïve belief in their neutrality is gone." But are publications obliged to be neutral? There is nothing in the Constitution that says the press has to be neutral. Nor, for that matter, is there anything that says it has to be objective, or fair, or even accurate or truthful, desirable though these qualities are. For who is to be the judge? The press is simply *free*, and its freedom, like any other freedom, has to be absolute in order to be freedom. It is free to print any information it wants to print and to write from any point of view whatever. The framers of the Constitution wisely left it up to the individual citizen, not the government, to decide which publications to read and which to believe, and to find his own way, in an atmosphere of freedom, to the truth. In a democracy, the people are free only as long as the press is free, and, in the long run, the majority is only as free as the most unpopular minority. Once this or any other Administration gets the machinery in place that can control the press or deny the rights of a dissenting minority, then the rights of all the people, even of those who support the government, are lost. Although this Administration may have intended only to produce greater support for the President's policies, in the belief that this would help him withdraw in an orderly way from Vietnam, the campaign of intimidation it has launched against the protesters and against the press has set this nation on a dangerous course that will be hard to reverse—a course that could lead us to a day when we put an end not to the war in Vietnam but to democracy in America.

## *Sketching Scriveners*

THE Berg Collection of English and American Literature, that oasis in the Public Library, has mounted an appealing show, "Pen & Brush: The Author as Artist," which will run until next June. From its twenty thousand first editions and rare books and its fifty thousand manuscripts and autograph letters, Dr. Lola L. Szladits, the Collection's chief, and Harvey Simmonds, until recently her chief assistant, winnowed some hundred and seventy exhibits of sketches, watercolors, doodles, and other works of art by forty noted writers. We went to see it the other morning. The Berg, which is strongest in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, is outstanding in Thackeray, himself an outstanding sketcher and colorist, and more than half its show is given over to him. There are several self-portraits and self-caricatures, as well as studies for "The Rose and the Ring," "The Paris Sketch Book," "Vanity Fair," "The History of Pendennis," and "The Virginians." A pleasing oddity is a soft-pencil Thackeray "Place de la Concorde," bound, preceding the frontispiece, in an 1848 edition of "Vanity Fair" that belonged to Charles Dickens. (Thackeray, as a young man, had offered to illustrate Dickens' books, and had been turned down.) The show's youngest author-



*"What with the population crunch and all, we're just reproducing ourselves and letting it go at that."*

artist is Tennyson, whose pen-and-ink “Mungo’s Hut,” rendered at fourteen, is the only picture in a nine-page manuscript of “Mungo the American: A Tale,” his earliest prose work, which he presented to his governess. We found its style and punctuation beguiling. The page facing the Hut ran, in part:

> The pistol fired—Mungo fell—“Stranger” said he “I will not reproach thee, though thou art ungrateful—I feel that life is quickly departing—I feel”—Here he fainted—The stranger forgetting his anger ran to him, & seizing the flaggon of water, threw it on his face—Mungo recovered—“Tell me,” said the expiring American, “ ’tis with my last breath I *say it, tell me how you lost your* sword”—The stranger

Here the page ended, but Dr. Szladits, who had providentially joined us, said that the setting was Panama, and that the tale ended with the death of Mungo, and the rain and snow beating down his hut.

We went on to Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s sketch of her spaniel Flush, a wistful creature who, we were told, looked remarkably like its owner; to drawings by Edward Lear, Max Beerbohm, the Brontës, Ruskin, and Lewis Carroll (a series of cartoons that included three Alice-like figures and, more mysteriously, some houses knocked out by explosions); and to a survey map of the bottom of Walden Pond by Thoreau (the greatest depth noted was a hundred and two feet). One of Thoreau’s pencils (he made them himself) was next to this map; it was balanced by the display, in one of twenty-two Thackeray cases housing ninety-two exhibits, of the pen Thackeray took along on his travels. We paused at a Shaw watercolor study for the statue of St. Joan at Ayot St. Lawrence—five figure sketches that strikingly suggest the completed statue, a photograph of which was appended—and, under it, read a little slip of paper, printed in red, that sadly ran:

> The National Trust regrets to inform visitors that the statue of St. Joan by Clare Winsten was stolen on the night of the 3rd April 1968, and destroyed.

“Visitors to the Berg Collection?” we asked Dr. Szladits.

“Visitors to Ayot St. Lawrence,” she said. “I went there last summer, and found this notice pasted in the National Trust guidebook. I hadn’t known about the vandalism when we got the show up last spring. The culprits were tracked down. They had melted the statue in order to sell its bronze. The local custodian seemed to think that that was routine.”

We followed Dr. Szladits to some illustrated lecture notes made by Mark Twain in Liverpool in 1874. They were inscribed “We’re done with *this*, Charles, forever! Yrs. MARK TWAIN.”

“Written at the end of an English tour,” Dr. S. said. “You know how he hated lecturing. Charles was Charles Warren Stoddard, a friend who acted as his secretary in England.”

Conrad was represented by six drawings of women—a maid, a Paris flower seller, and several ballet girls raising their voluminous skirts and petticoats to expose bloomers, white garters, and black stockings.

“The medium of the exhibition is completely incidental to the Berg Collection,” Dr. Szladits said as we came to these old-fashioned but provocative ladies. “We buy Beerbohm, for example, only for his literary importance. That was sort of the challenge of the show. Conrad seems to be its biggest surprise, because women do not figure prominently in his works.”

## *Investigations*

THERE are four Principal Investigators in these parts—Principal Investigators being NASA-designated scientists who are receiving rocks, dust, or data from the moon—and all of them are at a branch of Columbia University called the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, which is in a modern-looking group of buildings perched on top of the Palisades about twelve miles up the Hudson River from the George Washington Bridge. They are Dr. Orson Anderson and Dr. Paul Gast, who are still working on some of the lunar material that the Apollo 11 astronauts brought back last July; Dr. Gary Latham, who is sifting through the information from the seismometer that the Apollo 12 astronauts put on the moon last week; and Dr. Marcus G. Langseth, Jr., who is developing a drill that the Apollo 13 astronauts will use to bore two ten-foot holes in the moon next March. (The astronauts will drop two sets of thermometers, called heat probes, down the holes to measure the flow of heat from the moon.) All four scientists are in their late thirties or early forties.

Recently, we drove out to Lamont on a clear, brisk autumn day to call on the scientists, seriatim, and found three of them in residence and dressed for the weather. (Dr. Anderson was the absentee.) Dr. Gast, who has rumpled light-brown hair, was wearing a light-blue sweater; Dr. Latham, a tall, tanned man with dark-brown hair, was wearing a lumberman’s thick plaid shirt; and Dr. Langseth, who has long dark hair that sometimes obscures a sharp pair of eyes, was wearing a woollen sports shirt. All three were shortly going to Houston in connection with the flight of Apollo 12—Dr. Gast because he is vice-chairman of the Lunar Sample Analysis Planning Team, Dr. Latham because his seismometers are sent along on all Apollo flights, and Dr. Langseth because he wants to know all he can about the soil his equipment will be drilling through.

We dropped in first on Dr. Gast, who had in his laboratory no fewer than nine separate bits of Apollo 11 moon rocks and soil, which he had brought from Houston in his briefcase. (In spite of this carefree mode of transport, he wasn’t letting any visitors into his laboratory, for fear of contaminating his treasures.) “One trouble geologists have when they look at the moon is language,” he said. “We are completely unequipped with a vocabulary for the moon. ‘Soil’ is a bad word for the loose material, and ‘sand’ and ‘dust’ aren’t any more accurate.”

We asked Dr. Gast how he had become interested in the moon.

He said, “It wasn’t anything sudden. First I gave the moon a finger, then another finger, and then a whole hand. All the planets are now thought to have been built up by the accretion of particles, and it was obvious to me that we could learn a lot more about the earth if we knew the composition of these particles. This question naturally led to looking at other planets. A small planet like the moon can tell us more about these particles than a big, highly evolved planet like ours, because the original material here has been cooked beyond recognition by the heat inside the earth.”

Dr. Gast said that he thought his work with the lunar material—and the work of some other Principal Investigators he has been talking with—was going to lead to the conclusion that the moon was cold. We asked if he had learned anything from his moon particles, and found out that one thing his samples were telling him was that the Mare Tranquillitatis, where the Apollo 11 astronauts had landed, may have once been an ocean of liquid silicate rock, melted by the huge impact that had blasted out the *mare* basin, and that the silicate rock, long since hardened, now filled the basin like a precious stone set in an ancient orb.

As we left to see Dr. Latham, Dr. Gast said, with a smile that betrayed

*"Watch who you're calling irrelevant!"*

• •

a long-standing joke between the two men, that we should be sure to ask Dr. Latham about his aseismic moon. Seismologists thrive on quakes and tremors, which are normally caused by slippage in the earth's crust, and Dr. Latham, it seemed, had lately been finding the moon a remarkably quiet place; in fact, it had been almost totally uninformative since the middle of August, when, after twenty-one days, the seismometer that Neil Armstrong and Colonel Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr., set up there suddenly went deaf to all commands from the earth, although it continued to beep information on the temperature, which didn't interest Dr. Latham very much. Dr. Latham thinks the moon's extreme nighttime cold damaged the mechanism. "It was sad to hear those beeps and not be able to order up seismic data," he said. In any event, he said, the seismometer showed that it *was* possible to do seismic work on the moon, which was by no means certain ten years ago, when he started on the project. Other scientists had then thought he was wasting his time. There was no certainty that men would *get* to the moon, and if they did, there was no certainty that a seismometer sensitive enough to be used there would work at all, since there was no way of testing it adequately beforehand. (Seismically, the earth is far too loud for that.) However, Dr. Latham went ahead and built an instrument at Lamont that was a hundred times as sensitive as earthbound seismometers. While the Apollo 11 astronauts were setting it up on the moon, Dr. Latham, in Houston, was anxiously watching a set of automatic pens that would record the moon's tremors on rolls of paper; for a time, the pens drew straight lines on the paper, but suddenly—shortly after Colonel Aldrin unfolded the instrument's solar paddles—all the pens seemed to explode into action. (In reality, they moved no more than three or four centimetres.) "All that worry ended in one short instant!" Dr. Latham said. "A most marvellous thing! I don't expect to feel that way again until men put a seismometer on Mars." As it turned out, he was almost as excited when the Apollo 12 astronauts sent the empty ascent stage of the lunar module crashing onto the moon, causing the recorder he was watching to jiggle for about an hour. The tremor, he told us when we spoke to him a bit later, had no separate parts; it was a single long rumble that emerged from the general background noise on the chart to become a thick blur of waves, which then tapered off until they disappeared once more into the background—a continuing ripple. Dr. Latham added that the explanation of this ripple, when or if it is arrived at, might be a clue to whether the moon is layered, like the earth, or a homogeneous mass of rubble, or a combination of the two. If it is all rubble, that would argue a cold moon, for layering is caused by heat.

Leaving Dr. Latham, we set off up a steep hill toward a large stone building on the crest of the Palisades to see Dr. Langseth, the heat measurer and drill designer. We asked him how his experiment would be affected if the moon should turn out to have no heat at all. He said that a cold moon would make his experiment more important than ever, if only because a cold, and hence stable, moon would provide less information to Dr. Latham's seismometers. A cold moon wouldn't mean that there was *no* heat—only that there wasn't enough heat to melt rocks. He added that it was still too early to say the moon had no molten core; it could still have a small one. Either way, he expected to detect some heat from radioactive elements inside the moon, which would give evidence of the moon's composition.

Dr. Langseth's problem of the moment is trying to determine what kind of soil Fred W. Haise, Jr., the astronaut in charge of moon drilling on Apollo 13, will be faced with when he gets there. One disturbing piece of intelligence he has received is that the rocks on the *mare* surface, and presumably under it as well, are basaltic—tough to bore through. A year or so ago, Dr. Langseth filled a tub with crushed basalt and some solid-basalt obstacle rocks, so that Haise could try out the drill. Haise quickly showed himself to possess a gift for hitting every obstacle rock in the tub, Dr. Langseth said. He hopes the gift will not survive the trip to the moon.

# VIEWS OF MY FATHER WEEPING

AN aristocrat was riding down the street in his carriage. He ran over my father.

•

After the ceremony I walked back to the city. I was trying to think of the reason my father had died. Then I remembered: He was run over by a carriage.

•

I telephoned my mother and told her of my father's death. She said she supposed it was the best thing. I too supposed it was the best thing. His enjoyment was diminishing. I wondered if I should attempt to trace the aristocrat whose carriage had run him down. There were said to have been one or two witnesses.

•

Yes it is possible that it is not my father who sits there in the center of the bed weeping. It may be someone else—the mailman, the man who delivers the groceries, an insurance salesman, a tax collector, who knows. However, I must say it resembles my father. The resemblance is very strong. He is not smiling through his tears but frowning through them. I remember once we were out on the ranch shooting peccadillos (result of a meeting, on the plains of the West, of the collared peccary and the nine-banded armadillo). My father shot and missed. He wept. This weeping resembles that weeping.

•

"Did you see it?" "Yes but only part of it. Part of the time I had my back turned." The witness was a little girl, eleven or twelve. She lived in a very poor quarter and I could not imagine that, were she to testify, anyone would credit her. "Can you recall what the man in the carriage looked like?" "Like an aristocrat," she said.

•

The first witness declares that the man in the carriage looked "like an aristocrat." But that might be simply the carriage itself. Any man sitting in a splendid carriage with a driver on the box and perhaps one or two footmen up behind tends to look like an aristocrat. I wrote down her name and asked her to call me if she remembered anything else. I gave her some candy.

•

I stood in the square where my father was killed and asked people passing by if they had seen, or knew of anyone who had seen, the incident. At the same time I felt the effort was wasted. Even if I found the man whose carriage had done the job, what would I say to him? "You killed my father." "Yes," the aristocrat would say, "but he ran right in under the legs of the horses. My man tried to stop but it happened too quickly. There was nothing anyone could do." Then perhaps he would offer me a purse full of money.

•

THE man sitting in the center of the bed looks very much like my father. He is weeping, tears coursing down his cheeks. One can see that he is upset about something. Looking at him I see that something is wrong. He is spewing like a fire hydrant with its lock knocked off. His yammer darts in and out of the rooms. In a melting mood I lay my paw on my breast and say, "Father." This does not distract him from his plaint, which rises to a shriek, sinks to a pule. His range is great, his ambition commensurate. I say again, "Father," but he ignores me. I don't know whether it is time to flee or will not be time to flee until later. He may suddenly stop, assume a sternness. I have kept the door open and nothing between me and the door and moreover the screen unlatched, and on top of that the motor running, in the Mustang. But perhaps it is not my father weeping there, but another father: Tom's father, Phil's father, Pat's father, Pete's father, Paul's father. Apply some sort of test, voice-print reading or . . .

•

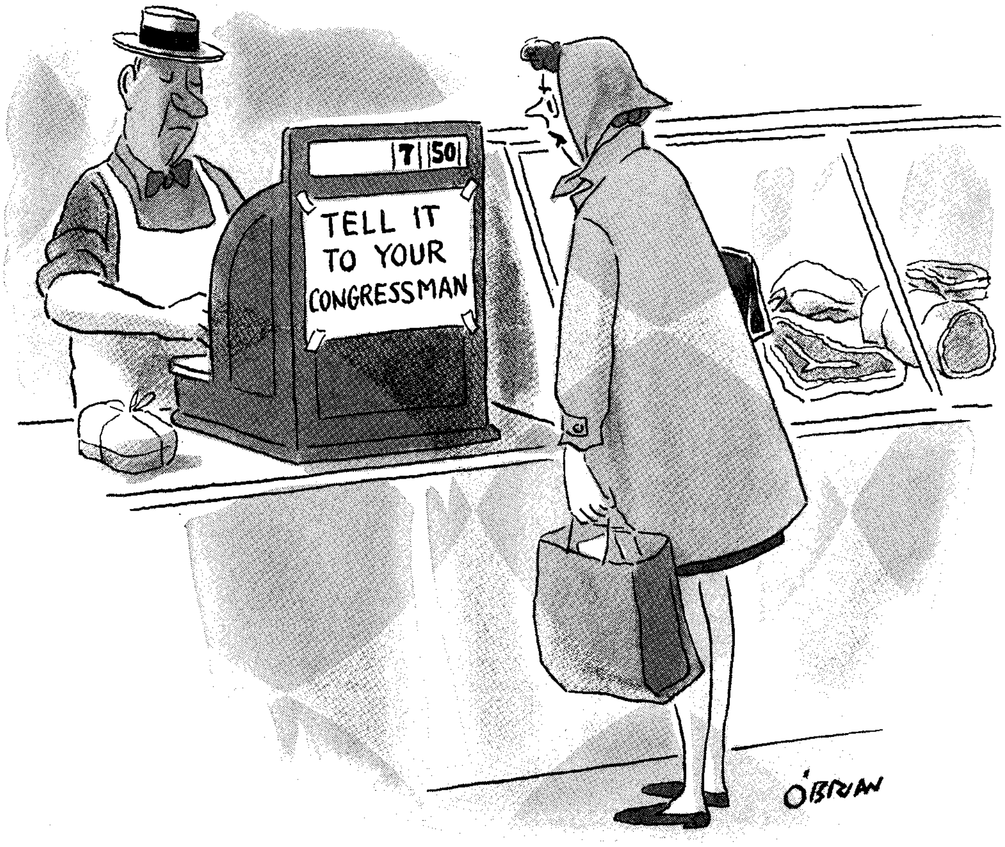
My father throws his ball of knitting up in the air. The orange wool hangs there.

•

My father regards the tray of pink cupcakes. Then he jams his thumb into each cupcake, into the top. Cupcake by cupcake. A thick smile spreads over the face of each cupcake.

•

Then a man volunteered that he had heard two other men talking about the accident in a shop. "What shop?" The man pointed it out to me, a draper's shop on the south side of the square. I entered the shop and made inquiries. "It was your father, eh? He was bloody clumsy if you ask me." This was the clerk behind the counter. But another man standing nearby, well dressed, even elegant, a gold watch chain stretched across his vest, disagreed. "It was the fault of the driver," the second man said. "He could have stopped them if he had cared to." "Nonsense," the clerk said. "Not a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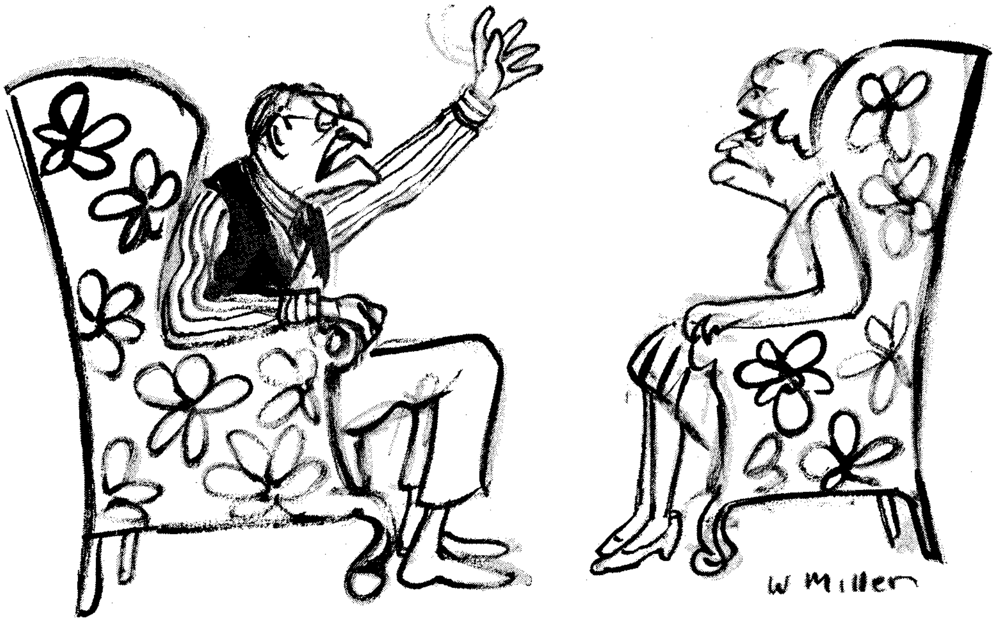
TELL IT TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN
O'BRIAN



*"You know that time you refused me with tossing curls, and I let the Old Earth take a couple of whirls? Well, I wish I had let it go right on whirling."*

• •

chance in the world. If your father hadn't been drunk—" "He wasn't drunk," I said. "I arrived on the scene soon after it happened and I smelled no liquor."

•

This was true. I had been notified by the police, who came to my room and fetched me to the scene of the accident. I bent over my father, whose chest was crushed, and laid my cheek against his. His cheek was cold. I smelled no liquor, but blood from his mouth stained the collar of my coat. I asked the people standing there how it had happened. "Run down by a carriage," they said. "Did the driver stop?" "No, he whipped up the horses and went off down the street and then around the corner at the end of the street, toward King's New Square." "You have no idea as to whose carriage . . ." "None." Then I made the arrangements for the burial. It was not until several days later that the idea of seeking the aristocrat in the carriage came to me.

•

I had had in my life nothing to do with aristocrats, did not even know in what part of the city they lived, in their great houses. So that even if I located someone who had seen the incident and could identify the particular aristocrat involved, I would be faced with the further task of finding his house and gaining admittance (and even then, might he not be away? on a hunting trip, or a horse-buying trip, or perhaps even abroad?). "No, the driver was at fault," the man with the gold watch chain said. "Even if your father was drunk—and I can't say about that, one way or another, I have no opinion—even if your father was drunk, the driver could have done more to avoid the accident. He was dragged, you know. The carriage dragged him about forty feet." I had noticed that my father's clothes were torn in a peculiar way. "There was one thing," the clerk said, "don't tell anyone I told you, but I can give you one hint. The driver's livery was blue and green."

•

It is someone's father. That much is clear. He is fatherly. The gray in the head. The puff in the face. The droop in the shoulders. The flab on the gut. Tears falling. Tears falling. Tears falling. More tears. It seems that he intends to go farther along this salty path. The facts suggest that this is his program, weeping. He has something in mind, more weeping. O lud lud! But why remain? Why watch it? Why tarry? Why not fly? Why subject myself? I could be somewhere else, out in the streets feeling up eleven-year-old girls in their soldier drag, there are thousands, as alike as pennies, and I could be— Why doesn't he stand up, arrange his clothes, dry his face? He's trying to embarrass us. He wants attention. He's trying to make himself interesting. He wants his brow wrapped in cold cloths perhaps, his hands held perhaps, his back rubbed, his neck kneaded, his wrists patted, his elbows anointed with rare oils, his toenails painted with tiny scenes representing God blessing America. I won't do it.

•

My father has a red bandanna tied around his face covering the nose and mouth. He extends his right hand in which there is a water pistol. "Stick 'em up!" he says.

•

But blue-and-green livery is not unusual. A blue coat with green trousers, or the reverse—if I saw a coachman wearing such livery I would take no particular notice. It is true that most livery tends to be blue and buff, or blue and white, or blue and a sort of darker blue (for the trousers). But in these days one often finds a servant aping the more exquisite color combinations affected by his masters. I have even seen them in red trousers although red trousers used to be reserved, by unspoken agreement, for the aristocracy. So that the colors of the driver's livery were not of much consequence. Still it was something. I could now go about in the city, especially in stables and gin shops and such places, keeping a weather eye for the dress of the lackeys who gathered there. It was possible that more than one of the gentry dressed his servants in this blue-and-green livery, but on the other hand unlikely that there were as many as half a dozen. So that in fact the draper's clerk had offered a very good clue indeed, had one the energy to pursue it vigorously.

•

There is my father, standing alongside an extremely large dog, a dog ten hands high at the very least. My father leaps on the dog's back, straddles him. My father kicks the large dog in the ribs with his heels. "Giddyap!"

•

My father has written on the white wall with his crayons.

•

I was stretched out on my bed when someone knocked at the door. It was the small girl to whom I had given candy when I had first begun searching for the aristocrat. She looked frightened, yet resolute; I could see that she had some information for me. "I know who it was," she said. "I know his name." "What is it?" "First you must give me five crowns." Luckily

## EFFORT AT SPEECH

Climbing the stairway gray with urban midnight,
Cheerful, venial, ruminating pleasure,
Darkness takes me, an arm around my throat and
*Give me your wallet.*

Fearing cowardice more than other terrors,
Angry, I wrestle with my unseen partner,
Caught in a ritual not of our own making,
panting like spaniels.

Bold with adrenaline, mindless, shaking,
*God damn it, no!* I rasp at him behind me,
Wrenching the leather wallet from his grasp. It
breaks like a wishbone

So that, departing (routed by my shouting,
Not by my strength or inadvertent courage),
Half of the papers lending me a name are
gone with him nameless.

Only now turning, I see a tall boy running,
Fifteen, sixteen, dressed thinly for the weather.
Reaching the street light, he turns a brown face briefly
phrased like a question.

I, like a questioner, watch him turn the corner
Taking the answer with him, or his half of it.
Loneliness, not a sensible emotion,
breathes hard on the stairway.

Walking homeward, I fraternize with shadows,
Zigzagging with them where they flee the street lights,
Asking for trouble, asking for the message
trouble had sent me.

*All fall down* has been scribbled on the street in
Garbage and excrement—so much for the vision
Others taunt me with, my untimely humor,
so much for cheerfulness.

*Next time don't wrangle, give the boy the money,*
*Call across chasms what the world you know is.*
*Luckless and lied to, how can a child master*
*human decorum?*

*Next time a switch-blade,* somewhere he is thinking,
*I should have killed him and took the lousy wallet.*
Reading my cards, he feels a surge of anger
blind as my shame.

Error like Babel mutters in the places,
Cities apart, where now we word our failures.
Hatred and guilt have left us without language
who might have held discourse.

—William Meredith

• •

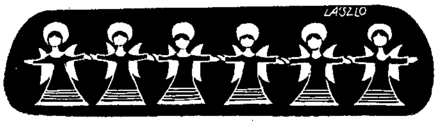
I had five crowns in my pocket; had she come later in the day, after I had eaten, I would have had nothing to give her. I handed over the money and she said: "Lars Bang." I looked at her in some surprise. "What sort of name is that for an aristocrat?" "His coachman," she said. "The coachman's name is Lars Bang." Then she fled.

•

When I heard this name, which in its sound and appearance is rude, vulgar, not unlike my own name, I was seized with repugnance and thought of dropping the whole business, although the piece of information she had brought me had just cost me five crowns. When I was seeking him and he was yet nameless, the aristocrat and, by extension, his servants seemed vulnerable; they had, after all, been responsible for a crime, or a sort of crime. My father was dead and they were responsible, or at least involved, and even though they were of the aristocracy or servants of the aristocracy, still common justice might be sought for; they might be required to make reparation, in some measure, for what they had done. Now, having the name of the coachman, and being thus much closer to his master than when I merely had the clue of the blue-and-green livery, I became afraid. For, after all, the unknown aristocrat must be a very powerful man, not at all accustomed to being called to account by people like me; indeed, his contempt for people like me was so great that, when one of us was so foolish as to stray into the path of his carriage, the aristocrat dashed him down, or permitted his coachman to do so, dragged him along the cobblestones for as much as forty feet, and then went gaily on his way, toward King's New Square. Such a man, I reasoned, was not very likely to take kindly to what I had to say to him. Very possibly there would be no purse of money at all, not a crown, not an öre; but rather he would, with an abrupt, impatient nod of his head, set his servants upon me. I would be beaten, perhaps killed. Like my father.

•

But if it is not my father sitting there in the bed weeping, why am I standing before the bed, in an attitude of supplication? Why do I desire with all my heart that this man, my father, cease what he is doing, which is so painful to me? Is it only that my position is a familiar one? That I remember, before, desiring with all my heart that this man, my father, cease what he is doing?



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WHY! . . . there's my father! . . . sitting in the bed there! . . . and he's . . . *weeping!* . . . as though his heart would burst! . . . Father! . . . how is this? . . . who has wounded you? . . . name the man! . . . why I'll . . . I'll . . . here, Father, take this handkerchief! . . . and this handkerchief! . . . and this handkerchief! . . . I'll run for a towel . . . for a doctor . . . for a priest . . . for a good fairy . . . is there . . . can you . . . can I . . . a cup of hot tea? . . . bowl of steaming soup? . . . shot of Calvados? . . . a joint? . . . a red jacket? . . . a blue jacket? . . . Father, please . . . look at me, Father . . . who has insulted you? . . . are you, then, compromised? . . . ruined? . . . a slander is going around? . . . an obloquy? . . . a traducement? . . . 'sdeath! . . . I won't permit it! . . . I won't abide it! . . . I'll . . . move every mountain . . . climb . . . every river . . . etc.

•

My father is playing with the salt and pepper shakers and with the sugar bowl. He lifts the cover of the sugar bowl and shakes pepper into it.

•

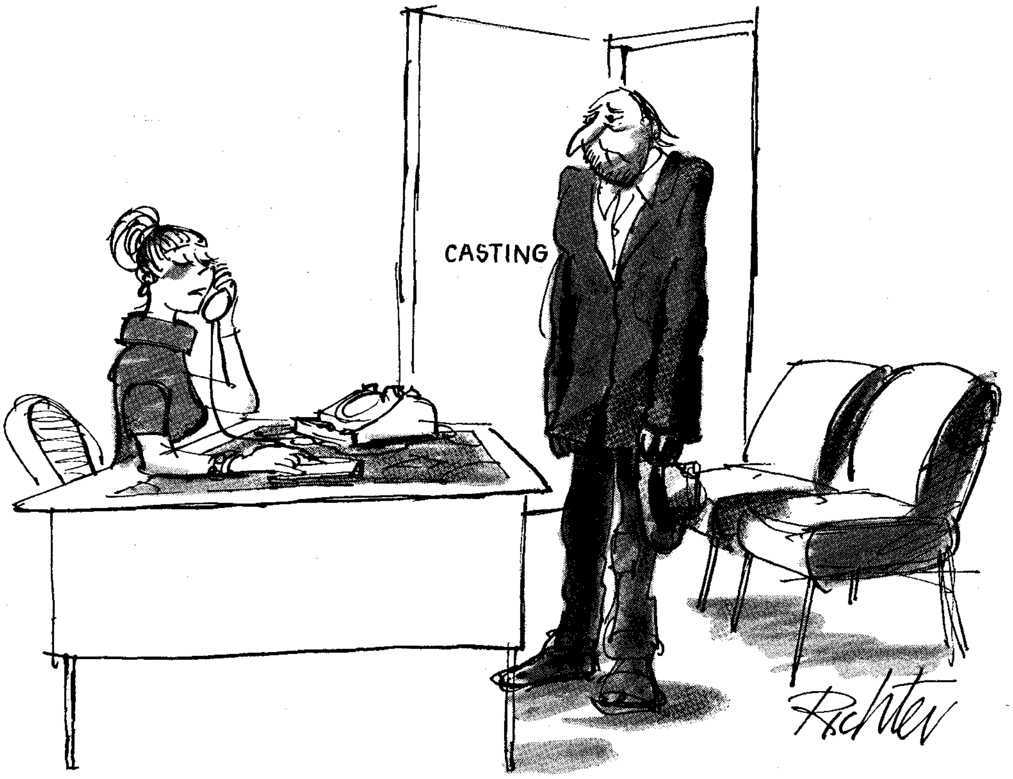
Or: My father thrusts his hand through a window of the doll's house. His hand knocks over the doll's chair, knocks over the doll's chest of drawers, knocks over the doll's bed.

•

The next day, just before noon, Lars Bang himself came to my room. "I understand that you are looking for me." He was very much of a surprise. I had expected a rather burly, heavy man, of a piece with all of the other coachmen one saw sitting up on the box; Lars Bang was, instead, a slight, almost feminine-looking man, more the type of the secretary or valet than the coachman. He was not threatening at all, contrary to my fears; he was almost helpful, albeit with the slightest hint of malice in his helpfulness. I stammeringly explained that my father, a good man although subject to certain weaknesses, including a love of the bottle, had been run down by an aristocrat's coach, in the vicinity of King's New Square, not very many days previously; that I had information that the coach had dragged him some forty feet; and that I was eager to establish certain facts about the case. "Well then," Lars Bang said, with a helpful nod, "I'm your man, for it was my coach that was involved. A sorry business! Unfortunately I haven't the time right now to give you the full particulars, but if you will call round at the address written on this card, at six o'clock in the evening, I believe I will be able to satisfy you." So saying, he took himself off, leaving me with the card in my hand.

•

I spoke to Miranda, quickly sketching what had happened. She asked to see the white card; I gave it to her, for the address meant nothing to me. "Oh my," she said. "17 Rue du Bac, that's over by the Vixen Gate—a very special quarter. Only aristocrats of the highest rank live there, and common people are not even allowed into the great park that lies between the houses and the river. If you are found wandering about there at night, you are apt to earn yourself a very severe beating." "But I have an appointment," I said. "An appointment with a coachman!" Miranda cried. "How foolish you are! Do you think the men of the watch will believe that, or even if they believe it (you have an honest enough face), will allow you to prowl that rich quarter, where so many thieves would dearly love to be set free for an hour or so, after dark? Go to!" Then she advised me that I must carry something with me—a pannier of beef or some dozen bottles of wine—so that if apprehended by the watch, I could say that I was delivering to such and such a house, and thus be judged an honest man on an honest errand, and escape a beating. I saw that she was right; and going out, I purchased at the wine merchant's a dozen bottles of a rather good claret (for it would never do to be delivering wine no aristocrat would drink); this cost me thirty crowns, which I had borrowed from Miranda. The bottles we wrapped round with straw, to prevent them banging into one another, and the whole we arranged in a sack, which I could carry on my back. I remember thinking how they rhymed, fitted together—sack and back. In this fashion I set off across the city.



*"An anti-hero to see you, sir."*

• •

•

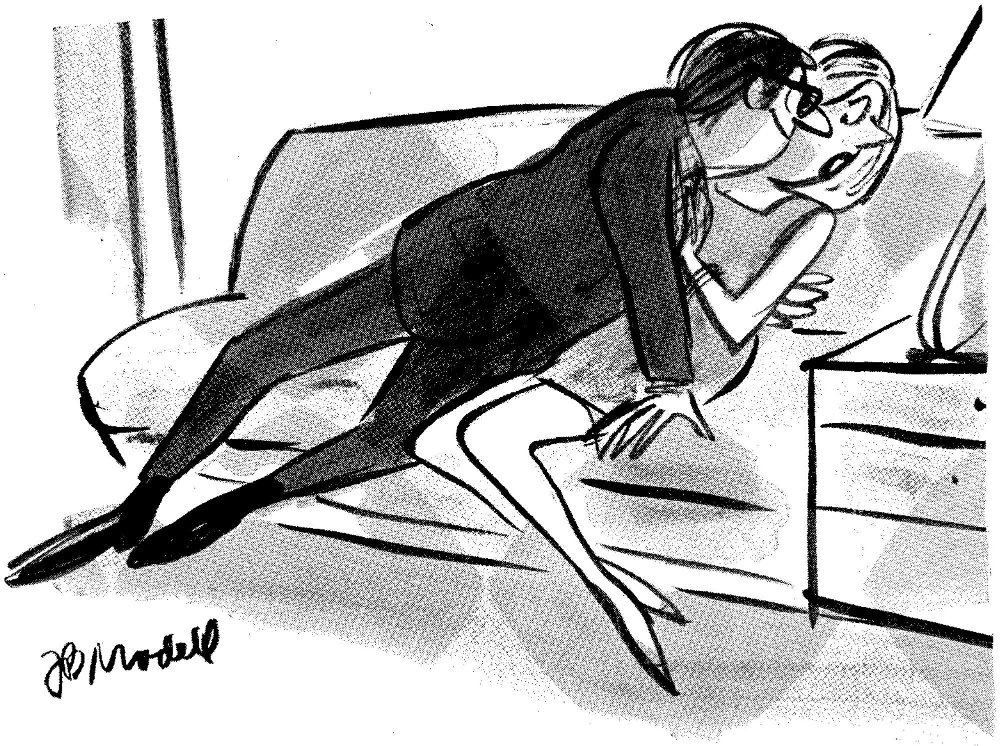
There is my father's bed. In it, my father. Attitude of dejection. Graceful as a mule deer once, the same large ears. For a nanosecond, there is a nanosmile. Is he having me on? I remember once we went out on the ups and downs of the West (out past Vulture's Crotch) to shoot. First we shot up a lot of old beer cans, then we shot up a lot of old whiskey bottles, better because they shattered. Then we shot up some mesquite bushes and some parts of a Ford pickup somebody'd left lying around. But no animals came to our party (it was noisy, I admit it). A long list of animals failed to arrive—no deer, quail, rabbit, seals, sea lions, condylarths. It was pretty boring shooting up mesquite bushes, so we hunkered down behind some rocks, Father and I, he hunkered down behind his rocks and I hunkered down behind my rocks, and we commenced to shooting at each other. That was interesting.

•

My father is looking at himself in a mirror. He is wearing a large hat (straw) on which there are a number of blue and yellow plastic jonquils. He says: "How do I look?"

•

Lars Bang took the sack from me and without asking permission reached inside, withdrawing one of the straw-wrapped bottles of claret. "Here's something!" he exclaimed, reading the label. "A gift for the master, I don't doubt!" Then, regarding me steadily all the while, he took up an awl and lifted the cork. There were two other men seated at the pantry table, dressed in the blue-and-green livery, and with them a dark-haired, beautiful girl, quite young, who said nothing and



*"Mr. Hauser! I thought you were a bookish one!"*

• •

looked at no one. Lars Bang obtained glasses, kicked a chair in my direction, and poured drinks all round. "To your health!" he said (with what I thought an ironical overtone) and we drank. "This young man," Lars Bang said, nodding at me, "is here seeking our advice on a very complicated business. A murder, I believe you said?" "I said nothing of the kind. I seek information about an accident." The claret was soon exhausted. Without looking at me, Lars Bang opened a second bottle and set it in the center of the table. The beautiful dark-haired girl ignored me along with all the others. For my part, I felt I had conducted myself rather well thus far. I had not protested when the wine was made free of (after all, they would be accustomed to levying a sort of tax on anything entering through the back door). But also I had not permitted his word "murder" to be used, but instead specified the use of the word "accident." Therefore I was, in general, comfortable sitting at the table drinking the wine, for which I have no better head than had my father. "Well," said Lars Bang, at length, "I will relate the circumstances of the accident, and you may judge for yourself as to whether myself or my master, the Lensgreve Ahlefeldt, was at fault." I absorbed this news with a slight shock. A count! I had selected a man of very high rank indeed to put my question to. In a moment my accumulated self-confidence drained away. A count! Mother of God, have mercy on me.

•

There is my father, peering through an open door into an empty house. He is accompanied by a dog (small dog; not the same dog as before). He looks into the empty room. He says: "Anybody home?"

•

There is my father, sitting in his bed, weeping.

•

"It was a Friday," Lars Bang began, as if he were telling a tavern story. "The hour was close upon noon and my master directed me to drive him to King's New Square, where he had some business. We were proceeding there at a modest easy pace, for he was in no great hurry. Judge of my astonishment when, passing through the drapers' quarter, we found ourselves set upon by an elderly man, thoroughly drunk, who flung himself at my lead pair and began cutting at their legs with a stick, in the most vicious manner imaginable. The poor dumb brutes reared, of course, in fright and fear, for [Lars Bang said piously] they are accustomed to the best of care, and never a blow do they receive from me, or from the other coachman, Rik, for the count is especially severe upon this point, that his animals be well treated. The horses, then, were rearing and plunging; it was all I could do to hold them. I shouted at the man, who fell back for an instant. The count stuck his head out of the window, to inquire as to the nature of the trouble, and I told him that a drunken man had attacked our horses. Your father, in his blindness, being not content with the mischief he had already worked, ran back in again, close to the animals, and began madly cutting at their legs with his stick. At this renewed attack the horses, frightened out of their wits, jerked the reins from my hands and ran headlong over your father, who fell beneath their hooves. The heavy wheels of the carriage passed over him (I felt two quite distinct thumps), his body caught upon a projection under the boot, and he was dragged some forty feet, over the cobblestones. I was attempting, with all my might, merely to hang on to the box, for, having taken the bit between their teeth, the horses were in no mood to tarry; nor could any human agency have stopped them. We flew down the street . . ."

•

My father is attending a class in good behavior.

"Do the men rise when friends greet us while we are eating in a booth?"

"The men do not rise when they are seated in a booth," he answers, "although they may half rise and make apologies for not fully rising."

•

". . . the horses turning into the way that leads to King's New Square; and it was not until we reached that place that they stopped and allowed me to quiet them. I wanted to go back and see what had become of the madman, your father, who had attacked us, but my master, vastly angry and shaken up, forbade it. I have never seen him in so fearful a temper as that day; if your father had survived, and my master got his hands on him, it would have gone ill with your father, that's a certainty. And so, you are now in possession of all the facts. I trust you are satisfied, and will drink another bottle of this quite fair claret you have brought us, and be on your way." Before I had time to frame a reply, the dark-haired girl spoke. "Bang is an absolute bloody liar," she said.

•

ETC.

—Donald Barthelme

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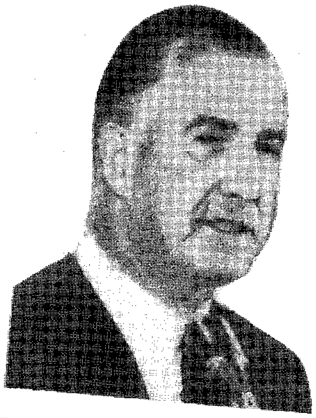

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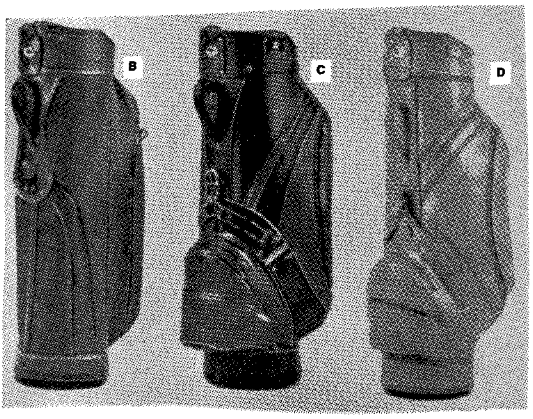

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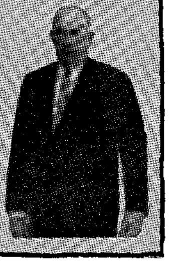

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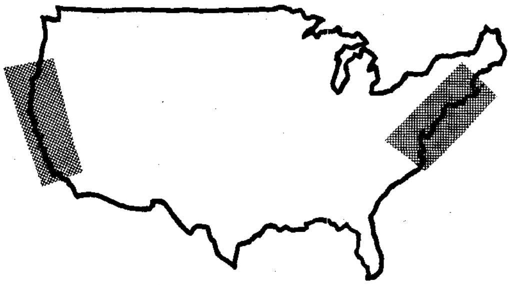
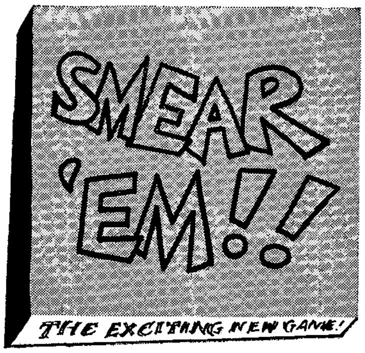


**KEY**

□ GOOD GUYS

▨ BAD GUYS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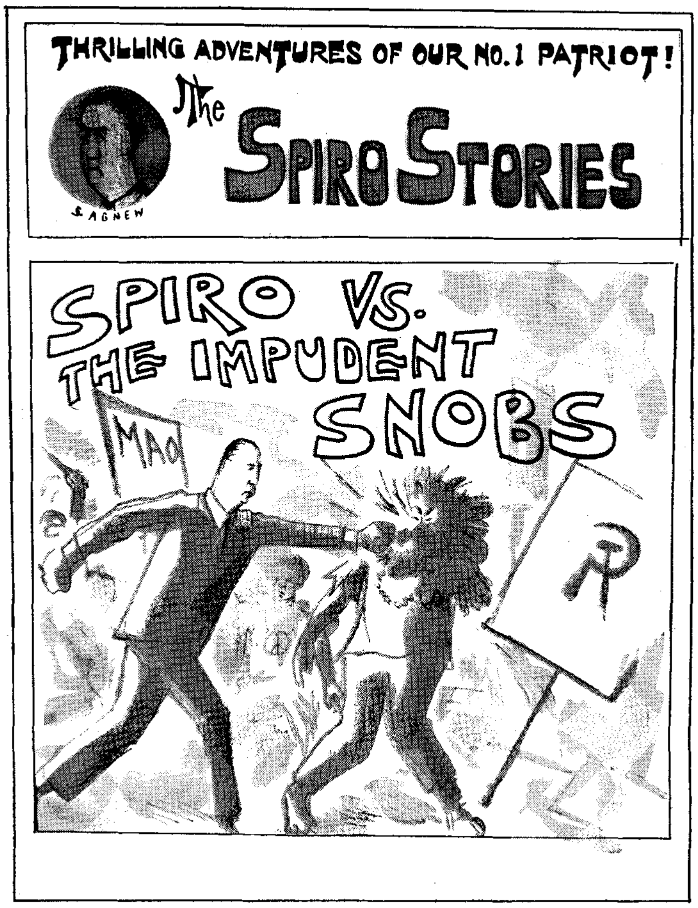
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# THE KEY

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, Bessie Popkin began to prepare to go down to the street. Going out was connected with many difficulties, especially on a hot summer day: first, forcing her fat body into a corset, squeezing her swollen feet into shoes, and combing her hair, which Bessie dyed at home and which grew wild and was streaked in all colors—yellow, black, gray, red; then making sure that while she was out her neighbors would not break into her apartment and steal linen, clothes, documents, or just disarrange things and make them disappear.

Besides human tormentors, Bessie suffered from demons, imps, Evil Powers. She hid her eyeglasses in the night table and found them in a slipper. She placed her bottle of hair dye in the medicine chest; days later she discovered it under the pillow. Once, she left a pot of borsch in the refrigerator, but the Unseen took it from there and after long searching Bessie came upon it in her clothes closet. On its surface was a thick layer of fat that gave off the smell of rancid tallow.

What she went through, how many tricks were played on her and how much she had to wrangle in order not to perish or fall into insanity, only God knew. She had given up the telephone because racketeers and degenerates called her day and night, trying to get secrets out of her. The Puerto Rican milkman once tried to rape her. The errand boy from the grocery store attempted to burn her belongings with a cigarette. To evict her from the rent-controlled apartment where she had lived for thirty-five years, the company and the superintendent infested her rooms with rats, mice, cockroaches.

Bessie had long ago realized that no means were adequate against those determined to be spiteful—not the metal door, the special lock, her letters to the police, the mayor, the F.B.I., and even the President in Washington. But while one breathed one had to eat. It all took time: checking the windows, the gas vents, securing the drawers. Her paper money she kept in volumes of the encyclopedia, in back copies of the *National Geographic*, and in Sam Popkin's old ledgers. Her stocks and bonds Bessie had hidden among the logs in the fireplace, which was never used, as well as under the seats of the easy chairs. Her jewels she had sewn into the mattress. There was a time when Bessie had safe-deposit boxes at the bank, but she long ago convinced herself that the guards there had passkeys.

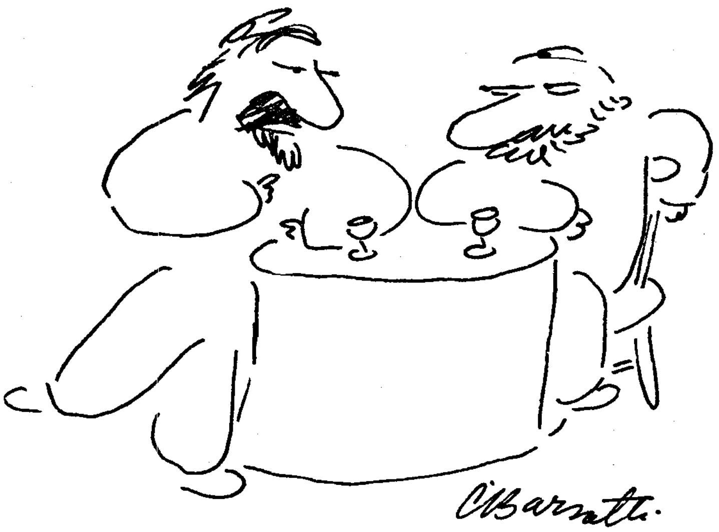
At about five o'clock, Bessie was ready to go out. She gave a last look at herself in the mirror—small, broad, with a narrow forehead, a flat nose, and eyes slanting and half closed, like a Chinaman's. Her chin sprouted a little white beard. She wore a faded dress in a flowered print, a misshapen straw hat trimmed with wooden cherries and grapes, and shabby shoes. Before she left, she made a final inspection of the three rooms and the kitchen. Everywhere there were clothes, shoes, and piles of letters that Bessie had not opened. Her husband, Sam Popkin, who had died almost twenty years ago, had liquidated his real-estate business before his death, because he was about to retire to Florida. He left her stocks, bonds, and a number of passbooks from savings banks, as well as some mortgages. To this day, firms wrote to Bessie, sent her reports, checks. The Internal Revenue Service claimed taxes from her. Every few weeks she received announcements from a funeral company that sold plots in an "airy cemetery." In former years, Bessie used to answer letters, deposit her checks, keep track of her income and expenses. Lately she had neglected it all. She even stopped buying the newspaper and reading the financial section.

In the corridor, Bessie tucked cards with signs on them that only she could recognize between the door and the door frame. The keyhole she stuffed with putty. What else could she do—a widow without children, relatives, or friends? There was a time when the neighbors used to open their doors, look out, and laugh at her exaggerated care; others teased her. That had long passed. Bessie spoke to no one. She didn't see well, either. The glasses she had worn for years were of no use. To go to an eye doctor and be fitted for new ones was too much of an effort. Everything was difficult—even entering and leaving the elevator, whose door always closed with a slam.

Bessie seldom went farther than two blocks from her building. The street between Broadway and Riverside Drive became noisier and filthier from day to day. Hordes of urchins ran around half naked. Dark men with curly hair and wild eyes quarrelled in Spanish with little women whose bellies were always swollen in pregnancy. They talked back in rattling voices. Dogs barked, cats meowed. Fires broke out and fire engines, ambulances, and police cars drove up. On Broadway, the old groceries had been replaced by supermarkets, where food must be picked out and put in a wagon and one had to stand in line before the cashier.

God in Heaven, since Sam died, New York, America—perhaps the whole world—was falling apart. All the decent people had left the neighborhood and it was overrun by a mob of thieves, robbers, whores. Three times Bessie's pocketbook had been stolen. When she reported it to the police, they just laughed. Every time one crossed the street, one risked one's life. Bessie took a step and stopped. Someone had advised her to use a cane, but she was far from considering herself an old woman or a cripple. Every few weeks she painted her nails red. At times, when the rheumatism left her in peace, she took clothes she used to wear from the closets, tried them on, and studied herself in the mirror.

Opening the door of the supermarket was impossible. She had to wait till someone held it for her. The supermarket itself was a place that only the Devil could have invented. The lamps burned with a glaring light. People pushing wagons were likely to knock down anyone in their path. The shelves were either too high or too low. The noise was deafening, and the contrast between the heat outside and the freezing temperature inside! It was a miracle that she didn't get pneumonia. More than anything else, Bessie was tortured by indecision. She picked up each item with a trembling hand and read the label. This was not the greed of youth but the uncertainty of age. According to Bessie's figuring, today's shopping should not have taken longer than three-quarters of an hour, but two hours passed and Bessie was still not finished. When she finally brought the wagon to the cashier, it occurred to her that she had forgotten the box of oatmeal. She went back and a woman took her place in line. Later, when she paid, there was new trouble. Bessie had put the bill in the right side of her bag, but it was not there. After long rummaging, she found it in a small change purse on the opposite side. Yes, who could believe that such things were possible? If she told someone, he would think she was ready for the madhouse.



*"Norman Mailer? I'll tell you what Norman Mailer's problem is. Norman Mailer's problem is Norman Mailer!"*

• •

WHEN Bessie went into the supermarket, the day was still bright; now it was drawing to a close. The sun, yellow and golden, was sinking toward the Hudson, to the hazy hills of New Jersey. The buildings on Broadway radiated the heat they had absorbed. From under gratings where the subway trains rumbled, evil-smelling fumes arose. Bessie held the heavy bag of food in one hand, and in the other she grasped her pocketbook tightly. Never had Broadway seemed to her so wild, so dirty. It stank of softened asphalt, gasoline, rotten fruit, the excrement of dogs. On the sidewalk, among torn newspapers and the butts of cigarettes, pigeons hopped about. It was difficult to understand how these creatures avoided being stepped on in the crush of passersby. From the blazing sky a golden dust was falling. Before a storefront hung with artificial grass, men in sweated shirts poured papaya juice and pineapple juice into themselves with haste, as if trying to extinguish a fire that consumed their insides. Above their heads hung coconuts carved in the shapes of Indians. On a side street, black and white children had opened a hydrant and were splashing naked in the gutter. In the midst of that heat wave, a truck with microphones drove around blaring out shrill songs and deafening blasts about a candidate for political office. From the rear of the truck, a girl with hair that stood up like wires threw out leaflets.

It was all beyond Bessie's strength—crossing the street, waiting for the elevator, and then getting out on the fifth floor before the door slammed. Bessie put the groceries down at the threshold and searched for her keys. She used her nail file to dig the putty out of the keyhole. She put in the key and turned it. But woe, the key broke. Only the handle remained in her hand. Bessie fully grasped the catastrophe. The other people in the building had copies of their keys hanging in the superintendent's apartment, but she trusted no one—some time ago, she had ordered a new combination lock, which she was sure no master key could open. She had a duplicate key somewhere in a drawer, but with her she carried only this one. "Well, this is the end," Bessie said aloud.

There was nobody to turn to for help. The neighbors were her blood enemies. The super only waited for her downfall. Bessie's throat was so constricted that she could not even cry. She looked around, expecting to see the fiend who had delivered this latest blow. Bessie had long since made peace with death, but to die on the steps or in the streets was too harsh. And who knows how long such agony could last? She began to ponder. Was there still open somewhere a store where they fitted keys? Even if there were, what could the locksmith copy from? He would have to come up here with his tools. For that, one needed a mechanic associated with the firm which produced these special locks. If at least she had money with her. But she never carried more than she needed to spend. The cashier in the supermarket had given her back only some twenty-odd cents. "O dear Momma, I don't want to live anymore!" Bessie spoke Yiddish, amazed that she suddenly reverted to that half-forgotten tongue.

After many hesitations, Bessie decided to go back down to the street. Perhaps a hardware store or one of those tiny shops that specialize in keys was still open. She remembered that there used to be such a key stand in the neighborhood. After all, other people's keys must get broken. But what should she do with the food? It was too heavy to carry with her. There was no choice. She would have to leave the bag at the door. "They steal anyhow," Bessie said to herself. Who knows, perhaps the neighbors intentionally manipulated her lock so that she would not be able to enter the apartment while they robbed her or vandalized her belongings.

Before Bessie went down to the street, she put her ear to the door. She heard nothing except a murmur that never stopped, the cause and origin of which Bessie could not figure out. Sometimes it ticked like a clock; other times it buzzed, or groaned—an entity imprisoned in the walls or the water pipes. In her mind Bessie said goodbye to the food, which should have been in the refrigerator, not standing here in the heat. The butter would melt, the milk would turn sour. "It's a punishment! I am cursed, cursed," Bessie muttered. A neighbor was about to go down in the elevator and Bessie signalled to him to hold the door for her. Perhaps he was one of the thieves. He might try to hold her up, assault her. The elevator went down and the man opened the door for her. She wanted to thank him, but remained silent. Why thank her enemies? These were all sly tricks.

When Bessie stepped out into the street, night had fallen. The gutter was flooded with water. The street lamps were reflected in the black pool as in a lake. Again there was a fire in the neighborhood. She heard the wailing of a siren, the clang of fire engines. Her shoes were wet. She came out on Broadway, and the heat slapped her like a sheet of tin. She had difficulty seeing in daytime; at night she was almost blind. There was light in the stores, but what they displayed Bessie could not make out. Passersby bumped into her, and Bessie regretted that she didn't have a cane. Nevertheless, she began to walk along, close to the windows. She passed a drugstore, a bakery, a shop of rugs, a funeral parlor, but nowhere was there a sign of a hardware store. Bessie continued on her way. Her strength was ebbing, but she was determined not to give up. What should a person do when her key has broken off—die? Perhaps apply to the police. There might be some institution that took care of such cases. But where?

There must have been an accident.

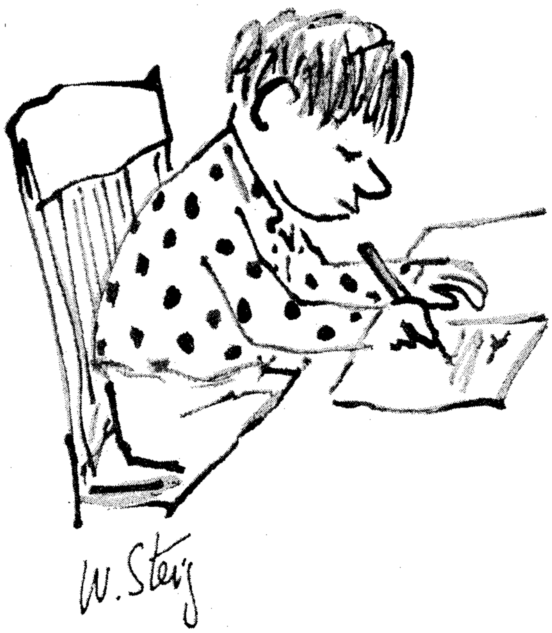
The sidewalk was crowded with spectators. Police cars and an ambulance blocked the street. Someone sprayed the asphalt with a hose, probably cleaning away the blood. It occurred to Bessie that the eyes of the onlookers gleamed with an uncanny satisfaction. They enjoy other people's misfortunes, she thought. It is their only comfort in this miserable city. No, she wouldn't find anybody to help her.

She had come to a church. A few steps led to the closed door, which was protected by an overhang and darkened by shadows. Bessie was barely able to sit down. Her knees wobbled. Her shoes had begun to pinch in the toes and above the heels. A bone in her corset broke and cut into her flesh. "Well, all the Powers of Evil are upon me tonight." Hunger mixed with nausea gnawed at her. An acid fluid came up to her mouth. "Father in Heaven, it's my end." She remembered the Yiddish proverb "If one lives without a reckoning, one dies without confession." She had even neglected to write her will.

Bessie must have dozed off, because when she opened her eyes there was a late-night stillness, the street half empty and darkened. Store windows were no longer lit. The heat had evaporated and she felt chilly under her dress. For a moment she thought that her pocketbook had been stolen, but it lay on a step below her, where it had probably slipped. Bessie tried to stretch out her hand for it; her arm was numb. Her head, which rested against the wall, felt as heavy as a stone. Her legs had become wooden. Her ears seemed to be filled with water. She lifted one of her eyelids and saw the moon. It hovered low in the sky over a flat roof, and near it twinkled a greenish star. Bessie gaped. She had almost forgotten that there was a sky, a moon, stars. Years had passed and she never looked up—always down. Her windows were hung with draperies so that the spies across the street could not see her. Well, if there was a sky, perhaps there was also a God, angels, Paradise. Where else did the souls of her parents rest? And where was Sam now? She, Bessie, had abandoned all her duties. She never visited Sam's grave in the cemetery. She didn't even light a candle on the anniversary of his death. She was so steeped in wrangling with the lower powers that she did not remember the higher ones. For the first time in years, Bessie felt the need to recite a prayer. The Almighty would have mercy on her even though she did not deserve it. Father and Mother might intercede for her on high. Some Hebrew words hung on the tip of her tongue, but she could not recall them. Then she remembered. "Hear, O Israel." But what followed? "God forgive me," Bessie said. "I deserve everything that falls on me."

It became even quieter and cooler. Traffic lights changed from red to green, but a car rarely passed. From somewhere a Negro appeared. He staggered. He stopped not far from Bessie and turned his eyes to her. Then he walked on. Bessie knew that her bag was full of important documents, but for the first time she did not care about her property. Sam had left a fortune; it all had gone for naught. She continued to save for her old age as if she were still young. "How old am I?" Bessie asked herself. "What have I accomplished in all these years? Why didn't I go somewhere, enjoy my money, help somebody?" Something in her laughed. "I was possessed, completely not myself. How else can it be explained?" Bessie was astounded. She felt as if she had awakened from a long sleep. The broken key had opened a door in her brain that had shut when Sam died.

The moon had shifted to the other side of the roof—unusually large, red, its face obliterated. It was almost cold now. Bessie shivered. She realized that she could easily get pneumonia, but the fear of death was gone, along with her fear of being homeless. Fresh breezes drifted from the Hudson River. New stars appeared in the sky. A black cat approached from the other side of the street. For a while, it stood on the edge of the sidewalk and its green eyes looked straight at Bessie. Then slowly and cautiously it drew near. For years Bessie had hated all animals—dogs, cats, pigeons, even sparrows. They carried sicknesses. They made everything filthy. Bessie believed that there was a demon in every cat. She especially dreaded an encounter with a black cat, which was always an omen of evil. But now Bessie felt love for this creature that had no home, no possessions, no doors or keys, and lived on God's bounty. Before the cat neared Bessie, it smelled her bag. Then it began to rub its back on her leg, lifting up its tail and meowing. The poor thing is hungry. I wish I could give her something. How can one hate a creature like this, Bessie wondered. O Mother of mine, I was bewitched, bewitched. I'll begin a new life. A treacherous thought ran through her mind: perhaps remarry?



Dear Jaqueline, As you probably already know, I love you

The night did not pass without adventure. Once, Bessie saw a white butterfly in the air. It hovered for a while over a parked car and then took off. Bessie knew it was a soul of a newborn baby, since real butterflies do not fly after dark. Another time, she wakened to see a ball of fire, a kind of lit-up soap bubble, soar from one roof to another and sink behind it. She was aware that what she saw was the spirit of someone who had just died.

BESSIE had fallen asleep. She woke up with a start. It was daybreak. From the side of Central Park the sun rose. Bessie could not see it from here, but on Broadway the sky became pink and reddish. On the building to the left, flames kindled in the windows; the panes ran and blinked like the portholes of a ship. A pigeon landed nearby. It hopped on its little red feet and pecked into something that might have been a dirty piece of stale bread or dried mud. Bessie was baffled. How do these birds live? Where do they sleep at night? And how can they survive the rains, the cold, the snow? I will go home, Bessie decided. People will not leave me in the streets.

Getting up was a torment. Her body seemed glued to the step on which she sat. Her back ached and her legs tingled. Nevertheless, she began to walk slowly toward home. She inhaled the moist morning air. It smelled of grass and coffee. She was no longer alone. From the side streets men and women emerged. They were going to work. They bought newspapers at the stand and went down into the subway. They were silent and strangely peaceful, as if they, too, had gone through a night of soul-searching and come out of it cleansed. When do they get up if they are already on their way to work now, Bessie marvelled. No, not all in this neighborhood were gangsters and murderers. One young man even nodded good morning to Bessie. She tried to smile at him, realizing she had forgotten that feminine gesture she knew so well in her youth; it was almost the first lesson her mother had taught her.

She reached her building, and outside stood the Irish super, her deadly enemy. He was talking to the garbage collectors. He was a giant of a man, with a short nose, a long upper lip, sunken cheeks, and a pointed chin. His yellow hair covered a bald spot. He gave Bessie a startled look. “What's the matter, Grandma?”

Stuttering, Bessie told him what had happened to her. She showed him the handle of the key she had clutched in her hand all night.

“Mother of God!” he called out.

“What shall I do?” Bessie asked.

“I will open your door.”

“But you don't have a passkey.”

“We have to be able to open all doors in case of fire.”

The super disappeared into his own apartment for a few minutes, then he came out with some tools and a bunch of keys on a large ring. He went up in the elevator with Bessie. The bag of food still stood on the threshold, but it looked depleted. The super busied himself at the lock. He asked, “What are these cards?”

Bessie did not answer.

“Why didn't you come to me and tell me what happened? To be roaming around all night at your age—my God!” As he poked with his tools, a door opened and a little woman in a housecoat and slippers, her hair bleached and done up in curlers, came out. She said, “What happened to you? Everytime I opened the door, I saw this bag. I took out your butter and milk and put them in my refrigerator.”

Bessie could barely restrain her tears. “O my good people,” she said. “I didn't know that . . .”

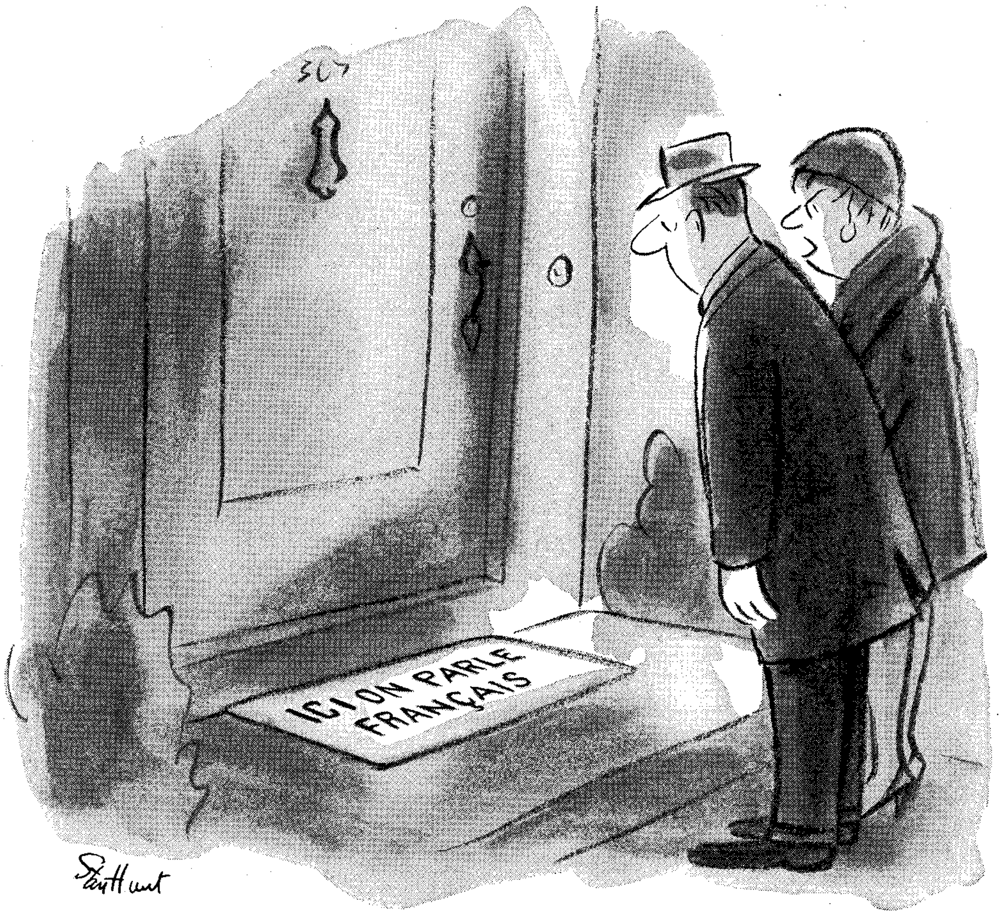
The super pulled out the other half of Bessie's key. He worked a little longer. He turned a key and the door opened. The cards fell down. He entered the hallway with Bessie and she sensed the musty odor of an apartment that has not been lived in for a long time. The super said, “Next time, if something like this happens call me. That's what I'm here for.”

Bessie wanted to give him a tip, but her hands were too weak to open her bag. The neighbor woman brought in the milk and butter. Bessie went into her bedroom and lay down on the bed. There was a pressure on her breast and she felt like vomiting. Something heavy vibrated up from her feet to her chest. Bessie listened to it without alarm, only curious about the whims of the body; the super and the neighbor talked, and Bessie could not make out what they were saying. The same thing had happened to her over thirty years ago when she had been given anesthesia in the hospital before an operation—the doctor and the nurse were talking but their voices seemed to come from far away and in a strange language.

Soon there was silence, and Sam appeared. It was neither day nor night—a strange twilight. In her dream, Bessie knew that Sam was dead but that in some clandestine way he had managed to get away from the grave and visit her. He was feeble and embarrassed. He could not speak. They wandered through a space without a sky, without earth, a tunnel full of debris—the wreckage of a nameless structure—a corridor dark and winding, yet somehow familiar. They came to a region where two mountains met, and the passage between shone like sunset or sunrise. They stood there hesitating and even a little ashamed. It was like that night of their honeymoon when they went to Ellenville in the Catskills and were let by the hotel owner into their bridal suite. She heard the same words he had said to them then, in the same voice and intonation: “You don't need no key here. Just enter—and *mazel tov*.”

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Evelyn Torton Beck.*)



*“How do you like* that*! Three weeks in France!”*

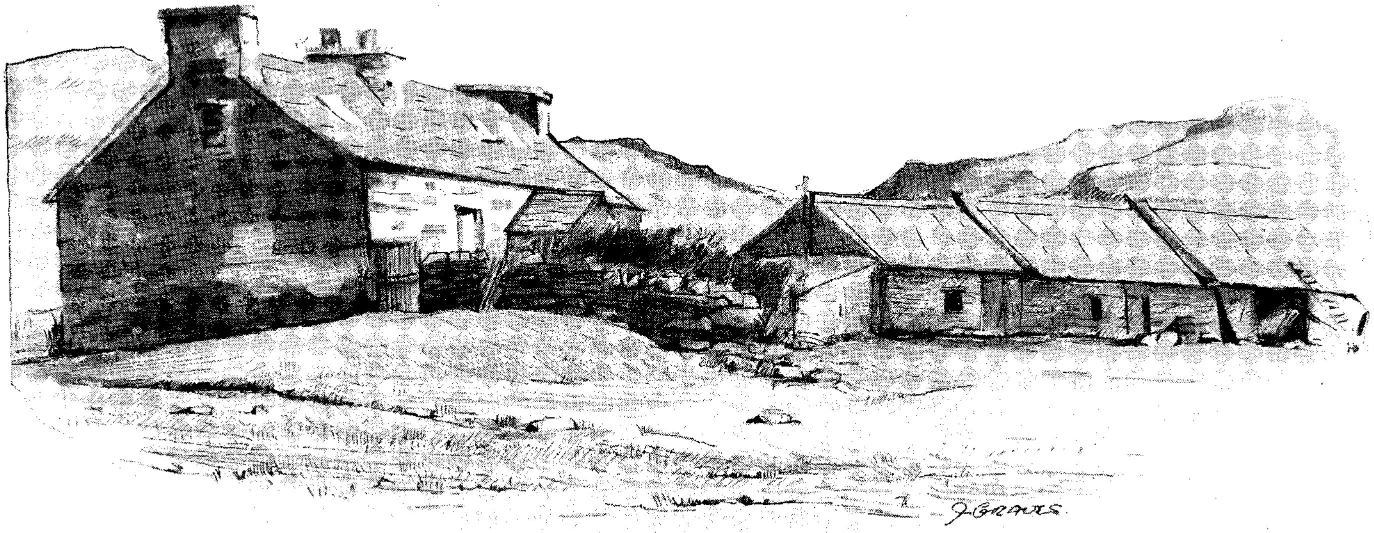
•

Dictaphone has jumped into the telephone dictation equipment field with a new system called “Hot Line.” Like earlier entries, such as the “thought copier” of Daltons, Inc., the Dictaphone machine allows an executive to simply pick up the telephone-like receiver any time of the day and just walk away.—*News Front.*

Into the purple sunset, talking as he goes.

# PROFILES

## THE ISLAND OF THE CROFTER AND THE LAIRD—I



THE Scottish clan that I belong to—or would belong to if it were now anything more than a sentimental myth—was broken a great many generations ago by a party of MacDonalds, who hunted down the last chief of my clan, captured him, refused him mercy, saying that a man who had never shown mercy should not ask for it, tied him to a standing stone, and shot him. The standing stone was in a place called Balaromin Mor, on Colonsay, a small island in the open Atlantic, twenty-five miles west of the Scottish mainland. The event was not the first of its kind there, and in a sense the MacDonalds were only completing what had been begun in an earlier era, when a party of MacLeans landed on Colonsay, hunted down another chief of the native clan, and trapped him in a long and narrow cave. The cave had an entrance at each end. Somewhere between the entrances, there was an opening in the ceiling. The chief ran back and forth, apparently wondering which exit might be the safest, and at one moment he paused to contemplate the opening overhead. A MacLean who had been waiting for him to do just that killed him with an arrow from above. Certain other islands are prominently visible from Colonsay when the air is clear. The weather changes so abruptly there—closing in, lifting, closing in again—that all in an hour wind-driven rain may be followed by calm and hazy sunshine, which may then be lost in heavy mists that soon disappear into open skies over dark-blue seas. When the ocean is blue, the air is as pure as a lens, and the other islands seem imminent and almost encroaching, although they are at least ten or fifteen miles away—Mull, for example, Scarba, Islay, Jura, the Isles of the Sea. In summer, toward midnight, the sun falls behind Tiree, thirty-five miles to the northwest, and Tiree becomes suddenly visible, back-lighted, apparently suspended in the air. In the time of the clans, Mull and Tiree, northern Jura, Scarba, and the Isles of the Sea were islands of the Clan MacLean. They form a semicircle around Colonsay to the north and east. Islay and lower Jura, which extend the semicircle to the south of Colonsay, were islands of the Clan Donald. Each of these clans, the MacLeans and the MacDonalds, had enormous territories of island and mainland to its name, but each apparently felt a need for seventeen additional square miles—this one small break in the Atlantic horizon, the sole territory of a small clan, never more than a few hundred people, whose title to the island had come by immemorial occupation. A clan without land was a clan broken. What the MacLeans had once failed to secure, the MacDonalds took and held.

In dependence on the MacDonalds and the various lairds who have followed them, many of the original clansmen remained on Colonsay. Others, beginning what would be a long-continuing but always voluntary emigration to the mainland, went to Lochaber, in the Great Glen, below Ben Nevis, and there entered into a kind of vassalage under the Cameron of Lochiel. On Culloden Moor many of them died with the Camerons, and modern books that deal with the clans and all the Highland souvenirs (tartans, plaids, kilts, claymores) will say that the Colonsay clansmen "charged desperately" there. But everyone was desperate at Culloden, for all the clans were broken there—annihilated by English armies—and the six-hundred-year era of regional government by the clan system was ended forever. Shortly afterward, acts of Parliament disarmed the clans, prohibited the wearing of tartan cloth (the ban was effective for nearly forty years), and permanently removed from all clans their hereditary jurisdictions. From that day on, now more than two hundred years, the clans have survived only in the air, and all their setts and badges and bearings are pure nostalgia.

There was a toast among the clans when they banqueted. A clansman would rise, lift a cup, and say, "To the land of the bens and the glens!" And up from the food the faces would move, and every man would roar out, "To the land of the bens and the glens!" The bens and the glens were the whole world, the clan world, and not even Sir Walter Scott could exaggerate the romantic beauty of that lake and mountain country penetrated by fjords that came in from seas that were starred with islands. But, unfortunately, by the time of Walter Scott all that was left up there was the scenery. The clans were gone, and so were the clansmen. The glens were empty, and it was possible in countless places to stand on high ground and look out over an area where, say, ten thousand people had lived and where the only inhabitants now were thirty or forty shepherds. After Culloden, the surviving chiefs became landowners—lairds—in the modern sense. The clan ideas of familial possession and patriarchal responsibility fell away. The clansmen became tenants, and the chiefs, in the course of things, sold them out. The "dreamy, improvident Highlanders," as one Scottish historian has called them, all but gave away their patrimony to men from the Lowlands and from England. Before long, absentee owners heavily outnumbered resident lairds. To the new lairds it was clear enough that their lands were more profitable under sheep than under people, and so the people had to go. A small-farm society had evolved in the glens, and in the islands as well. The clansmen had shifted their concentration from war to agriculture, and life was agreeable enough, albeit primitive, in the small villages, with patches of ground under each man's tillage, cattle on the common grazing, and milk, vegetables, cheese, and meat on the table. The houses of the clansmen were called black houses, because peat was burned in them in open fires on hearthstones set in the middle of dirt floors, and the peat smoke seeped out through various holes in the thatch above after coating the interior of the house with smudge. Cattle and horses lived in the houses, too, or in adjacent byres. The animals often used the same entrance the people used. Windows were not glazed. When cold winds were blowing, the windows were stuffed with sod. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the glens were virtually swept clean of these people—the residue of the clans—and the lairds, in removing them, apparently felt no moral encumbrances. Their factors—general agents, business managers, collectors of rent—went around to the black houses and gave the people notice of their evictions, and at the appointed times the walls of the houses were pulled down and the thatch and the wooden beams were destroyed by flame. Families sat on hillsides, often in snow or rain, and watched their homes burn out. For six hundred years, torches had called the clans together in time of need, and now torches cleared the glens. The people leaving sometimes had to drain blood from their cattle and drink it in order to survive.

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*"When they started to tow it away, I should think* _you_ *would have said something!"*

From the perspective of the late twentieth century, there seems to be only one possible view of the Highland clearances, as they are called, but contemporary writers often showed different attitudes. Harriet Beecher Stowe went to Scotland and returned to the United States to write something called "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," in which she defended what the lairds were doing. And Robert Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland," published in 1827, wrote, "The landlords have very properly done all they could to substitute a population of sheep for the innumerable hordes of useless human beings, who formerly vegetated upon a soil that seemed barren of everything else." The sheep were brought in by hundreds of thousands, and to some of the retreating population they became known as "the lairds' four-footed clansmen." Meanwhile, the clansmen themselves had three principal choices. They could move to the edge of the sea, which they hated, and live on fish, which most of them also hated. They could move to the Lowlands. Or they could emigrate to other continents. Into the middle of this tide went many of the original clansmen of Colonsay, some early, some later on, some after long stays on the mainland, others more directly from the island, some settling in the Lowlands, notably in Renfrewshire, others going to Australia, Canada, or the United States. Of those who left the Highlands as a result of the clearances, my own particular forebears were among the last. When my great-grandfather married a Lowland girl, in West Lothian, in 1858, he was in the middle of what proved to be a brief stopover between the bens and the glens and Ohio. He worked in a West Lothian coal mine, and the life underground apparently inspired him to keep moving. Serfdom in Scottish coal mines had been abolished in 1799, but Scottish miners of the mid-nineteenth century might as well have been

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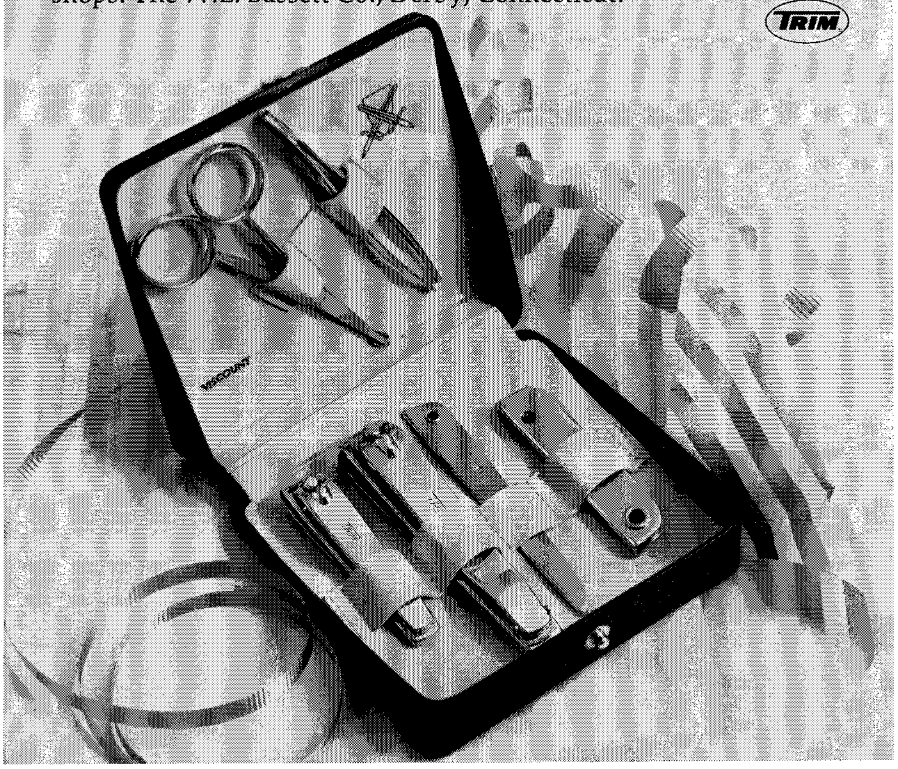

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**Why the British are so much warmer than Americans.**

serfs. They worked regular shifts of fifteen hours and sometimes finished their week with a twenty-four-hour day. Six-year-old girls in the mines did work that later, in times of relative enlightenment, was turned over to ponies. Wages were higher and hours a little shorter for mine work in the Mahoning Valley of Ohio, and my great-grandfather decided, in the early eighteen-sixties, to go there. The United States was torn up with civil war, and it is interesting to me but not surprising that that did not change his mind. He went into the Ohio mines, and stayed there, and died in 1907. He has about a hundred and thirty descendants who have sprayed out into the American milieu, and they have included railroad engineers, railroad conductors, brakemen, firemen, steelworkers, teachers, football coaches, a chemist, a chemical engineer, a policeman, a grocer, salesmen, doctors, lawyers, druggists, janitors, and postmen. His son Angus, my grandfather, was a heater in a steel mill. He got the ingots white-hot and ready for the roller. He ate his lunch out of a metal box and never developed much loyalty to the steel company, possibly because his immediate superior was his brother-in-law. "Oh, God damn it, Angus, if it weren't for my sister, I'd fire you," the brother-in-law said once, and my grandfather said, "John, if it weren't for your sister, I wouldn't have to work." On New Year's Eve—or, rather, in the first hours of the new year—these Scotsmen in Ohio always went around to one another's houses, following the Highland custom of first-footing. The first foot to cross a threshold in a new year will bring untold beneficence if it is an acceptable foot. It has to be the foot of a dark-haired person. If the first-footing is done by a fair-haired person, that is all right as long as a lump of coal or some other dark object is thrown across the threshold first. My father remembers all this from his youth, but he raised his own family in Princeton, New Jersey, and there were no first-footings there.

It has always seemed extraordinary to me how the name of the island, Colonsay, seems to hang suspended in the minds not only of my immediate relatives but also of collateral clansmen in scattered parts of the United States and Canada, whose stories—from island to mainland to emigration—are essentially the same, and whose historical remoteness from Colonsay is comparable. Just the name of the island seems to set off in virtually all these people, who now live anywhere be-

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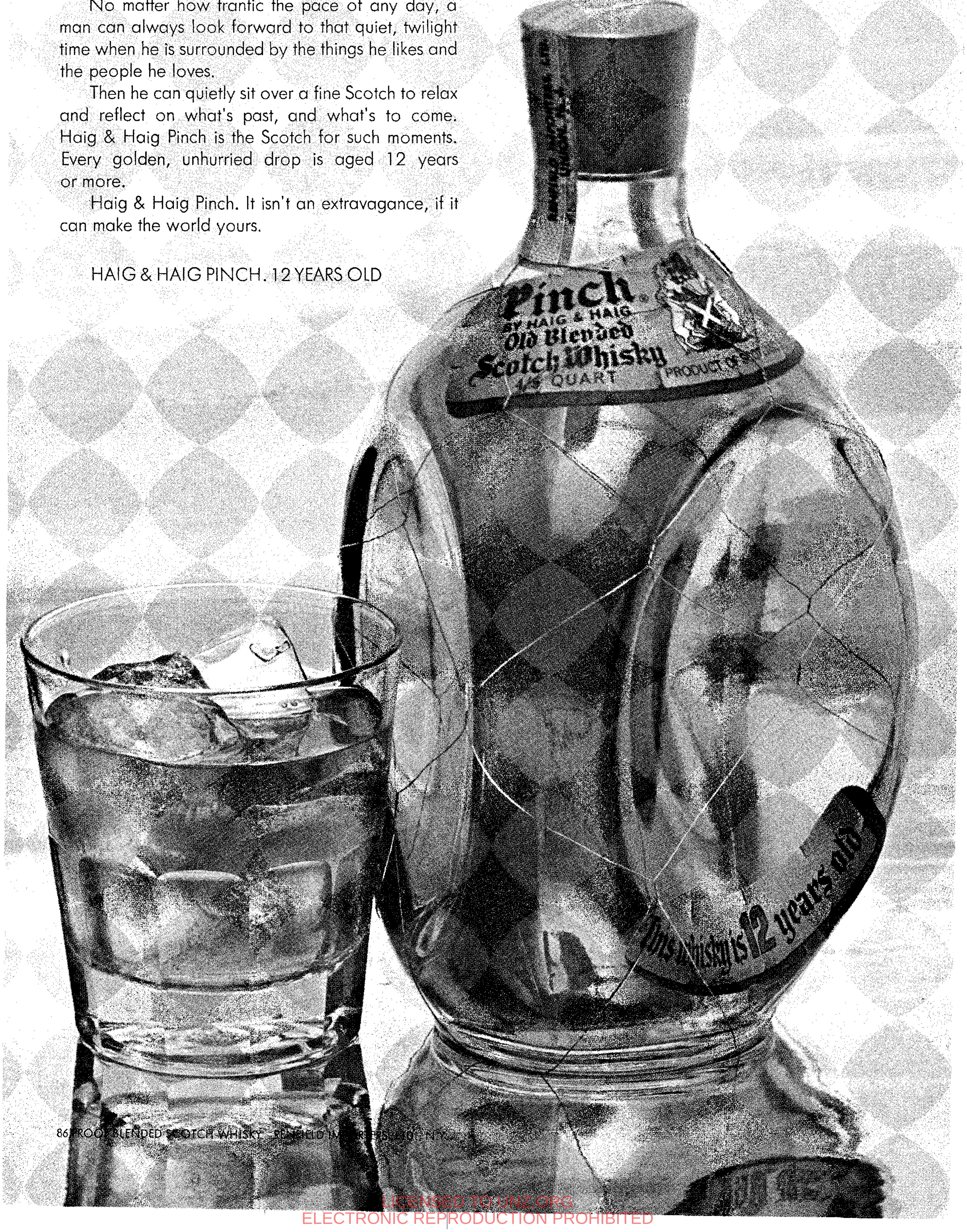
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tween the oceans, some sort of atavistic vibration, and all they really have in common is the panoptic glaze that will appear in their eyes at the mention of the word "Colonsay." Given the combined efforts of the MacLeans, the MacDonalds, and the sheep farmers of Lochaber, it is hard to imagine a clan more broken and rebroken and dispersed than this one, but the name of its aboriginal island still apparently brings a sense of true north to all these conductors, brakemen, lawyers, salesmen, and football coaches. Not long ago, it occurred to me that although all my clansmen in America had talked for so long about Colonsay, as far as I knew none of them had ever been there. For that matter, all that I knew about it was that it was one of the Hebrides, in the islands of Argyll. As soon as I could, I took my wife and our four young daughters and went to live for a while on Colonsay.

IT was a custom within clans that clansmen sometimes brought up one another's children. In fact, the essential idea of the clan—a political unit based on blood and with its territory held not by the chief but by the clan as a whole—was often expressed in the handing over of the infant son of a chief to an ordinary clansman for upbringing. "Kindred to forty degrees, fosterage to a hundred" was an expression among the clans—also, "Affectionate to a man is a friend, but a foster brother is as the life blood of his heart." Bonds of friendship between two clans were occasionally emphasized in the same way. It happened once that the chief of Colonsay and his good friend the Macneil of Barra found that their wives were both pregnant, and, in what must have been a scene of backslapping conviviality, the two men decided not only to have their new children raised on each other's island but to have them born on each other's island as well. Barra is seventy-five miles from Colonsay, over open sea, beyond Tiree. As his wife's time approached, the Macneil was apparently in no hurry to make the trip. The season was midwinter, but anxiety was not his predominant characteristic. His island was small, and its satellite islands—among them Mingulay, Vatersay, Eriskay—were little more than rocks, but he was *the* Macneil, the sort of man that was once called mighty. In the evenings after dinner, the Macneil would go out onto the battlements of his seabound Kisimul Castle, wipe his lips, sound a trumpet, and shout into the Atlantic winds,

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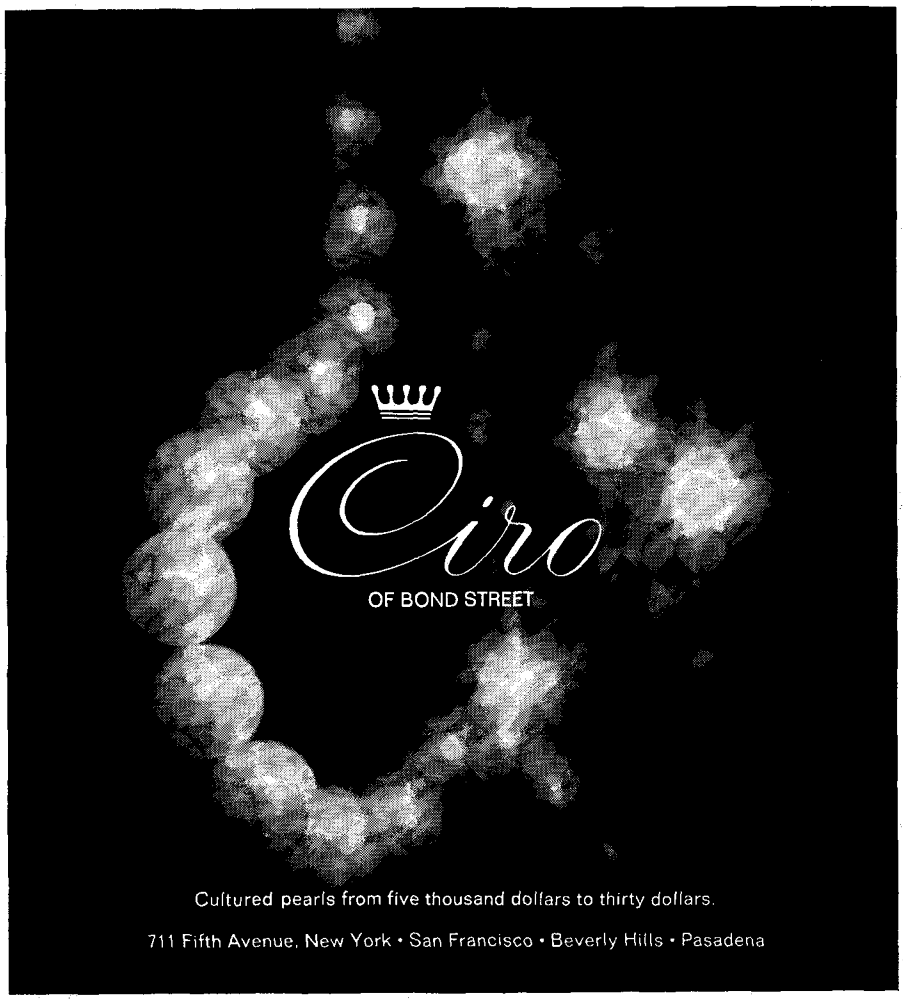

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"Hear, O ye people! And listen, O ye nations! The Macneil of Barra has eaten! The princes of the earth may now dine!" The Macneil's wife, at the end of her pregnancy, sailed for Colonsay in an open boat. In the middle of the trip, the boat—pitching, tossing—ran into a violent snowstorm. Mrs. Macneil went into labor, and while the snow was still falling her child, a boy, was born. A cow was on board, and to save the baby and its mother from death by exposure the crew killed the cow, eviscerated her, and placed the mother and the child inside the warm carcass. The baby was named John, and all his life he was known as John of the Ocean. In his youth, he decided that he loved Colonsay too much to leave it. His counterpart, meanwhile, born on Barra, moved to Colonsay at an age that is now unknown and became chief. The foster brothers apparently developed a strong friendship, and the young chief of Colonsay gave John of the Ocean honored status and a house, and although the wives of the two turned out to be jealous and inimical shrews, John of the Ocean remained on Colonsay all his life.

The line of Macneils that John introduced there is on the island still, and one of these is the crofter Donald McNeill, who on his maternal side is a descendant of Colonsay's original clan. His croft is on the western side of Colonsay, and from his house and his steadings the ground rises in green leas as it extends out toward the water, sometimes rising so sharply that the crofter's sheep have cut terraced tracks in order to keep their feet as they graze. The grassland ends in cliffs three hundred feet above the sea. The cliff face is slightly concave. In its clefts and on its ledges live thousands of kittiwakes, guillemots, razorbills, and fulmars, and above them, on the upper lip of the escarpment, great hunks of sod grow cantilevered out over the empty space above the waves. The crofter's cattle graze right up to the cliff edge, and once every two or three years a cow will step on the wrong plot of sod and go spinning to its death where breakers crash on the rocks below. It is cheaper to get another cow than it would be to fence the whole impossible shoreline of the croft, but the loss is a severe one nonetheless. The croft has eighteen acres under tillage, a figure well within the maximum—forty-nine acres—that defines a croft and was established by the Crofters' Holdings Act of 1886, which resulted from the Highland clearances and was written to protect the small tenant farmer

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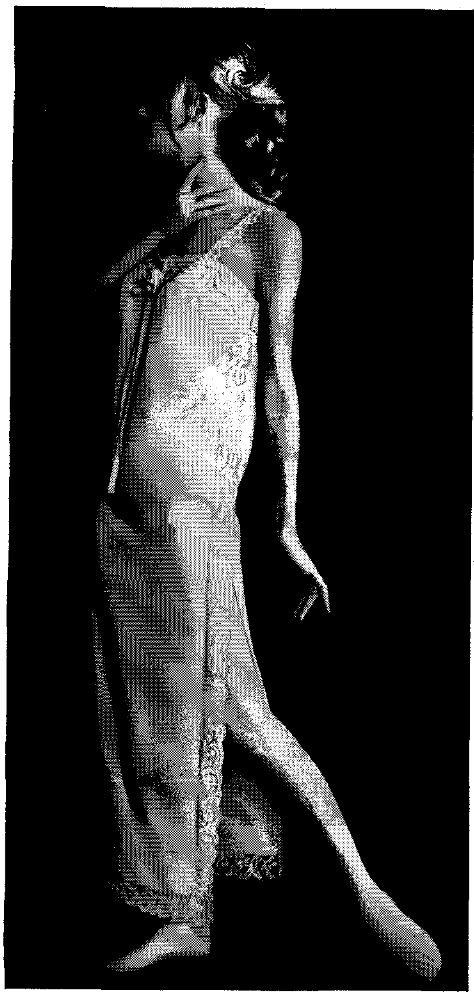
and give him tenure on the land he worked.

Donald McNeill's father, Gilbert McNeill, worked the same croft, and so did *his* father, Donald McNeill, and his father, Gilbert McNeill, and his father, Donald McNeill. In each of these generations were siblings who emigrated to the mainland or to America, and sometimes everybody in the family went except the one who stayed with the croft. Donald has one brother, and he is now a policeman in Dunbartonshire. Donald once had a calendar on his kitchen wall that showed, in irresistible color, the mountain forests of British Columbia. It was Donald's wife—Margaret MacMillan MacArthur McNeill—who put the calendar there, and even before its time had run out she knew that her daydreams of British Columbia were aimless ones, because Donald would never leave Colonsay. He won't even go off the island for a holiday, let alone a lifetime. He goes to the mainland when he has to, ordinarily to sell animals, about once a year. His wife has seen the mainland very few times. For all the passing thoughts of western Canada she may once have had, she is quick to say that not seeing the Scottish mainland is no hardship on her. She is tall and fair-haired, and has sad blue eyes that can flash with sardonic humor. She also is a native of the island, and her affection for it seems to be even stronger than her husband's. The calendar picture is long since gone from the wall.

There are seventeen crofts on Colonsay and seven farms (a farm has more than forty-nine tillable acres), and a hundred and thirty-eight people, of two castes. About eighty are islanders, like the McNeills, and the rest are incomers. The incomers, for the most part, are people who were born on the mainland or on other islands or whose fathers or grandfathers were born on the mainland or on other islands. What constitutes an islander, apparently, is a familial history of unbroken residence on Colonsay for two or three hundred years. The islanders, for the most part, are crofters and farmers. The incomers are the doctor, the postman, the postmaster, the schoolteacher, the innkeeper, the storekeeper, the minister—the permanently unestablished establishment. Another incomer is the laird, who owns the island. He owns all the crofts, the farms, the store, the inn (thirty-seven beds)—everything but the tiny church and school properties and the pier, which was built by the Argyll County



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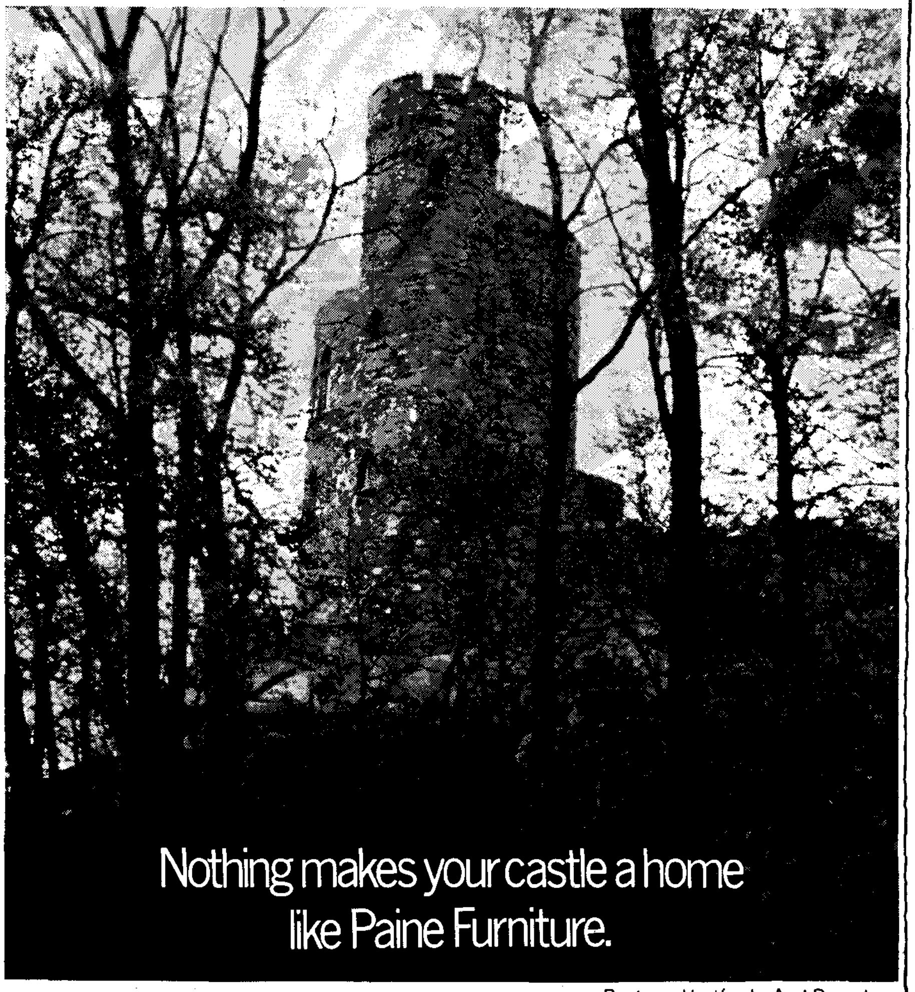

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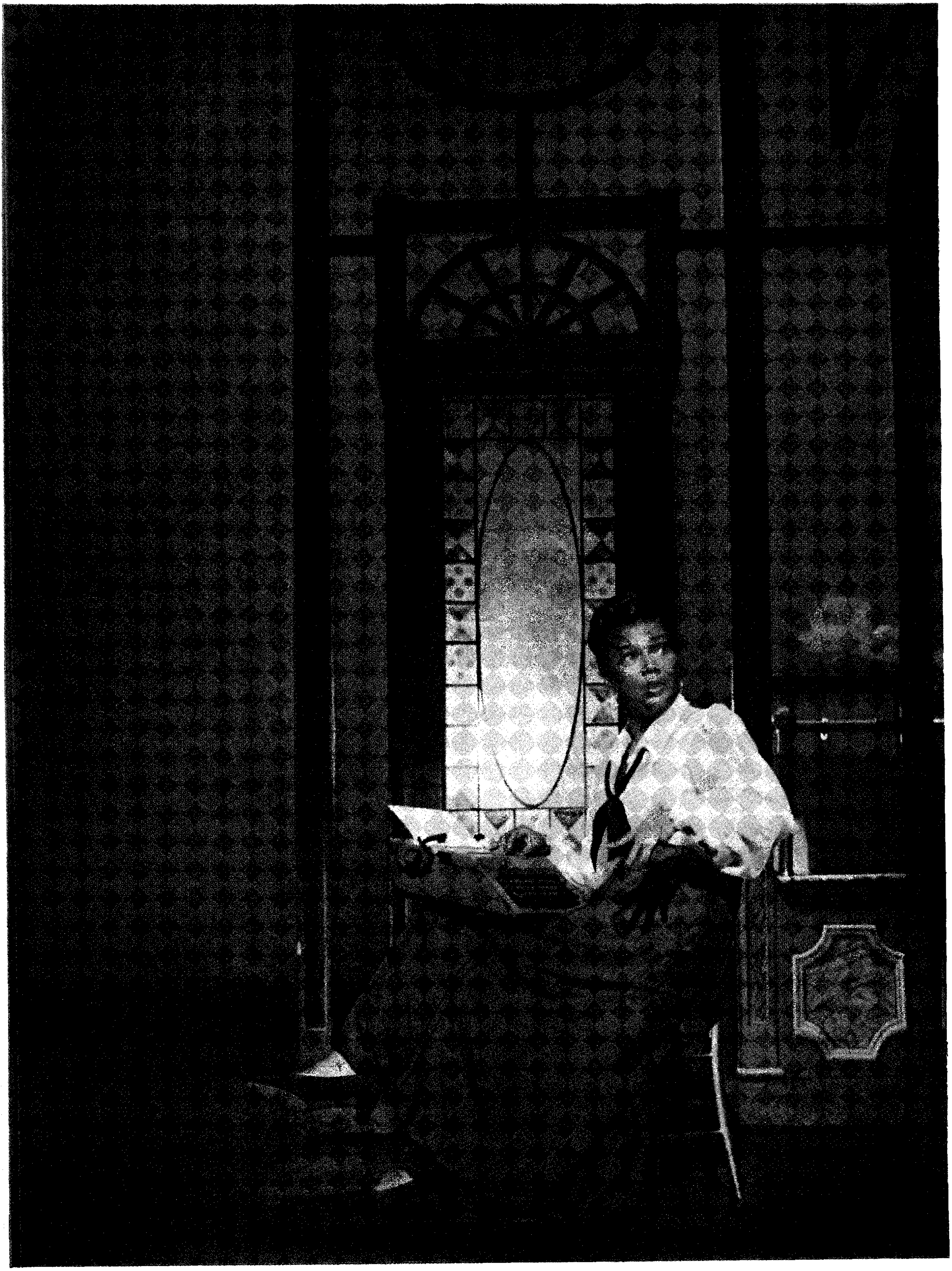

**All Pearl Bailey needed for a best seller was one finger and olivetti's studio 45: the Brightwriter**

[redacted]

Council. The laird is not, however, actually a part of the Colonsay population, although he spends two or three months on the island in most years. He is in principle an absentee landlord. He is English and lives in Bath.

The laird inherited Colonsay from his father ten years ago, and is still identified in the speech of the people as the new laird. The old laird was a quiet and benevolent man who wanted more than anything else not to have to listen to grumbling tenants during his short vacations on the island, so he was liberal in the allowances that he made for improvements in the real estate. He once decided that several of the crofters' houses—thick-walled stone houses with two rooms and two lofts—were no longer habitable, so he built new and somewhat larger houses for them, and he left the old houses standing. Thus several Colonsay crofters, in a situation that may be unique in the Highlands, have two houses. Donald McNeill has two, one right next to the other. And when occasion arises, usually during the months of long daylight, he will move out of the newer house and sublet it—which is what he did for me and my family—meanwhile making his own family quite comfortable in the uninhabitable house next door, in which he grew up, and in which, in 1925, as the first result of the marriage between the son of Donald McNeill and the daughter of Donald McPhee, he was born.

As a boy, Donald Gibbie—as he has always been called, because the name identifies him as Donald son of Gilbert—went to the common grazing each morning as soon as he got up, to locate and bring in the cows. Sometimes he was told to fetch a horse as well. First he found and then he followed the tracks of the animals, which he recognized individually, in the dew. The search and the return took as much as two hours, for the common grazing, which the McNeills shared with seven other crofters, was a little more than six hundred acres, and to find the animals Donald Gibbie often had to go to very high ground, near the summits of A' Bheinn Bhreac (the Speckled Peak) and Binnean Riabhach (the Brindled Pinnacle). These hills are only about four hundred feet high, but they are considerable hills nonetheless, since they rise almost straight from the ocean. Every day, also, Donald Gibbie took two pails and walked four hundred yards to a well for water. The language of the house was Gaelic and Gaelic only. He learned English in school, from a teacher who taught all

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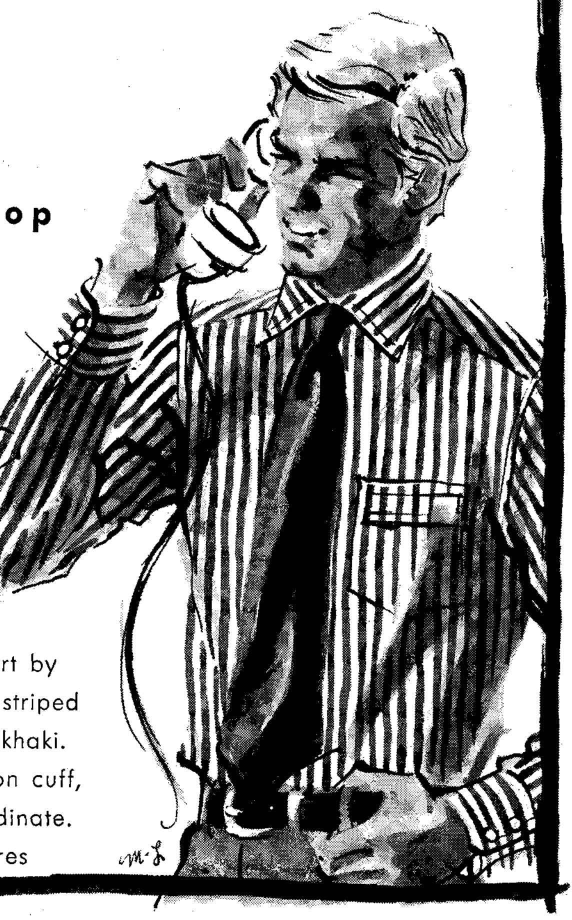

levels from age five to fourteen, as the Colonsay teacher still does. He also learned to step to the side of the road, take off his cap, and bow his head when the laird went by, in a gig driven by a coachman in a bowler hat. (Automobiles were not introduced to the island until 1947.) The house, with its stone walls and its slate roof, was of a design repeated on crofts throughout the Highlands. Covered by blankets woven from Colonsay wool, Donald and his younger brother slept on corn-chaff mattresses in the room loft, under the steeply peaked slate roof, and his mother and father slept in the other upstairs room, the kitchen loft. Below the room loft was "the room," which took up half the house on the ground floor and was twelve feet by twelve. It was set apart for visitors, for first-footings, for wedding receptions, and for little else. The entire house had something like six hundred square feet of living space (less than the size of one floor of a New York brownstone), yet twenty-five per cent of it was set apart from daily use. Even today, Donald and his family do not really use "the room," and it serves them as little more than an enormous storage closet. "The room" was separated from the kitchen by a thick stone partition that contained a fireplace on each side. The kitchen was literally and completely the living room. It had a drop-leaf table, a long wooden seat near the fire, various chairs, settees. In the fireplace were a cast-iron cooking surface and a cast-iron oven. That is how the kitchen still looks. When Donald was twelve, he took over the milking of the cows. His mother used to make seventeen pounds of butter a week, in a plunger churn. It was also when he was twelve that he saw the mainland for the first time. His mother took him there for a tonsillectomy. When he was fourteen, he had to give up his education, because then, as now, a Colonsay child who wanted an education beyond the limits of the Colonsay school had to go to the mainland, finding room and board there in a hostel or with a mainland family, and since that cost more money than a crofter could afford, the only way to go was to take competitive examinations and qualify for a bursary from the Scottish Education Department. Donald Gibbie took the examinations but didn't qualify. The Second World War began, and, still scarcely in his teens, he was drafted into the coal mines of Fife and Kent. By the time he came home, he probably looked pretty much the way he does now—

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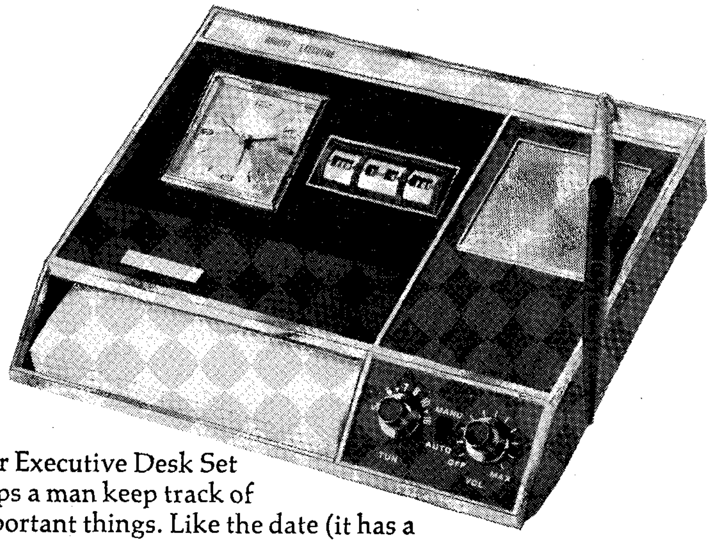

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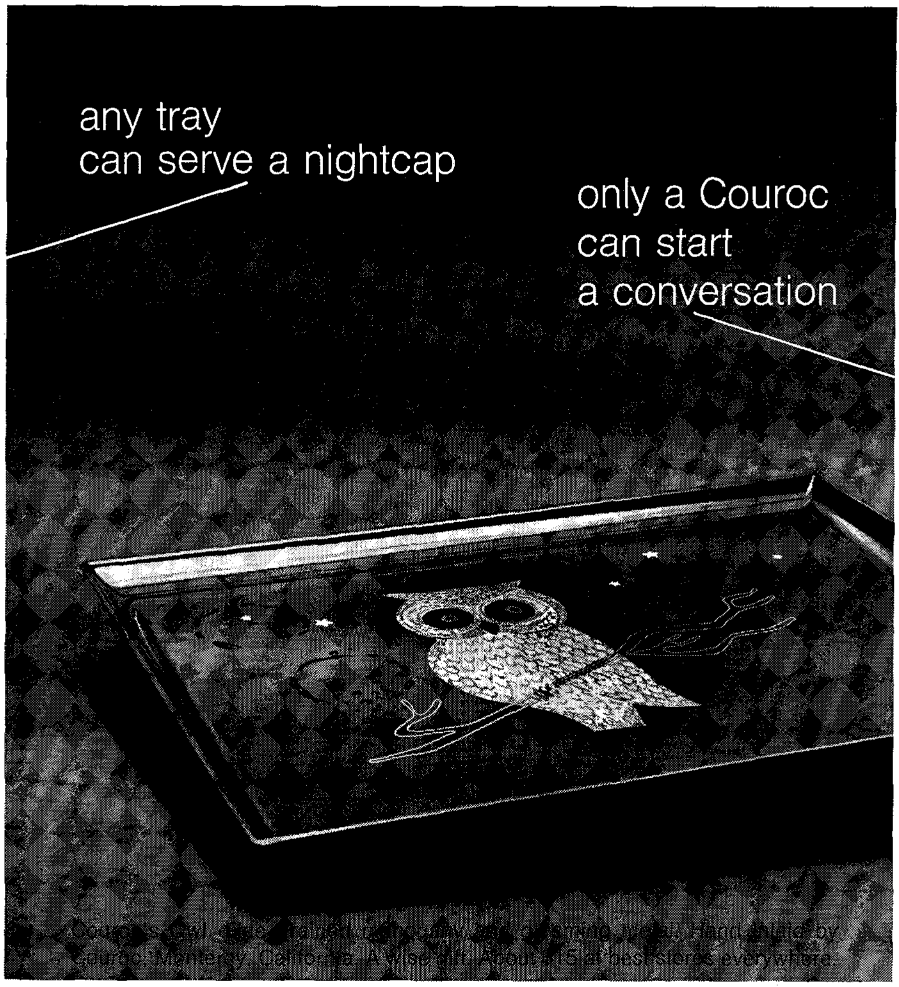

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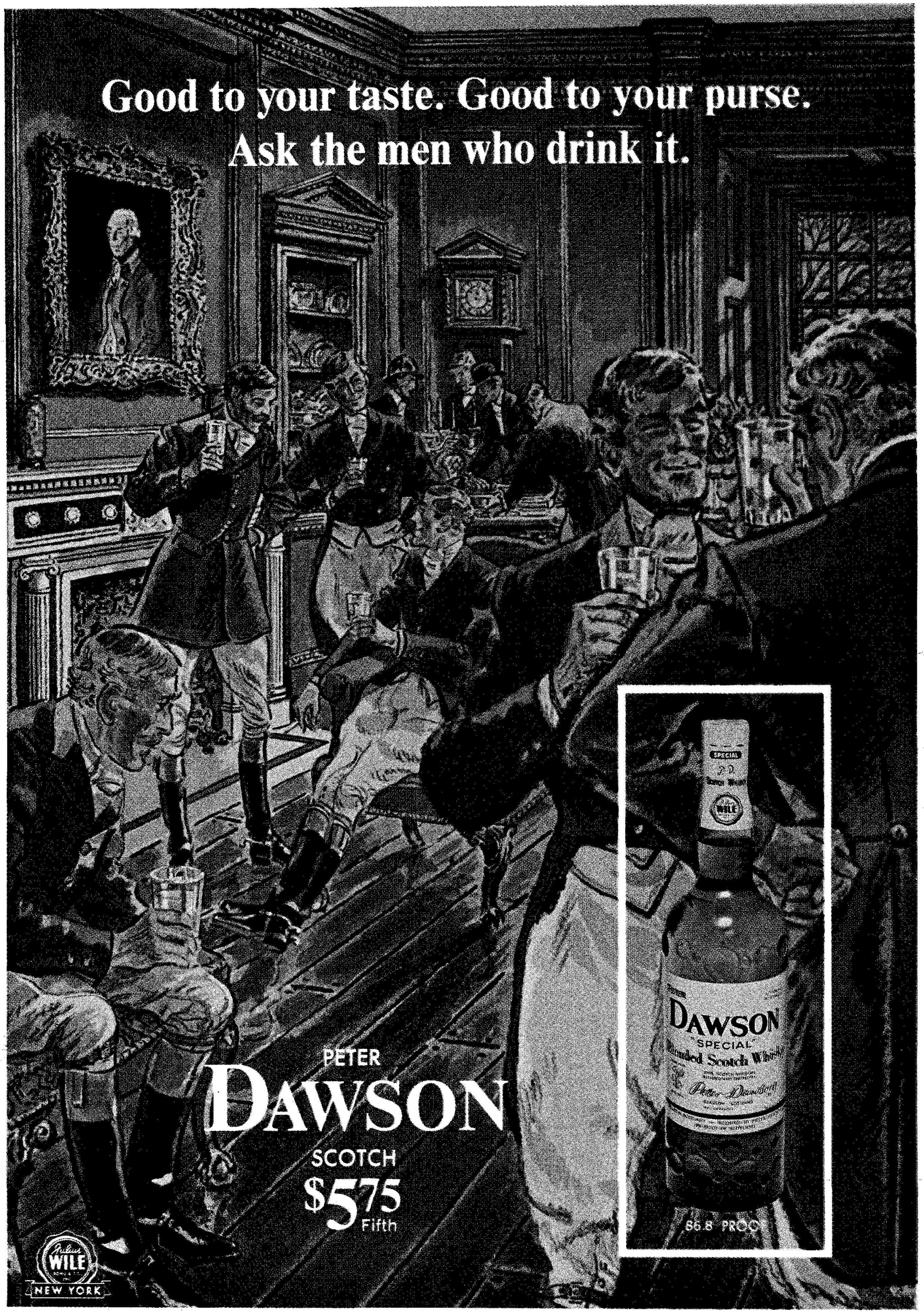
of middle height, with long, dark hair, dark eyes, high and prominent cheekbones, lips that seem to be permanently pursed and pensive, and a strong and tense frame.

He worked on one of the island farms for a while, and he became, as well, a lobsterman. He has long since given up being a lobsterman commercially, but he still knows the name and address of every Colonsay lobster. One day, after I had been telling him what I thought to be the truth—that there was no lobster on earth that was remotely similar or qualitatively comparable to the lobster of Maine—Donald Gibbie put on a pair of knee-length rubber boots, and, while the tide dropped, we walked the three miles from the croft to the outer shoals of the Ardskenish Peninsula, where the best lobsters are. The Ardskenish Peninsula juts a couple of thousand yards into the Atlantic in a southwesterly direction, and its low, fairly even ground is so unprotected that people who have been caught out there by strong northeasterly winter gales have sometimes had to crawl back against the wind, or they have simply stayed there lying flat, for hours if necessary, waiting for the wind to drop. A farmhouse, two stories high, standing empty, projects upward incongruously from the middle of the peninsula. The sun was shining that day, the wind was gentle, and along the periphery of Ardskenish the low tide left clear pools among the skerries. Brown Atlantic seals and one gray seal dived from rocks as we splashed along through the tidal pools. The seals swam around offshore, heads up, watching us with what had at first been alarm and now seemed to be interest and irritation. Donald Gibbie obviously knew exactly where he was going. With light, athletic motions, he moved as fast as he could, impatiently, over great pompadours of seaweed and through rock basins filled with still water. Now and then he went in deeper than the tops of his boots, but he had cut holes over the toes to let the water spurt out. He had with him a piece of heavy wire, about a quarter inch in diameter and five feet long. It was bent somewhat like a shepherd's crook at one end. Finally, in one of the tidal pools, he stopped at a place where, under the water, a small cavern, perhaps a foot high, went far back under an overhanging ledge of rock. Donald took the wire and reached with it into the cavern, his body assuming something of the stance of a fencer. Slowly he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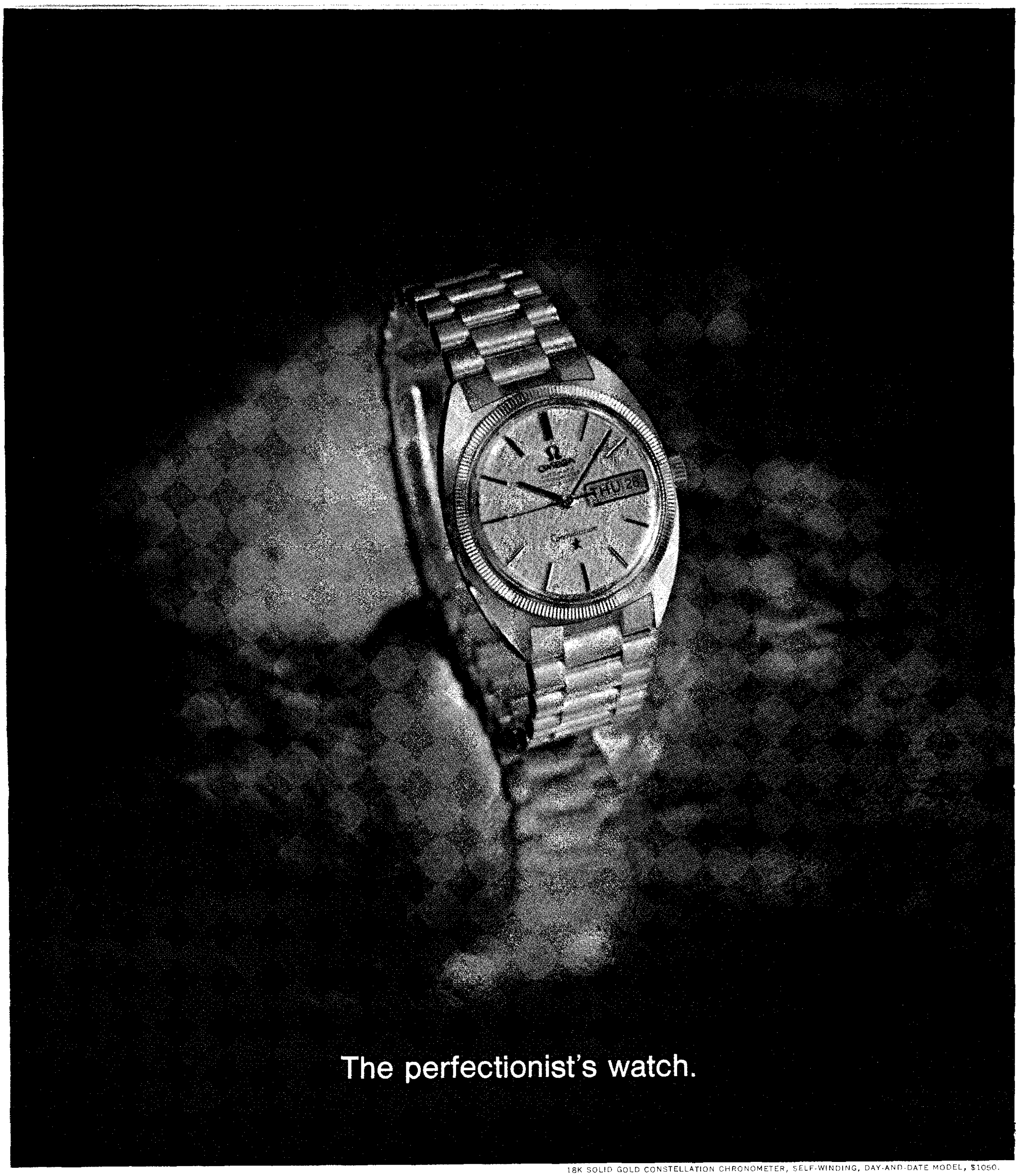

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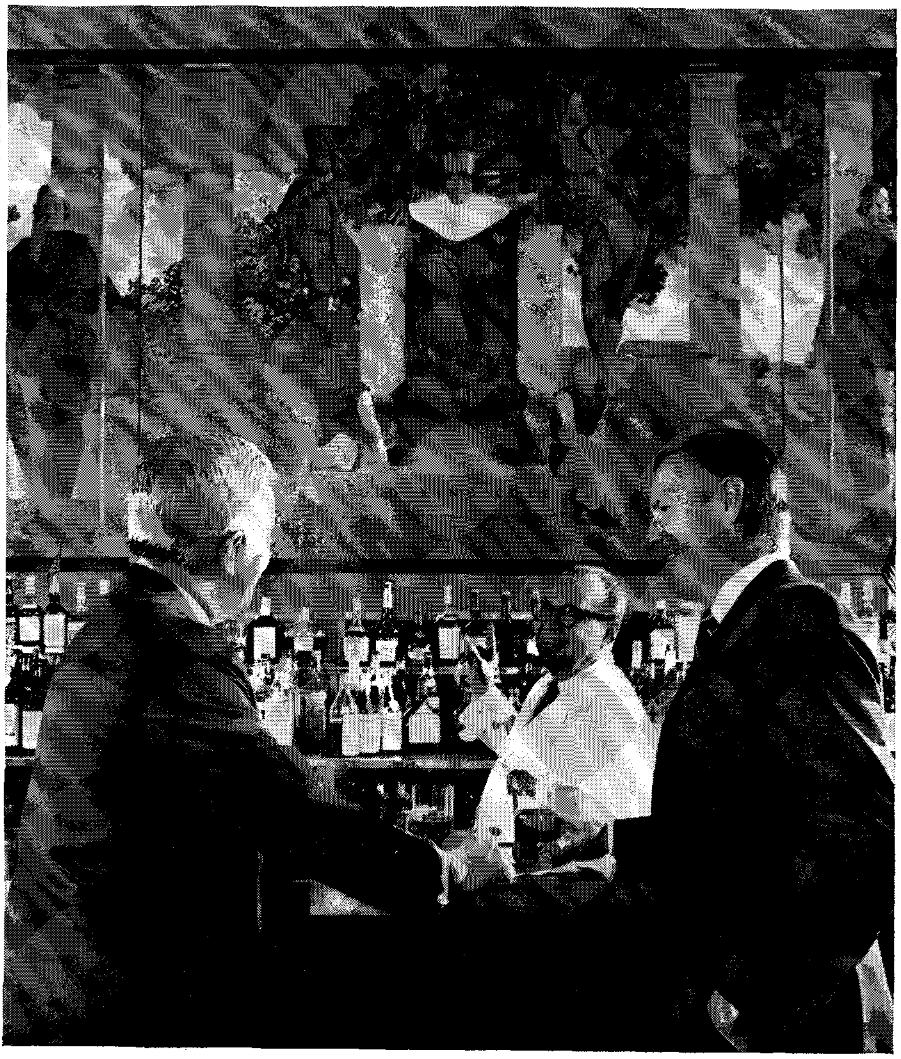
moved the wire from side to side, working it around as much of the cavern interior as he could probe. After two minutes or so, he said, "He's not there now." We moved on, as before, in and out of water, over seaweed beds, until Donald Gibbie stopped at another cavern. That lobster was not there, either. Donald Gibbie remarked that perhaps the tide was not low enough for him to get into some of the best places, and he was sorry about it, because he had thought the tide would be several feet lower that day. The walk home was beginning to look like a long one. Then, after bending over in front of the third lobster house and working the wire back and forth, he said, "I've got one." For three or four minutes he slowly turned and agitated the wire. He wasn't trying to hook the lobster, he explained, he was just trying to anger it. Very slowly, he began to draw out the wire, meanwhile shaking it enough to preserve the interest of whatever might be on the other end. My skepticism stayed with me right to the last. I don't know what I expected to see come out of there—perhaps a snapping turtle, or some pretentious crayfish from the Cape of Good Hope, or possibly a clawless Spanish *langosta*. But suddenly out into the sunlight—hanging on to the wire and snapping at it like a fence cutter—came several pounds of glistening, mottled, dark blue-green lobster, in shape and appearance identical to the most expensive creature in Penobscot Bay. Donald seemed a little surprised when I said the resemblance was so close, but he believed me, and was impressed. He had apparently been skeptical, too.

"When I fished lobsters, I used creels and went out every day in a boat," he said. "I didn't have a boat big enough to stand the winter weather. I never did it all the year round. We baited the creels with saithe and mackerel. I had a partner. The boat was mine. We worked eighty creels. On our best days, we got sixty or seventy lobsters. Ordinarily, we would get about thirty." He had the wire deep in another cavern, and soon he was engaged in a patient fight with another lobster. When we started home, we had three of them. I told Donald that the smallest of the three would be worth somewhere between ten and fifteen shillings, over the counter, in Maine, and that the biggest one—the first caught—would be worth well over a pound. He said that the lobsters in our hands (he had wrapped their claws with string) were worth a great deal



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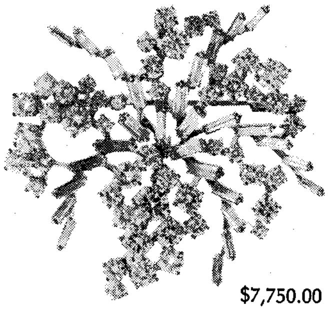
more than that, since they can bring as much as a pound per pound nowadays to the lobsterman himself, let alone the storied sums they command in the retail markets of London. In his own day, he had got only three shillings sixpence per pound. He had shipped the lobsters, in boxes, to Oban, or sometimes direct to Billingsgate, in London. He had to keep them alive for as long as a month while he waited for suitable transport to the mainland. Of the proceeds, a share went to the boat, a share to the gear, and a share to each partner. Working from May to November, Donald made about fifteen pounds a week. Anything under nine inches long went back into the sea, as did any lobster with spawn. He said that he had given up lobster fishing in 1957, when his father turned eighty and decided to stop working the croft. Since then, Donald went on, no one on Colonsay has fished lobsters commercially. The people don't fish for much of anything else there, either. In fact, they give the impression that they have, if not an active distaste for the sea, at least a thoroughgoing indifference to it. There are no commercial fishermen in the population. Cut off out there in the ocean, the people of Colonsay lead rural, agrarian landlocked lives, growing their roots and vegetables and looking after their poultry and livestock, meanwhile turning their backs to the water whenever possible, and in summer ignoring the island's splendid beaches. They eat fish rarely. Some years ago, the postmaster bought a deep freeze, in which he keeps a stock of frozen foods for sale. When fish *is* eaten on Colonsay, the freezer is where it comes from. The brand is Birdseye. For an islander of Colonsay, it was a most unusual and in a sense original thing that Donald Gibbie did when, for ten years, he worked at taking lobsters from the sea.

With our wives, we ate the three lobsters from Ardskenish after boiling them in sea water for twenty minutes, cracking them, and dipping the meat in drawn butter. The McNeills, who had tasted lobster only in bits with other foods, were interested in trying the New England method. However, I think both of them were appalled to see the equivalent of six or seven pounds sterling just vanish from the table after a bath in butter, but they said they found the lobsters delicious—as did my wife and I. The claw meat was a little sweeter than the claw meat of a Maine lobster. The rest was undifferentiable from its American counterpart. On the table as well was pure



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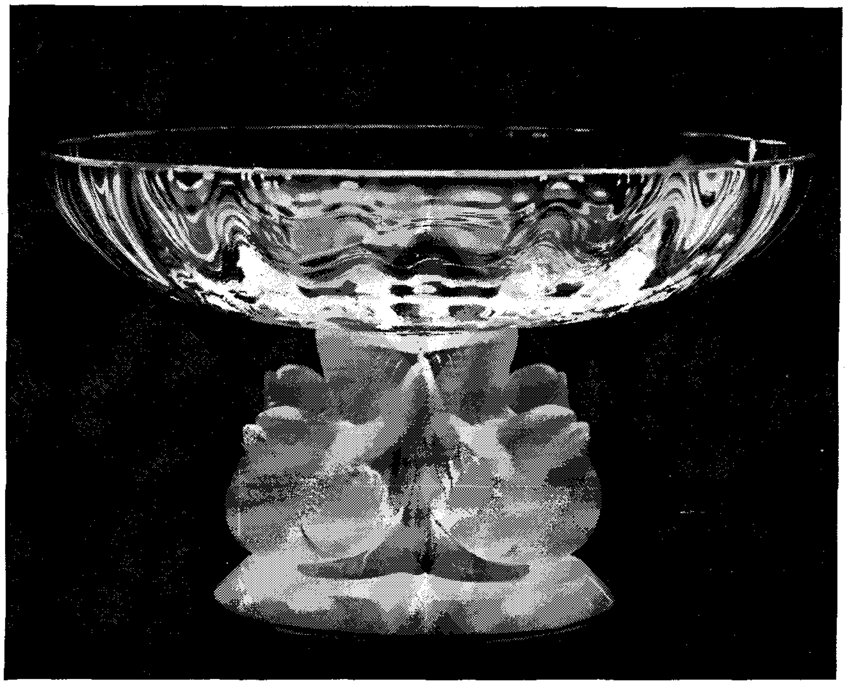

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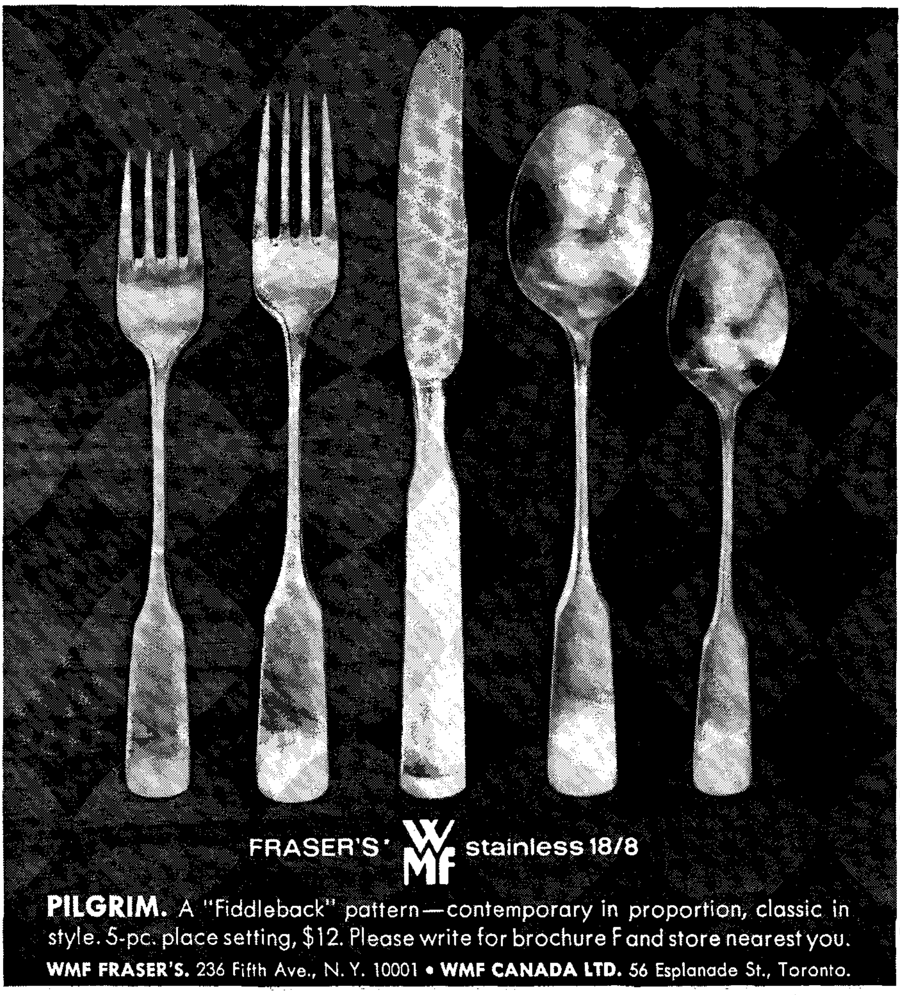

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Given the view that most of the islanders seem to take of the sea, it is not surprising that Donald Gibbie barely knows how to swim. During the war, when he was working in the mines in Fife, he once went to a public swimming pool in Dunfermline, and while he was paddling around there he somehow caught his toe below a hand rail and nearly drowned. He says that that put him off swimming forever. In a boat, though, he is unafraid of the ocean. He has had any number of small boats, and in them he has never hesitated to make long voyages, usually alone, to explore other islands, and he will even flirt with the Strait of Corryvreckan, eighteen miles east of Colonsay. Corryvreckan is a whirlpool celebrated in the history and legends of the Hebrides. Its spectral sucking and hissing can be heard from great distances over the water, and it has swallowed bigger boats than Donald Gibbie's. I once asked him what he would do if wind or wave ever separated him from his boat on one of his explorations, and he said, with an explosive laugh, "Well, I guess I'd drown."

Donald's experience with boats on the sea derives from something more than lobster fishing. He also worked for many years as a ferryman for MacBrayne's, the company that operates the mail boat to Colonsay. The mail boat calls three times a week, and the voyage from the mainland takes five hours. The island is absolutely dependent on the little steamer, the Lochiel, but until very recently, when the Argyll County Council built the Colonsay pier, the Lochiel had no place to tie up. It used to drop anchor some distance offshore, and a small boat, skippered by Donald Gibbie, would go out to pick up and deliver mail, passengers, and cargo. Frequently the ocean was so violent that the Lochiel would heave to for a while and wait; then, if it became clear that the ferry had no chance of surviving an attempt to make the connection, the Lochiel would go back to the mainland. When this happened, a small crowd of disappointed islanders and incomers, anxious to receive or send goods, and inn guests, due home from their island vacations, would abuse Donald Gibbie, since most of them had even less regard for the sea than he did. "When inn guests were particularly arrogant," he told me, "I used to take them out a short distance, until they were thoroughly shaken up and soaking wet. They were happy enough to re-

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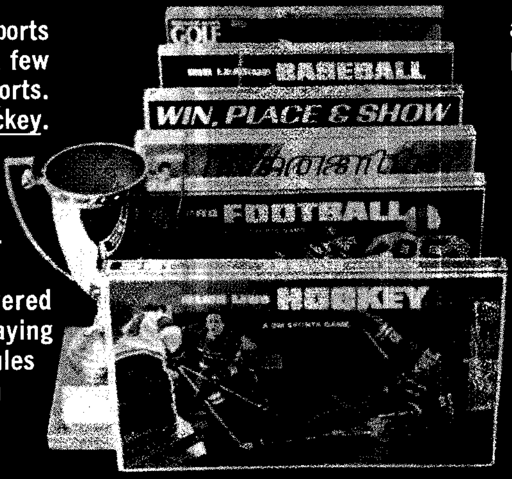

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turn to shore." These ferries were not impressive vessels, probably no more so than the boat in which Mrs. Macneil and her infant son John of the Ocean arrived from Barra. When Donald started with MacBrayne's, in the late nineteen-forties, as assistant ferryman, he learned some of his seamanship on a ferry he describes as "a thirty-footer with an old Kelvin poppet fifteen-horse petrol paraffin engine—just to get near it, you had to have your wits about you." But he never lost any cargo, not so much as a pipe cleaner, in seventeen years of ferrying people, cattle, sheep, mail, automobiles, and sometimes extraordinarily bulky cargo.

There was one aspect of all this that forced him literally into the sea. Cattle, like autos, were swung over the ferry in slings depending from a small crane, then were lowered to the deck. The slings were placed under the bellies of the animals, and their legs hung down on either side. Donald stood in his boat and waited for each cow as she swung out over his head. It is not hard to envision how frightened a cow might be, hanging in a sling from a crane over a boat that was pitching and rolling at the edge of an apparently limitless expanse of roiling water, and sometimes, during these operations, Donald became almost unimaginably dirty. There was no going home for a bath after one of these cattle trips. There was nothing to do but jump into the sea beside the boat—in winter, often enough, in the almost total darkness of the mornings. Now, in the course of things, he has become the pier master, responsible for the operations of a long platform of white concrete that reaches out to deep water, and from which cattle can walk onto the Lochiel. After our own voyage to Colonsay, over green and foaming waters in a wind that made tears run down our cheeks, the first person we saw was Donald Gibbie, standing there on his pier in the lee of Cnoc na Faire Mor (Big Lookout Hill), in his Wellington boots, his dungarees, his heavy gray pullover, and his brown-and-tan knitted cap, with his hands clasped behind his back, a frown on his face, and a look of felt responsibility in his eyes.

A FEW nights ago, when the McNeills asked us to come over to their house for a wee dram by the fire, I found myself telling them about American weddings and any number of peculiar rituals that sometimes complement the basic rites. Donald seemed particularly amused to learn that a few hours after my wife and I were married, in 1957, I had been

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KASTRUP OG HOLMEGAARDS GLASVÆRKER A/S DENMARK

surrounded by a cordon of friends—overmuscled, post-adolescent males with flaring nostrils—and, after a valiant struggle, had been pinned shirtless to the floor of an upstairs room at something called the Woman's Club of Ridgewood. There, despite continued resistance on my part, a set of messages—not in code—was written all over my chest, back, and shoulders, in four shades of lipstick.

The McNeills responded to my story with one of their own. On the evening before a Colonsay wedding, they told me, all the chickens to be used in the next day's wedding feast are plucked in the bride's house by the friends and families of the betrothed, and the feathers are piled high in the middle of the room. The size of the pile is determined by the number of expected guests, and in their case the daughter of a crofter was about to marry the son of another crofter, and nearly every islander of Colonsay was related to one of the two families, so the pile of feathers was enormous. After the last chicken had been plucked, Donald stripped to the waist and prepared to do battle—as tradition required—against all the other men of roughly his age, with the hill of feathers as the battleground. Donald put up a good fight but was soon overwhelmed and, struggling violently, was pinned down by four others and all but buried in the feathers. He held his breath as long as he could, but finally he could hold it no longer, and inhaled. He said that he took in two lungfuls of pinfeathers and very nearly died right there. He came up purple, rapidly fading to gray—hacking, heaving, unable to find new breath. But enough oxygen finally got through the pinfeathers, and he was on his feet when he was married. The year was 1957.

That was also the year when Gilbert McNeill, who has since died, stopped working the croft and turned it over to his son. A true crofter, Donald has told me, works only part time on his croft, and turns to other resources to round out his income. For this reason, Donald puts in only about seventy hours a week working on the croft. He grows beef and mutton, and he has ninety breeding ewes and seven breeding cows. The laird's bull is available, at one pound sterling per visit. To feed his animals, Donald grows oats, turnips, hay, and potatoes. The family eats the potatoes, too, and if there is a surplus it is sold. The croft has ten or twelve chickens, mainly for eggs and rarely for the pot. One of the breeding cows doubles as a milk cow,

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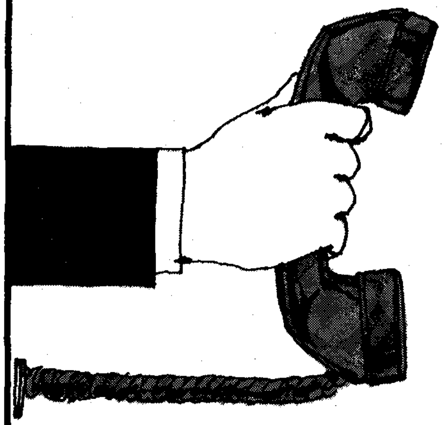

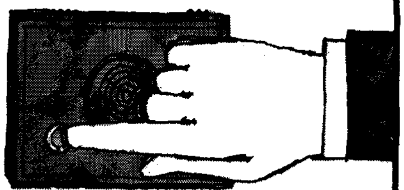

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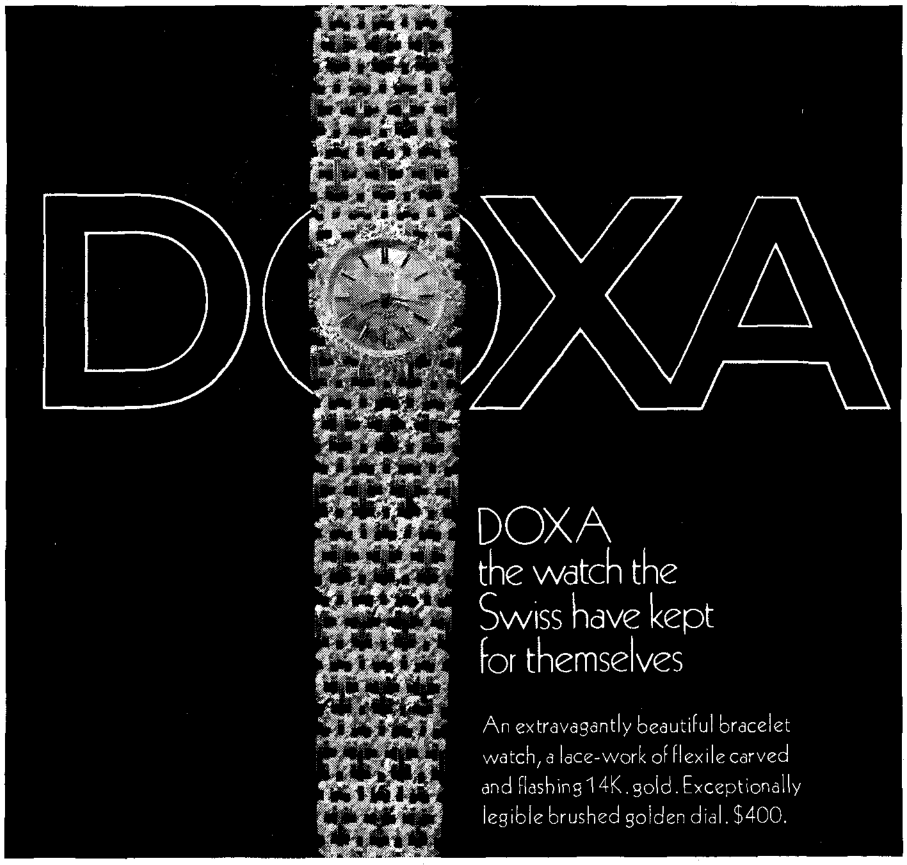

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so the McNeills make their own butter and their own crowdy (a form of cheese). Assessors for Her Majesty's Government have decided that the food the croft produces for the McNeills' own table is worth sixty pounds sterling a year, and Donald pays tax on that figure as income. He and Margaret also collect winkles, limpets, lobsters, clams, and mussels from the shore. They even go fishing once in a while. They eat rabbits, too. ("I remember when there was very little bought meat coming into any house on the island. Everyone ate rabbit, but for some time now the myxomatosis has put people off.") Deep in rabbit burrows, shelducks lay their eggs, and the McNeills sometimes collect and eat the eggs. They also eat the eggs of eider ducks, oyster catchers, and gulls—and often enough they eat the eider ducks, too, and shelducks, mallards, and pheasants. The pheasant population of Colonsay is probably ten times the human population, and one comes to recognize some of the pheasants individually, always foraging in pairs, models of fidelity, aging gracefully together, sometimes all the way to the table. Once in a while, but rarely, Donald takes his shotgun and goes off to shoot a wild goat—never for sport but just for the meat. Goats were originally brought to Colonsay because it was known that they would assert territorial rights to the highest ground, thus keeping sheep away from the crags and contributing to their safety. The goats have long since gone completely wild, but their effect on the sheep is still the same. The McNeills also collect watercress from the streams, they make nettle soup, and they eat sea kale. But they do all this only in part to supplement their income. They do it, as well, because they get pleasure from it. Most of the food they eat comes either from grocers on the mainland who send out boxes of provisions on the Lochiel to fill private orders or from the small island store, whose sign, "The Shop," painted in white letters on the side of the green building, is the only sign on Colonsay.

The McNeills collect and burn a great deal of driftwood, to save coal. In winter, they go to the tidal pools of the Ardskenish Peninsula and gather winkles, which they can ship to the mainland and sell for two pounds a hundredweight. There are about seven thousand winkles in a hundredweight. On even a casual walk along the shore, Donald's eyes are always alert for a find of any sort. One day when we made a circuit of Ardskenish together,

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he came back with a boat hook, a large basket, a scrub brush, a stainless-steel bolt, a Norwegian plastic fishing float the size of a big balloon, and perhaps a dozen grapefruit-size aluminum floats of the type that a fishing boat uses to support a net. The floats bring two pounds a hundredweight. At home, the McNeills waste nothing. When their old steel teapot develops a leak, Donald plugs up the hole with a wood screw. I once picked up the teapot and looked inside. The points of fourteen screws intruded.

Margaret counts on the yield from winkle sales to give her the extra and special things she looks forward to having—a new rug, for example. She experienced a particularly bitter setback a couple of years ago when, after she had gathered winkles and shipped them to the mainland all through the winter, the firm to which the Lochiel had been delivering the winkles went bankrupt, and for the winter's work she collected nothing at all. There is some hazard, also, in shipping animals over the water, and none of this risk is assumed by the owners of the Lochiel. Before anyone can set foot or place goods on a MacBrayne's boat, a risk note must be signed freeing the company from all responsibility. After that, it's full steam ahead and hope for the best. A few years ago, the Lochiel, with a third mate at the helm, swung into West Loch Tarbert, near the mainland end of its route, lost the channel in a mist, crashed into a rock, lurched across the narrow sea loch and crashed into another rock, and then, with water pouring into her hold, made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to get to the West Loch Tarbert pier, a few yards short of which she sank in twenty feet of water, stern in the air, bow down, with the surface of the sea loch lapping at the windows of the wheelhouse. Unfortunately, there were on the foredeck forty sheep that belonged to Donald Gibbie. They all drowned. The loss to him was two hundred and fifty pounds, the equivalent of the savings of four good years—a good year being one in which the net income of the croft, including the government subsidies he gets for his sheep and cattle, is about a hundred and fifty pounds.

For his work at the pier—about twenty hours a week—Donald gets four hundred and sixty-eight pounds a year from MacBrayne's. He is also the Colonsay constable, a job that takes almost no time and pays nothing, unless he can show loss of earning. And he is a coast-watcher for the Coast Guard. During big storms, he sits in a radio

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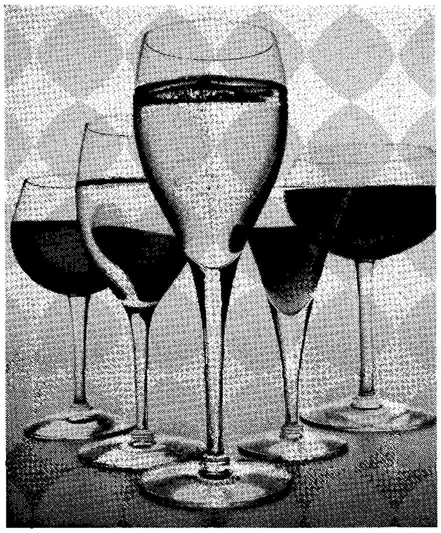

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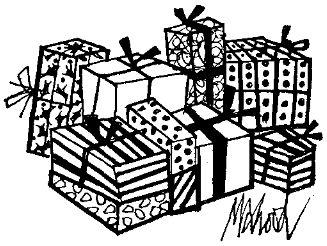
shack on Maol Chlibhe (the Bare Cliff) prepared to fire signal rockets and to call in compass bearings if he should see a ship in distress, and for this service he is paid thirty-three and six an hour. Adding all things together, the McNeills make the equivalent of about fifteen hundred dollars a year.

Not long after Donald took over the croft, he began applying to the Crofting Commission for the right to fence off his part of the common grazing—his soamings on the hill. The Crofting Commission, which was set up soon after the first crofting act, has the jurisdiction over crofters that was once arbitrarily exercised by the lairds. To get permission to fence off his own part of the common grazing, a crofter has to show cause—and showing cause usually has to do with irresolvable difficulties with the crofters sharing the hill. But in Donald Gibbie's case I imagine that whatever cause he was able to show may have been less significant to him than the sense of independence he wanted to gain. At all events, he won out, and his croft and his grazing land are now integral and unshared, and he has run his fences far up the slopes of the Brindled Pinnacle. He has a hundred and forty-one acres in all, with seas breaking on two sides of it, high meadows, good water (from a deep well now), and good soil. His potatoes and oats win prizes in the island's annual competitions. And he also has his two houses, two byres, an implement shed (in the ruins of still another family house, a predecessor of the two now standing), a barn, and a stable. The doorways are painted red, and the walls of most of the buildings, low and compact, are of deep-gray Colonsay stone. For someone who loves this place as much as he obviously does, there could be no other in the world, and it is not hard to see why he would not leave it. His apparent affection for independence, however, rests uneasily on a paradox of his time. Protected and secured by the Crofters' Holdings Act, he has tenure on the land of his father and his grandfathers, and the rent he pays for all his land and buildings is only forty-five pounds a year—about a hundred and twenty dollars. If the croft were available to him to buy outright, he could not afford it. So his modified vassalage under the laird, though it may conflict with his hunger for personal freedom, is not something that he could readily give up. "One feels that one is neither a proper crofter nor a proper landholder, sort of style" is the way he put it once. Parliament, concerned only that no repetition of the Highland clearances should ever occur, has preserved certain fragments of the Middle Ages in something like a gigantic block of clear plastic, and inside it is Donald Gibbie. The laird, for that matter, is in there, too, set, as is Donald Gibbie, within what has become the grand anachronism of the Highlands. "Some crofters don't work their crofts," Donald said. "They have a cow, a few sheep. That is all. My father was always one for working the croft. When I took it over, I kept it going. It's not right to let the land be neglected. I'm quite happy here. I make out, so long as the shore's handy, and such like. But if you expect many things in life, crofting isn't the way to get them. Crofting cannot keep up with the times. Most people expect more than the bare necessities of living now. And crofting is not a livelihood. It's an existence."



Between the two houses of the croft is a shed full of driftwood and coal. We collect driftwood frequently and pile it up in the shed, because we burn a great deal of it ourselves, particularly at night. The coal, which is brought out twice a year from the mainland in boats called puffers, costs twelve pounds a ton in its cheapest form—two-foot floes of it, like cakes of black ice. In the early mornings, I go outside and break up the coal with an axe. One bucketful is enough to give the stove in the kitchen a good start for the day. Ordinarily, the ashes are dead in the morning, because I am mediocre at preserving fire through the night. So I shake down the ashes, remove them, build a new fire, and take the ashes out to a rusted steel drum, where both families also throw the remains from the table. A cat and a rooster are always near the drum. If ashes go into it, they don't move. If garbage goes into it, the cat jumps in first and spends ten minutes inside. Then he jumps out, half gray with ash, and the rooster jumps in—thus the hierarchy of the croft.

The stove not only has a cooking surface and an oven but also heats a water tank and, often most important, emits some radiant heat in a house in which the temperature in the other rooms is usually around forty-five degrees at the beginning and end of the

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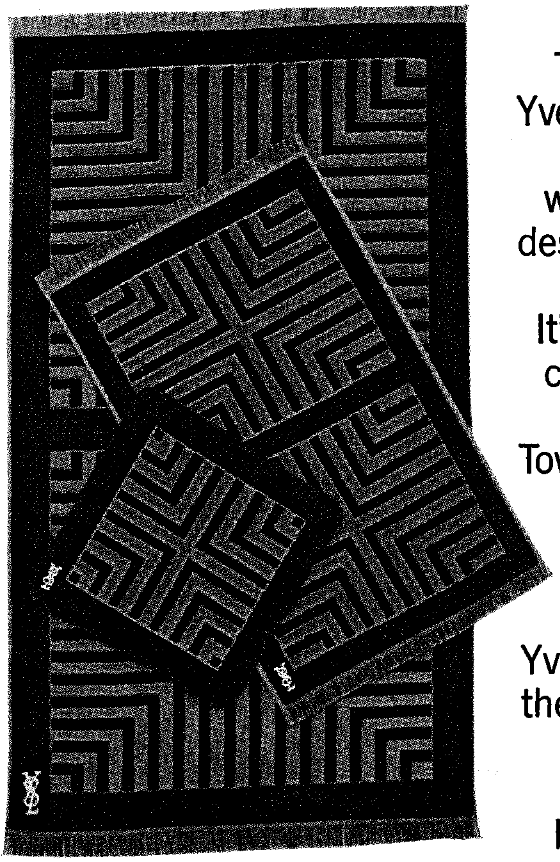

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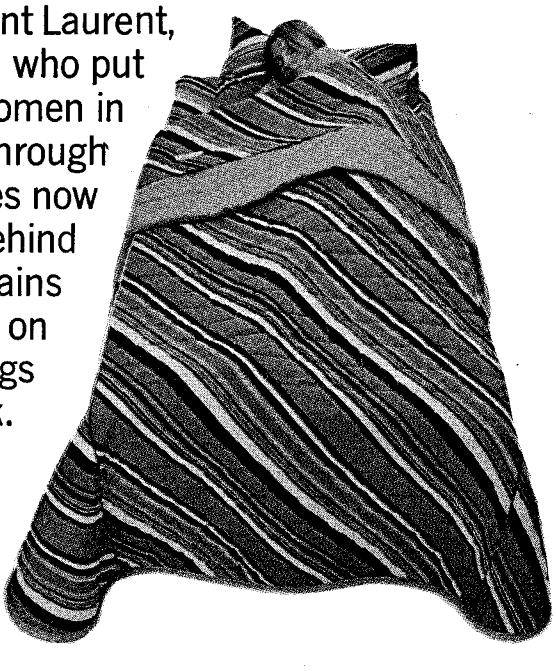

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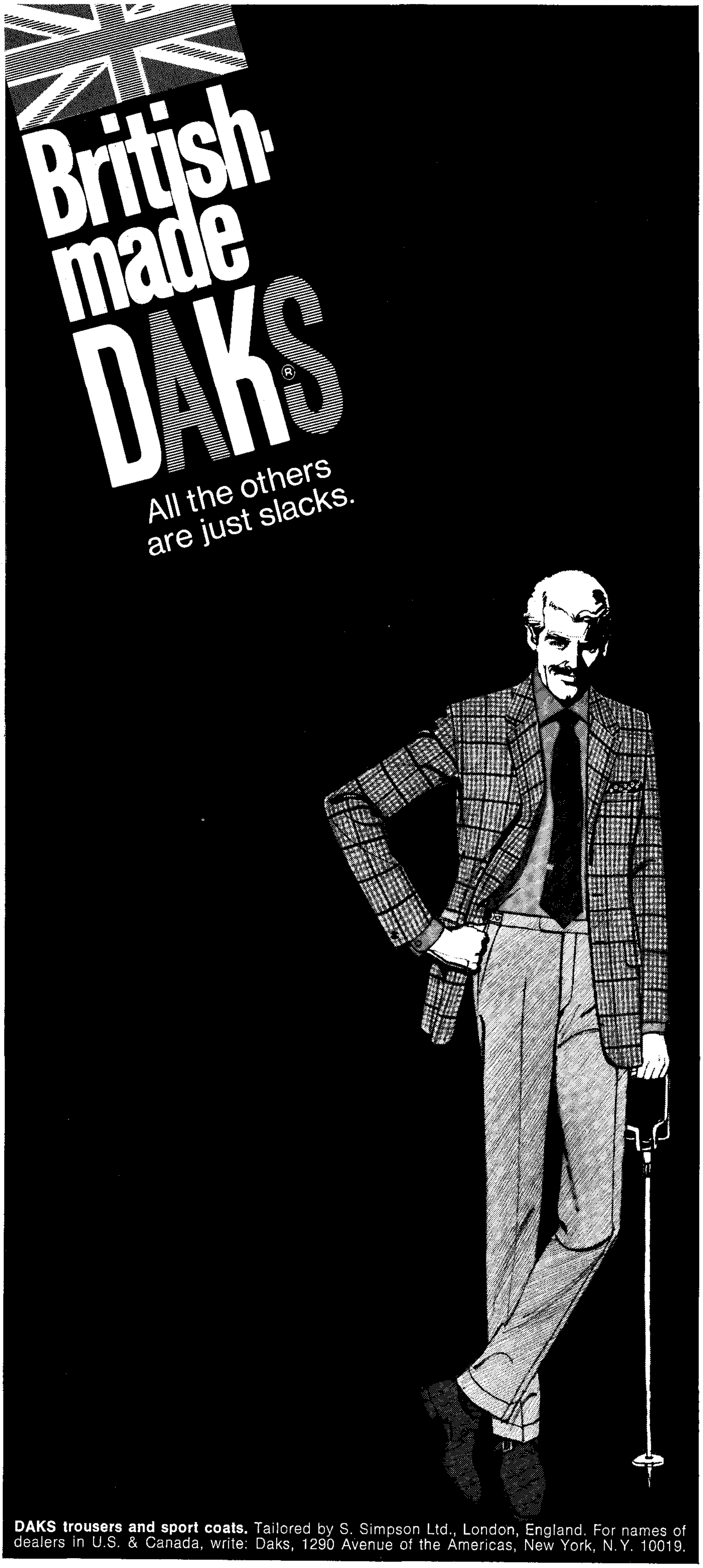
day. Colonsay has a consistent marine climate. The temperature rarely goes above sixty or below freezing at any time of the day or the year. The island is on the latitude of northern Labrador, Kodiak, and Novosibirsk, but the Gulf Stream peters out nearby, and a good thick Scottish pullover is all one needs here, perhaps two or more in winter. Each morning, until the stove has been going for a while no one else in my family will get up. Fortunately, we also have a bottled-gas hot plate, and I make tea for them—Melrose's Tartan Tips Tea—while they, wrapped in their blankets, females all, aged two to thirty-two, wait. Then they come into the kitchen and eat Jaffajuce grapefruit segments, toast and Chivers thick-cut marmalade, Scott's porridge or Kellogg's Rice Krispies, and cream from the McNeills' milk cow. After breakfast, the older two children go off with the McNeills' children to school.

The school day begins at nine-thirty—in a low, gray, roughcast building that has only one classroom. The hour is so late because of the distances that some of the children have to travel. Wee Ian, of Balnahard, whose age is twelve, has to drive a tractor three and a half miles to a point where the school bus can pick him up. The school bus is driven by Charlie McKinnon the Motor Hirer, whose route is limited by Colonsay's single paved road, which is little more than a loop through the center of the island. The school's enrollment—twenty-three in all—is heavily unbalanced toward the earlier grades. Six children are in Primary 1, four in Primary 2. The teacher, Miss Walker, says, "At the moment, there are so many wee tiny ones that I never seem to get beyond the reading, writing, and arithmetic." There are no blackboards, because blackboards would be pointless in a schoolroom that contains children of ten ages. Miss Walker writes work on paper for each student, then moves from desk to desk. "Please, Miss. Please, Miss, I am stuck," someone calls out, and Miss Walker goes to that one to give help. "I've been feeling my way to find the best way with this group," Miss Walker has told me. "I haven't found it yet. You've got to give quite a bit of attention to the wee-est ones at the moment. If I notice that someone isn't picking something up, I try to make time to go and help that person." Now, after some weeks, she has said that she is pleased with the work of my two older daughters, because each of them—the one in Pri-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mary 4, the other in Primary 2—is reading exactly at the Highland standard for her level, and one of them is right where she should be in counting, while the other is only slightly sub-par. I, for my part, am much impressed that the public-school system of Princeton, New Jersey, which once harbored me and is now, at home, responsible for the education of my children, seems to measure up to the level of an education on Colonsay.

At half past ten each morning, Miss Walker serves milk, with which the children eat biscuits they bring from home. She mixes the milk from powder that comes from a subdivision of the Argyll County Council, on the mainland. In their homes, Colonsay children drink milk of unsurpassable quality from cows on their crofts and farms, but at ten-thirty in the morning they drink powdered milk from Dunoon, to conform to regulations established to insure the good health of the children of Argyll. Then they run around outside—if the weather is all right—for a fifteen-minute period called "the interval." Back at their desks, they turn to the study of the English language, each writing in his own jotter, some of the young ones going through the "First Introductory English Workbook."

Multiple choice: "Instead of *large*, we could say (small) (big) (wee)."

Attention wanders. Discipline slips out of control. There is an event of insubordination. Miss Walker takes the offending boys into another room and straps them. Two boys once ran away from such a scene and fled overland. Miss Walker went after them in her automobile and brought them back to the strap.

Primary 4 is writing in its jotters. "Saint Patrick of Ireland was born in Dumbarton, Scotland," the children write. "While he was still a boy, he moved to the side of the Solway Firth." A little later, they write the story of the tanning of leather: "Each skin is split into two pieces. The grain leather is the hair side. The suede leather is the flesh side." Now they have a go at their McDougall's Semi-Vertical Copy Books. "No gain without pain," they write three times. "Eisleben: the birthplace of Luther . . . Frankfort: birthplace of Goethe . . . Kasanlik produces attar of roses."

English is the language of the school, and the children hear Gaelic only at home. The school once used Gaelic in all its extracurricular aspects and English in the classroom. The children of incomers used to learn

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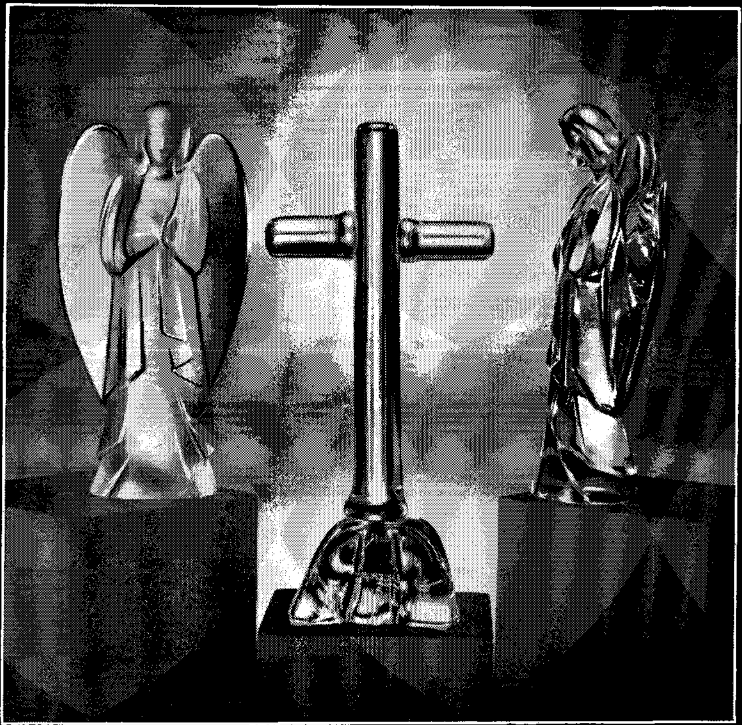

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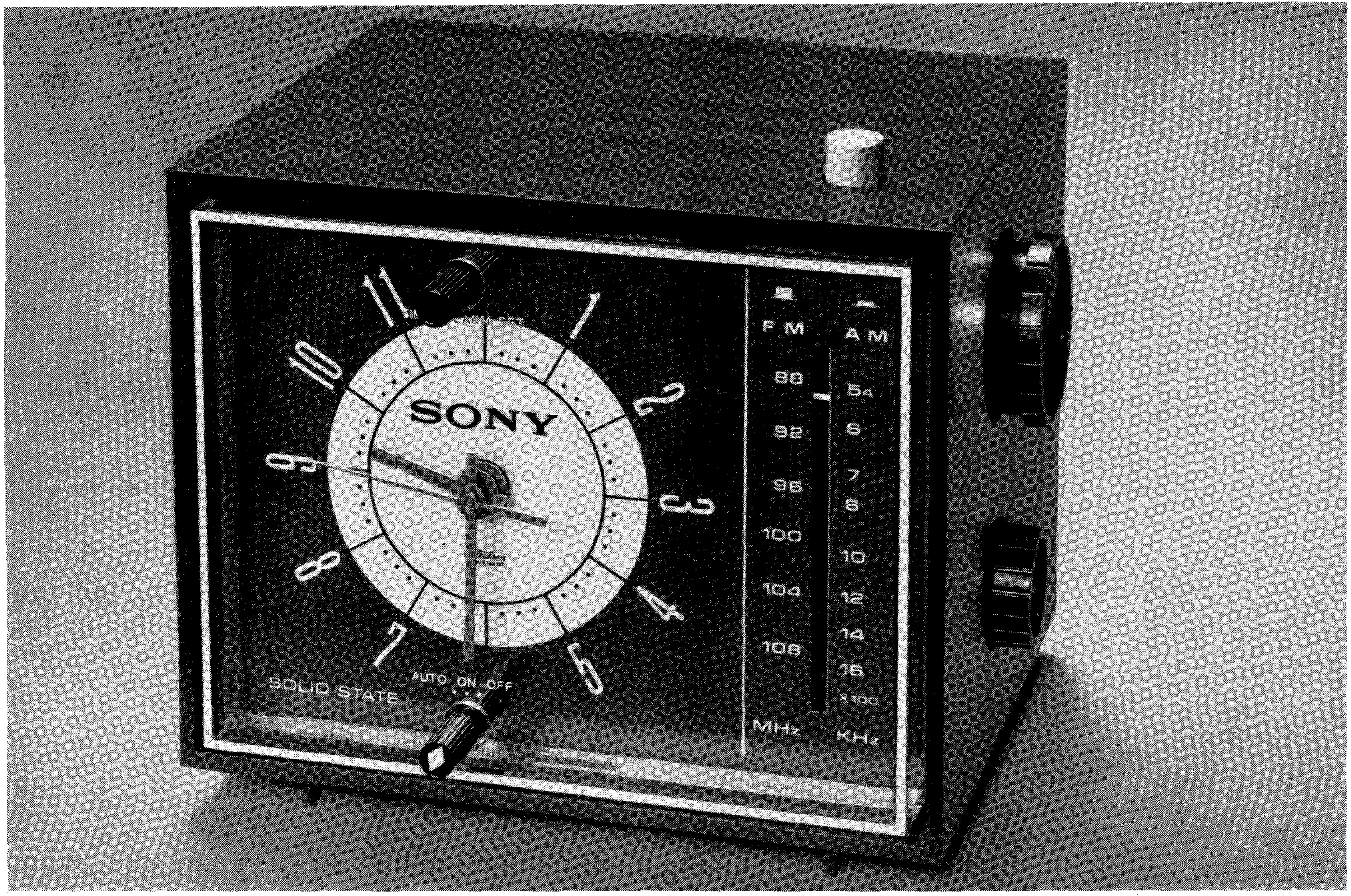

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Gaelic within one year, but now they don't learn it at all, and this saddens Donald Gibbie. Unless someone comes into his home who speaks only English, Donald speaks Gaelic there throughout the day. So does Margaret. Their children understand, but answer in English. Donald thinks in Gaelic, even when he is speaking English. "The English of the isles is pure and good," he told me. "It's not pukka English, you know, but it's the King's English. The English of the isles is good because it is the second language and has been learned in school."

It is, in fact, often said that the purest English spoken in the world is spoken in the Highlands. Tangled brogues and syntactical impurities sometimes misassociated with the Highlanders are the monopoly of the Lowland Scots. Idiomatic peculiarities in the Highlands are kept mainly in the Gaelic, the native tongue, and the acquired one, English, runs almost pure. A certain Gaelic tone and a certain Gaelic rhythm filter through into the English of the Highlanders, and the sounds of their voices carrying the words of the Sassenach are so beautiful that one almost resents having to hear the language anywhere else. In Gaelic, *Sasunn* is England. And a *Sasunnach* is an Englishman. The words are apparently never used as compliments. When Dr. Johnson travelled through the islands, in the summer of 1773, he decided that both the islanders and their language were rude and barbaric, but he knew no Gaelic, and no judgment of his could have disturbed the self-assurance of the people of the Hebrides, who knew, as one Gaelic dictionary has put it, that "in the islands of Argyll every word is pronounced just as Adam spoke it."

The school day breaks at twenty minutes to one for dinner: stews, roast beef, roast pork, potatoes, vegetables, steam puddings, dumplings, fruit and custard—whatever is on the menu from Dunoon. At twenty minutes to one each day, all the schoolchildren in Argyll sit down to the same meal. A cook prepares it from supplies shipped out by the County Council. History follows, and geography, and a half hour of the Bible and another half hour of nature study. "Or," Miss Walker says, "we just go out for a wee walk and see the wild flowers"—daisies, celandines, sea pinks, heath orchis, pheasant's-eyes, wild iris, whin, broom, meadow rue. When my daughters came home from school one day, one said to me, "Daddy, we say prayers at school. What do you think of that? Did

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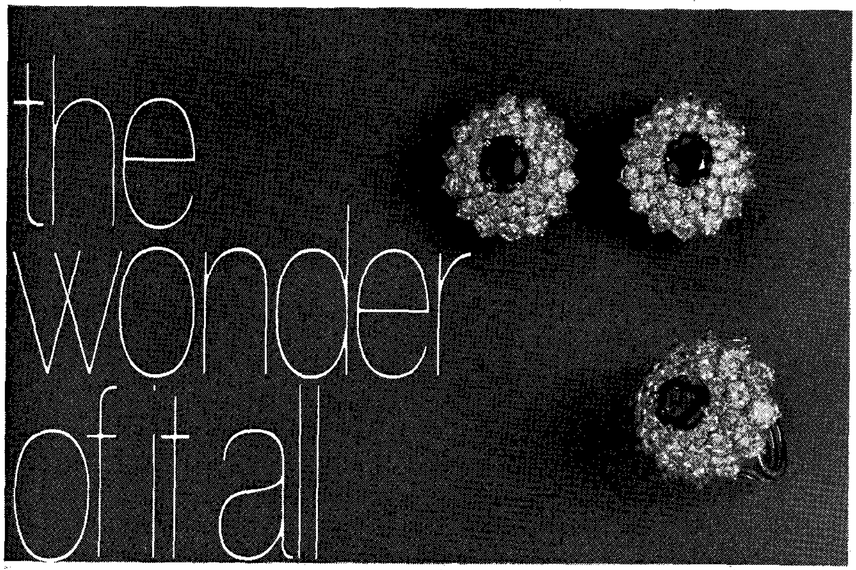

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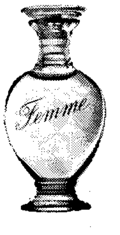


PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS/NEW YORK

you do that when you were a little boy in school?"

"Yes, I think I did."

"On Colonsay?"

"In Princeton."

"In Princeton? You're kidding."

"No, I'm telling you the truth. You're late today. What time is it?"

"It's just a wee bit past four."

At home, I spend most of my time looking out of windows, and nothing changes the habit here. The window now—of a small room with a table-desk, a bed, a shelf, a cupboard—looks northwest across the cultivated acres of the croft, which are fenced to keep out the herds. Between the house and the fields, Donald Gibbie walks by with his cattle, knitted cap on his head, hands behind his back, moving fast, shouting angrily. His words are whips that pack the cattle together and keep them going. When Margaret brings the cattle in, they sometimes break and scatter in six directions, but they don't try that with Donald. They obviously feel his intensity, his acute sense of responsibility. Those things he eats are antacid tablets.

"Donald does his job one hundred per cent, whatever it is, come hell or high water, no matter whose toes he's going to tread on," someone said to me one day. Few people on Colonsay—incomers or islanders—are shy of talking about one another.

"Donald makes up his own mind, and heaven and earth won't move him."

"To live in this part of the world, you have to be a bit of an individualist. People out here have strong minds and can't be led easily. He's quite a nice sort of man, is Donald Gibbie."

"Och. He's a stubborn, bad-tempered devil. Cock of the walk. It is a wonder that he hasn't been shied off that pier."

"Och. Everyone here likes to be the cock of the walk. They are all inclined to be like Donald Gibbie."

"He's got a Highland sense of humor."

"You could call him just a little bit dour, I think."

"He has a nervous stomach. He worries. He loses his head."

"Och. And *so* do you."

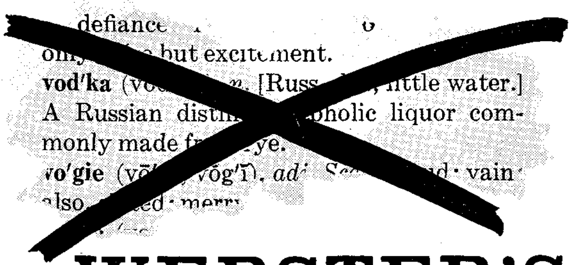
"He goes white with temper. He raves at the boat passengers."

"He's got a Highland sense of humor."

"He's a very fair constable."

"He always speaks well of people, I will say that."

Donald plows one of the fields. His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~~vo'gie (vō... vōg'ĭ). adj. ... vain; also ... merry~~

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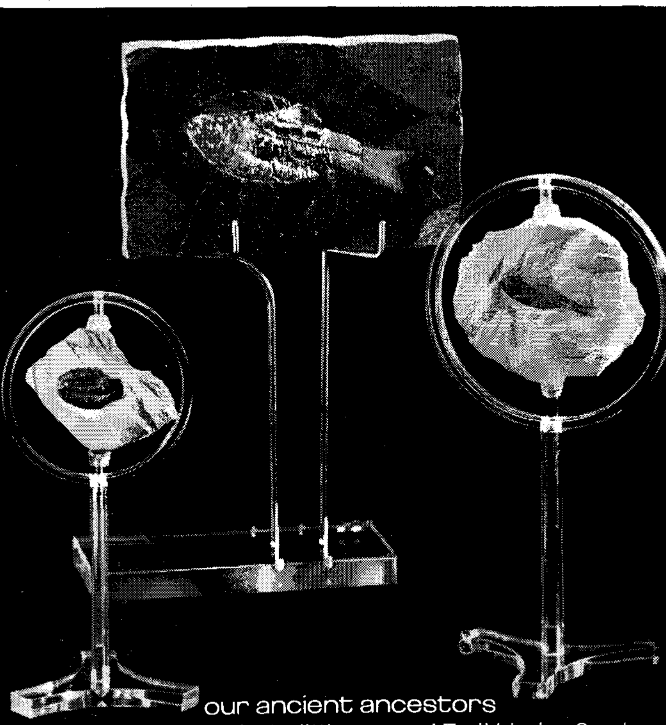
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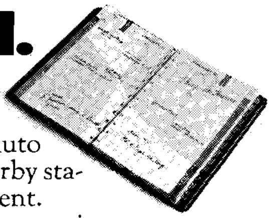

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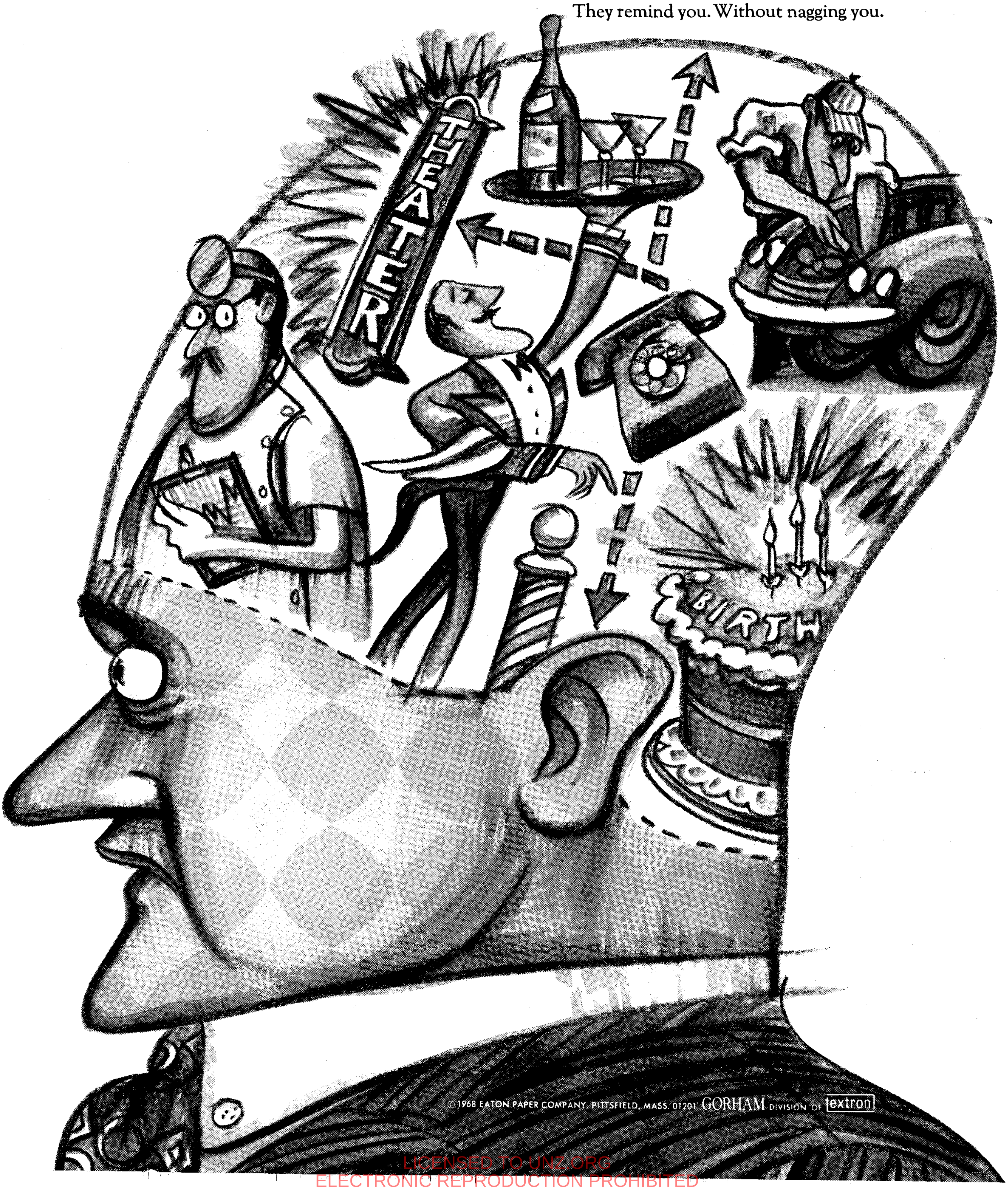

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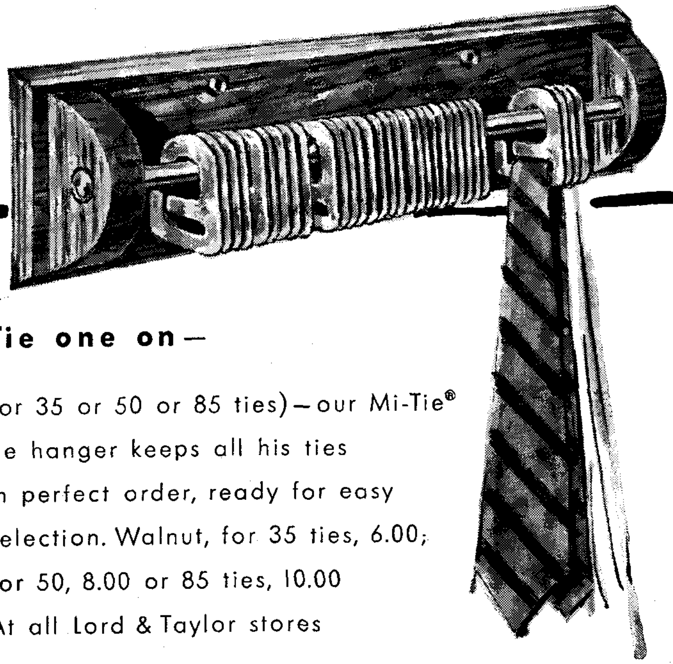

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tractor is old and is so corroded by the salt air that it seems to be on the verge of plowing itself in brown flakes into the soil. After the annual island plowing contest, not long ago, Donald came home with three pounds ten shillings in prize money, plus a box of groceries, a shaving kit, a pair of socks, and a half-dozen wineglasses. He made the best break, the best seam, and the straightest furrow. Now he patterns his field in long, perfectly matching lines. Behind him, settling in white rows on the freshly turned, dark-brown earth, seagulls gather at a banquet of grubs and worms—a sight that is not extraordinary even in the heart of the mainland, for the sea penetrates Scotland so deeply on all sides that farmers and crofters in far-inland glens can scarcely break the soil before the furrows behind them turn white with gulls.

The mail comes toward noon. The deliverer is Angus MacFadyen, who is referred to by everyone on the island as Angus the Post. He drives a bright-red Land-Rover that has the words "Royal Mail" exquisitely lettered on its sides in Post Office gold. Angus the Post has long dark hair, neatly combed. He is a handsome man, with a classical nose and a smile that can dry rain before it hits the ground. He is a singer with a beautiful voice, and once won a singing prize in the regional Mod. There is a touch of show business about him. "Bye, bye just now," he says, and away goes the Royal Mail. He stops at the gate of the croft, gets out, opens the gate, gets back into the Land-Rover, drives through the gate, gets out, closes the gate, gets back in, and drives on. Angus the Post has star quality. The General Post Office pays him eight pounds a week, for three days' delivering. The island postmaster, who works all week long, gets six pounds fourteen shillings.

While the gate was open and Angus was driving through it, a bicycle passed him, going in the other direction. The itinerant peddler has come to the croft. He visits the island several times a year, and spends four days riding his rounds. As saddlebags, he carries a thickly packed leatherboard suitcase and a bundle of goods rolled in a small tarpaulin. His bicycle looks like a thin mule. He has a plaid cap, an old tweed jacket. He wears high-topped shoes, and to protect his legs from the bicycle chain he has wrapped them in the way that soldiers wrapped their legs during the First World War. He is old enough to remember that, and perhaps to have done it. Margaret greets him with the news that he is going to sell her noth-

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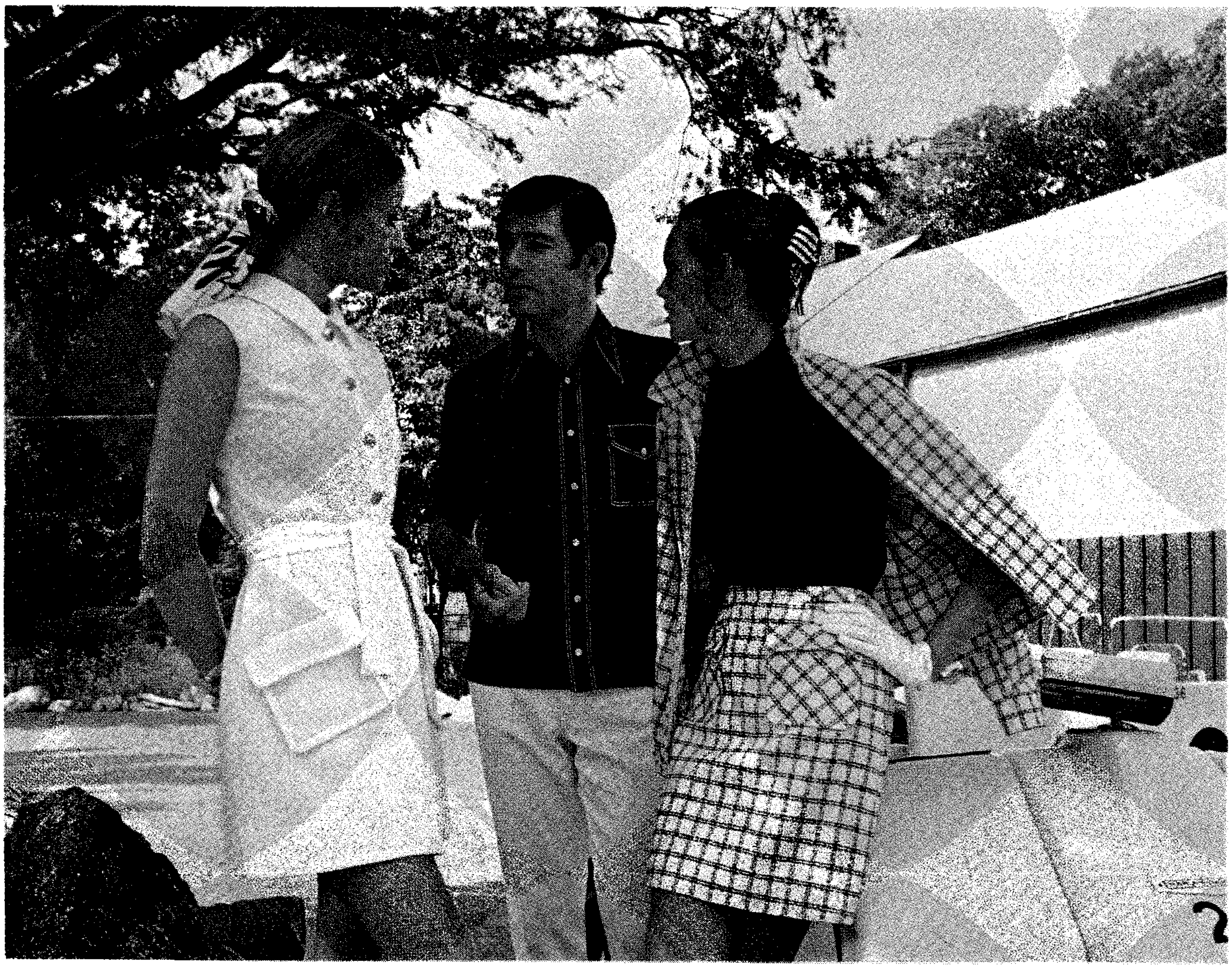

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ing, but she allows him to unstrap his suitcase and his canvas bundle, and to unpack them in her kitchen. She sits in a chair; he kneels on the floor—John Karem, peddler, versus Margaret MacMillan MacArthur McNeill. He shows her a cardigan. "It's lovely," she says. "What else have you got?" He shows her lumberjackets, shirts, lacy nylon nightgowns, and Shetland-wool pullovers for fifty shillings apiece. "They're lovely," she says. "What else have you got?"

These itinerant peddlers used to go from house to house telling stories—part Homer, part drummer. They told tales of mermaids, fairies, seal women, and the warriors of the clans. When millers, weavers, tailors, and shoemakers lived on the island, earlier in this century, they used to go around from house to house telling stories, too. One of these was Big Tailor, a well-remembered man. Big Tailor was more than a raconteur. He was a story in himself. He lived alone near Port Mor (Big Harbor), within sight of the McNeills' croft. He went everywhere on crutches, and he explained that he was so big that he needed them to help hold himself up. He was, indeed, gross in almost all dimensions as he appeared before the other people of the island, measuring them for the clothes he would sew. He had the thighs, hips, waist, and shoulders of an inflated effigy at a fair. Then, late one night, he was seen in the moonlight. He left his house, without the crutches, and walked to a well for water. He was a skinny little man, was Big Tailor.

The itinerant peddler fails completely with Margaret. In a burst of sympathetic generosity, I buy a handkerchief from him for one shilling sixpence. He opens the drawstring of a pale-blue woollen moneybag, puts the two coins inside, and draws the string shut.

The doctor has had an unfortunate accident while on his way to get his milk at the home farm, Kiloran, the laird's farm. Free milk from the laird's cows is one of the perquisites the doctor enjoys in return for being here at all, and it is the sum of the deference that is shown to him. He says that when he came here, years ago, he was accustomed to the atmosphere of deferential respect that a doctor ordinarily moves about in on the mainland, and that he found none of it on Colonsay. The doctor, tall and spare, is a thinker, and his mind drifts. As he neared the laird's farm in his Land-Rover, his thoughts were far, far away. After a long straight stretch, the road takes a

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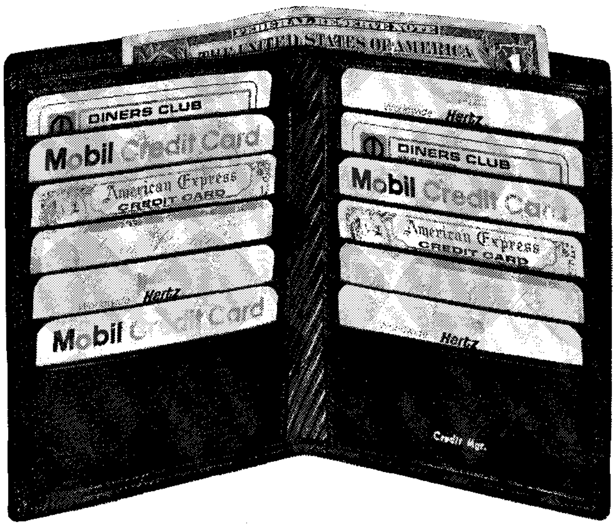

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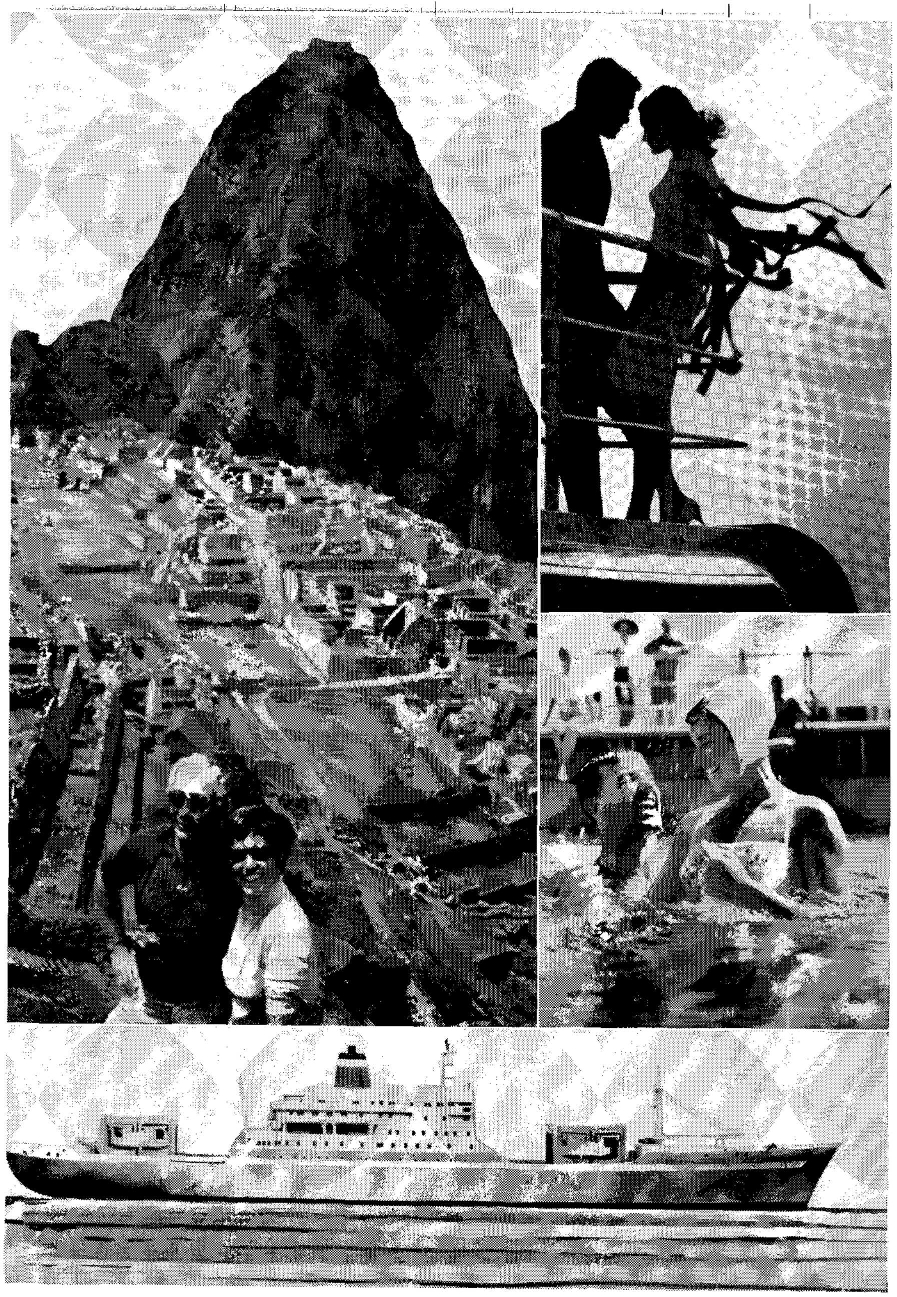
hairpin turn to the left, and there the doctor made a slight right. Crashing through a hedge and across a garden, he opened a huge longitudinal crack in the front wall of the house of Roger McIntyre, who works for the laird. A similar crack opened in the doctor's head. No one was home at the McIntyres'. The doctor remembers nothing of what happened during the next half hour, but he left a great deal of blood in Roger McIntyre's garden, and pools of it were later found in the Land-Rover. Bleeding so profusely, amnesic and distraught, the doctor nonetheless backed his Land-Rover through the hedge, and, as if nothing had happened, went on to collect his milk. No one saw him. The milk itself told the story, the milk bottles and several empty prescription bottles (people who live on or near Kiloran farm take advantage of the doctor's daily routine to have their prescriptions refilled), for he picked up the milk and the empty bottles, spilling blood all over the dairy, and routinely drove home, where his wife looked after him.

The doctor says that this story is extraordinary only in that no one saw him. It is now a week since the accident, and he said this morning, from under a cap of gauze, "This is the only event I know of, since I've been here, that no one witnessed. They're an extremely observant people here. You can't go out without someone noticing it and recording it in their minds."

Colonsay is less like a small town than like a large lifeboat. By a scale of things that begins with cities and runs to hamlets, the island is some distance off the end. The usual frictions, gossip, and intense social espionage that characterize life in a small town are so grandly magnified on Colonsay that they sometimes appear in surprising form, in the way that patches of skin magnified a hundred diameters may appear to be landscapes of the moon. Air and water, sea and sky, life is imploded upon the people here by the blue bottle that surrounds them. Everyone is many things to everyone else, and is encountered daily in a dozen guises. Enmeshed together, the people of the island become one another. Friend and enemy dwell in the same skin. It has been said to me, for example—but never by either of the two men—that Donald Gibbie and Angus the Post share a deep and ramifying antipathy, and that this showed itself most notably when the new pier was built and Angus the Post became an applicant for pier master, a job for which Donald Gibbie



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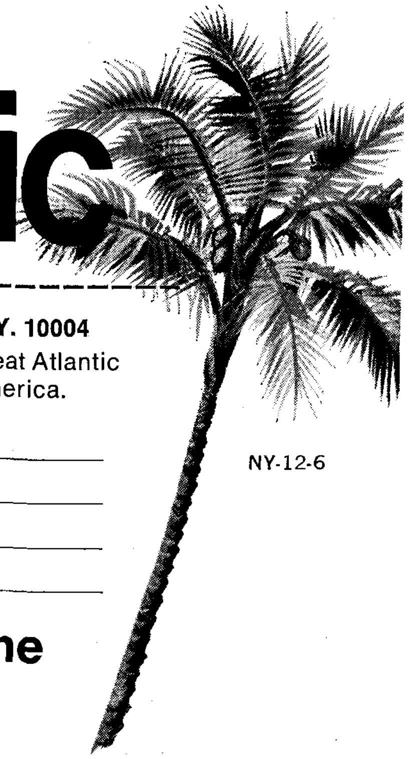

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had apprenticed himself through years of loading people, sheep, and cattle into the ferries that met the steamer. Where I come from, a few angry words at a party can separate people for all time, but no amount of enmity could do that on Colonsay, where the sea is close in four directions and where vehicles meet and pass on a road that is eight feet wide. When the Lochiel approaches over the water, Donald the pier master is waiting on the pier, and so is Angus the Post. They have to see each other almost every day. Each life eclipses the other. They compete in the rental of space to visitors. They are, among other things, cousins. A smile always comes to the croft with the mail. "Good morning. A nice morning. A nice day." Enmity may come with it, but it can be only one of many threads, and the same threads seem to run from each person on the island to half the others. The people are rubbed together beyond the meaning of friction. Deep feelings are not always relevant. The surface dominates, because it is so small. Eruptions are spectacular and brief. "That's what it's like on this island," the doctor told me. "A great row. A great to-do. A most awful battle. Then, a day later, it's over." And the mail keeps coming.

Colonsay's physical perspectives are in some ways similar to its human ones. Things amplify. It may be the light. The cairns at the summits of the hills appear from below to be as large as fortresses, at the very least, but if you go up there and stand on them they are only piles of stones, roughly six feet cubed. Shepherds built the cairns for guidance in the mists. The best way to know the island whole is to climb to the cairns in clear weather. Seventeen square miles in eight minutes of latitude may be the next thing to nothing, but after a short time it becomes a continent. The hills, nearly all of them treeless, have the scale and appearance of mountain ranges, walling off one area from another in the way that mountains will divide two states or countries. And that is what the parts of Colonsay suggest—separate states, separate territories. The northernmost of these areas is cut off from the rest of the island by a range that runs from coast to coast, and, from the summit of the highest hill, Carn an Eoin (the Bird Cairn), one looks far down into a remote green valley dotted with sheep and surrounded on its three other sides by high rock formations that shelter the valley from the sea. The name of this place is Balnahard. The "d" is silent. One family lives there,

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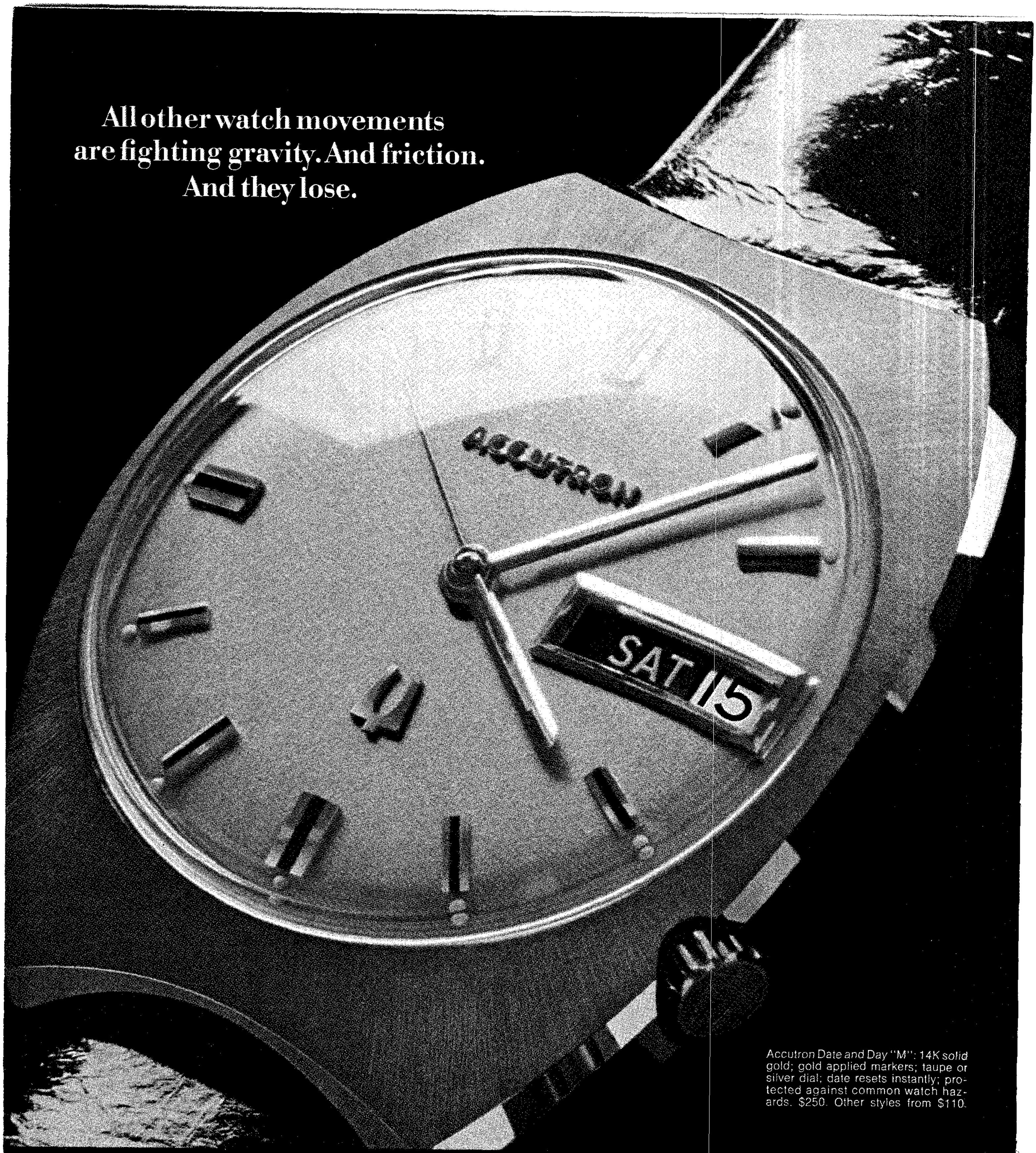

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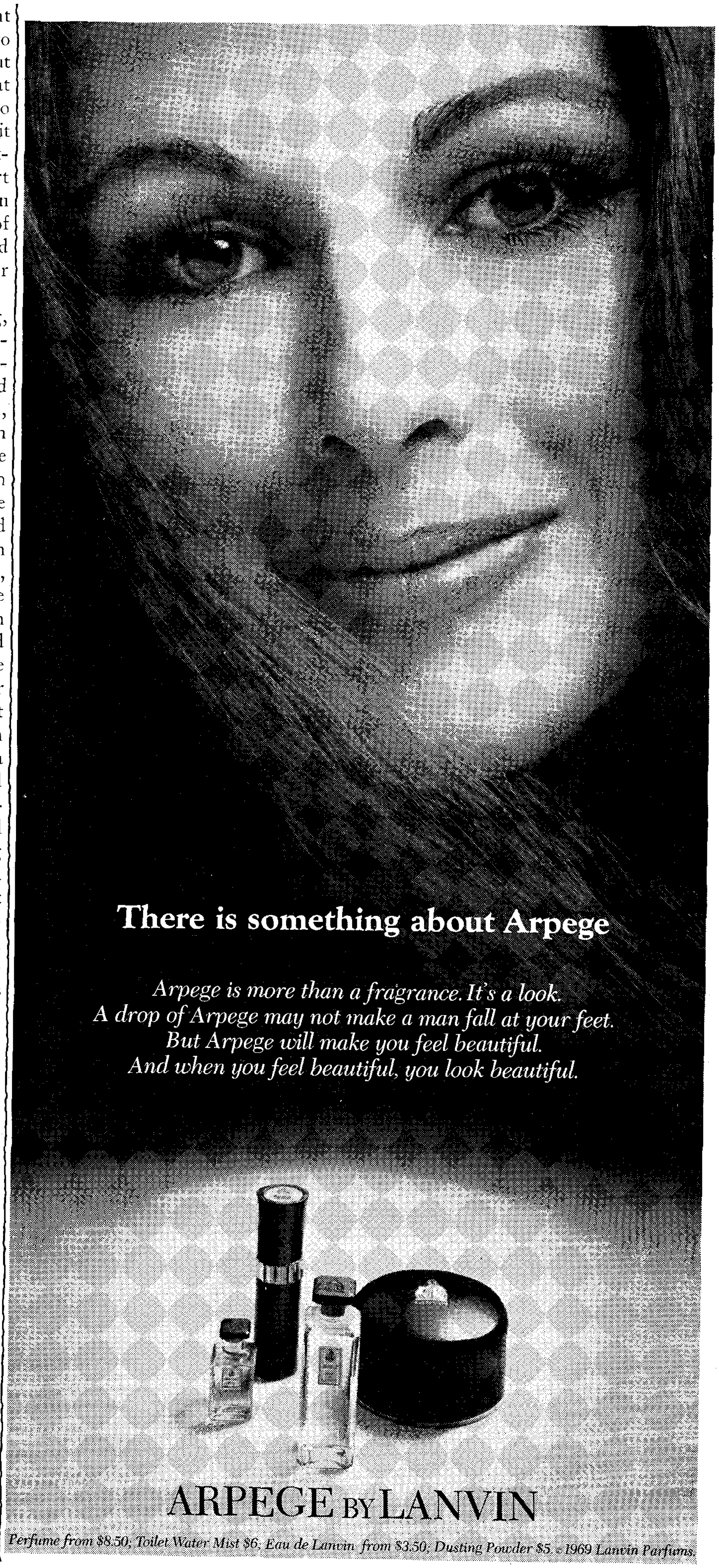
on twelve hundred and sixty-eight acres. The distance from Balnahard to the Ardskenish Peninsula is only about six miles, but it feels ten times that and, from Carn an Eoin, can appear to be. People on Colonsay sometimes visit one another for several days, in the expressed belief that they live too far apart for visits of shorter duration. When the doctor crashed into the house of Roger McIntyre, Roger McIntyre and his family had gone to Balnahard for the weekend.

Balnahard and Balavetchy, Uragaig, Kiloran, Kilchattan, Bonaveh, Scalasaig, Machrins, Balaromin Dhu, Balaromin Mor, Garvard, Ardskenish, and Oronsay are the whole of the island, north to south, and are also its thirteen original colonies. Oronsay, half the time, is an island itself, cut off at high tide by seven feet of water over a wide strip of sand. Most of the people and most of the island's structures are in Scalasaig (the doctor, the minister, Angus the Post, the inn, the store, the pier, the Church of Scotland) and in the crofting townships, Uragaig and Kilchattan (the "c" is silent), where Donald Gibbie lives. From freshwater lakes, streams trail out to the sea. At least three of the lakes are thick with trout. A fourth one has bass. It is a high tarn in a cup of the hills, called Loch a' Sgoltaire (Loch of the Cleaver), and in the center of it is a small island. The clansmen of Colonsay long ago built a fort on this island as a refuge from attacking MacLeans. Just beneath the water's surface, a causeway led out to the fort, but along such a zigzagging route that only an experienced foot could follow it. MacLeans fell off, sank in their chain-mail shirts, and drowned. Donald Gibbie told me that during the Second World War the old laird and his wife, Lord and Lady Strathcona, put all their family silver and jewels into a small boat one moonlit night and rowed out to the island in Loch a' Sgoltaire, where they buried their treasure against the possibility of the coming of a new invader. "Some say it is still there," Donald said, "but the Strathconas aren't made that way, I can tell you."

Almost every rise of ground, every beach, field, cliff, gully, cave, and skerry has a name. There are a hundred and thirty-eight people on Colonsay, and nearly sixteen hundred place names. In the time of the chiefs and before the age of formal crofting, men used to climb hills in the spring and decide who, this year, would use what pieces of ground, and where, at the water's edge, they would fish. Their eye



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for minor landmarks became acute—Murrach Mor (the Big Bent-Covered Hillock), Aodann Mor Thurnigil (the Big Rock Face at Twisting Gully), Teanga na Dubhaird (the Tongue of the Black Cape). All these names are preserved in the memories of the people (and also in a book compiled by the laird's uncle and on a map of the island six feet high, eight hundred and eighty feet to the inch, property of the laird). The names commemorate events, revive special interests and proprietary claims of lives long gone, and sketch the land in language: Caolas nan Locharnach (the Norsemen's Channel), Bogha nan Diurach (the Reef of the Jura Men), Bealach Pholl a' Ghlearain (the Pass of the Yellow-Rattle Pool), Gleann Raon a' Bhuilg (the Glen of the Baglike Plain), Sgeir na Tuathail (the Skerry of the North-Facing Creek), Sguid nam Ban Truagh (the Shelter of the Miserable Women), Teampull a' Ghlinne (the Temple of the Glen), Carraig Chaluim Bhain (Fair Malcolm's Fishing Rock), Carraig Ghill-easbuig Ruaidh (Red Archibald's Fishing Rock), Carraig Nighean Mhaol Choinnich (Bald Kenneth's Daughter's Fishing Rock), Carraig Sail nam Partan (the Fishing Rock of the Crabfish's Heel), Tobar a' Gharaidh Bhric (the Well of the Speckled Thicket), Tobar a' Bhainne Dheirg (the Well of the Red Trickle), Lodan Lobh (Foul Puddle), Port Lobh (Foul Harbor), Aoineadh Beag Ceann a' Gharaidh (the Little Terrace at the Head of the Dike), A' Chlach Thogalaich (the Lifting Stone), a boulder once used to prove the strength of young islanders, who were considered men when they could lift it (the custom ended fairly recently, when the better part of a generation developed hernias), A' Chloich Thuill (the Pierced Stone), which cured consumption if the sufferer walked around the stone three times reciting verses, then lay down in the incoming tide, Creag na Teasaiche (Fever Rock), Carragh Mhic a' Phi (McPhee's Standing Stone), Slochd Dubh Mhic a' Phi (McPhee's Black Gully), six different places called Leab' Fhalaich Mhic a' Phi (McPhee's Hiding Bed), Bun a' Bheithe (the Foot of the Birch Wood), Earr an Rudha Bhric (Extremity of the Speckled Point), Pairc Aonghais Ruaidh (Red Angus's Field), Lon Bata Shomhairle Leith (Gray Samuel's Boat Pool), Saobhshruth Eilean nan Corp (the Corpse Island Eddy), Eilean Ban Scalasaig (the Island of the Scalasaig Women), Clais nam Faochag (the

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Periwinkle Cleft), An t-Easan Dubh (the Little Black Waterfall), Poll Eadar da Pholl (the Pool Between Two Pools), Lochan a' Laoigh Bhain (the Little Loch of the White Calf), Laosnaig Ton-bhan (the White-Rumped Extremity), Uamh na Bantighearna (the Lady Cave), An Uamh Ghabhach (the Danger Cave), Tobhtachan Aonghais an Dobhaidh (the Ruins of the House of Boisterous Angus), Tobhta Dhonnchaidh an Oir (the Ruins of the House of Duncan of the Gold).

In Uragaig—seagirt Uragaig, cut off by mountains, like Balnahard—there is a jutting cliff that rises a hundred feet above the water, and the top of it is relatively flat and covered with grass. A fort stood there once—traceries of similar fortifications are on most of the principal headlands around the island—and the ramparts are now just heavy welts under the grass, kept visible by the nibbling of sheep. Beyond the ramparts, a pinnacle of rock reaches out from the escarpment like a bowsprit. On Sunday, in the course of a long and circuitous walk, Donald Gibbie stepped out onto this rock spar, turned around, and stood there for a minute or two on one foot. His wife begged him to get off, but he ignored her. He might have been a Mohawk on a high girder, and he seemed even less concerned than a Mohawk would be by the peril of his position. Grinning at his wife's worry, wind blowing in his face, he said that in an era when the island had been under the ownership of McNeill lairds, prior to the establishment of the present lairdship, this pinnacle of rock had served a ceremonial purpose. The McNeill lairds used to go out there every so often and stand over the sea on one foot, for long periods of time, to prove to man and nature that they were superior human beings.

Margaret said that she had heard the story often and believed no part of it.

Coming in off the arm of rock, Donald said, "If I tell a lie, a lie has been told unto me."

Margaret's face seemed to reflect a mixture of relief at Donald's return to safety and ridicule toward his story of the lairds. "It's wonderful, right enough," she said.

The McNeill lairds were McNeills of Gigha, another Hebridean island, and when they came, with their clansmen, they added their name to that of all the descendants of John of the Ocean, with the result that in modern times there is a high proportion of Mc-

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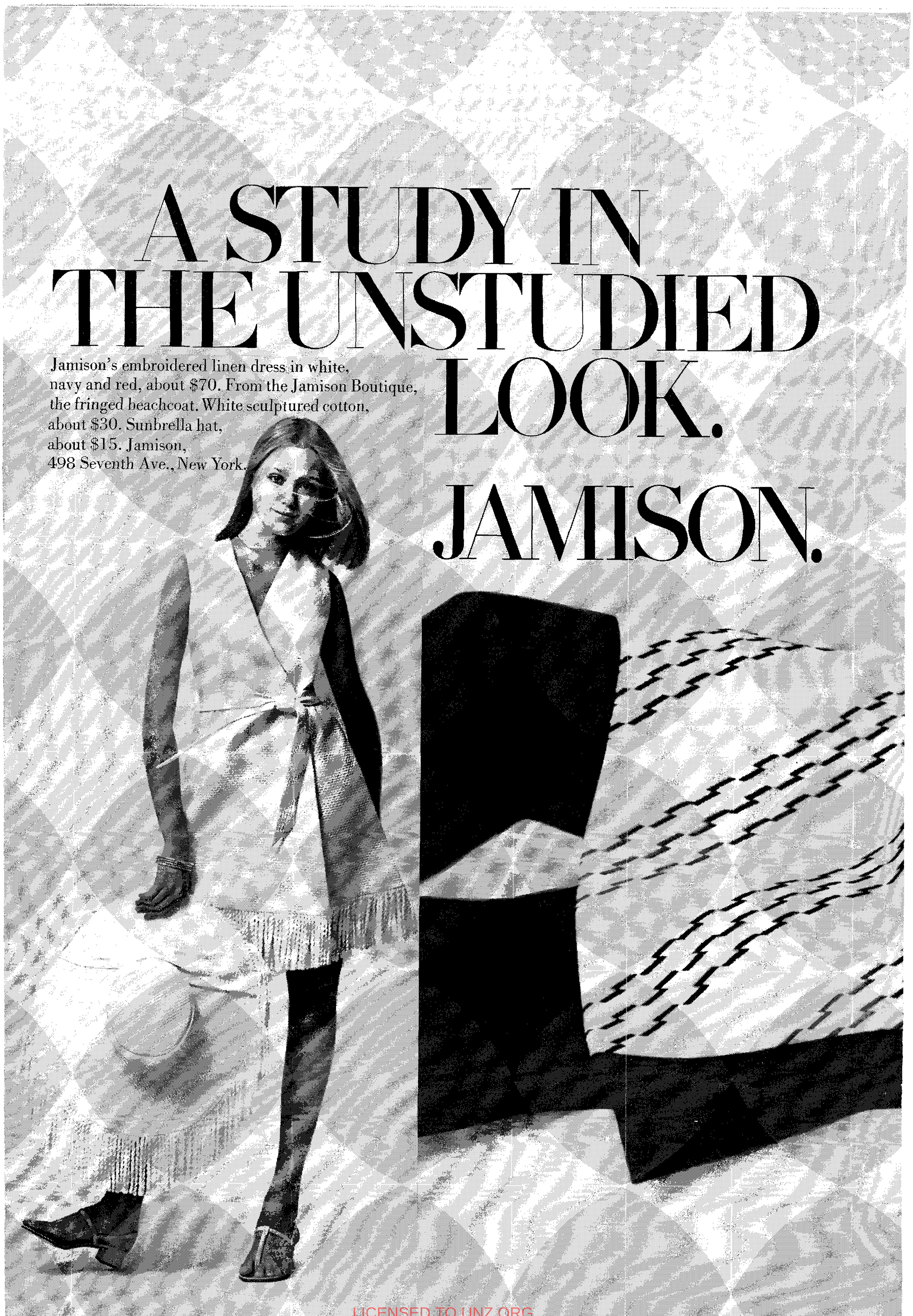
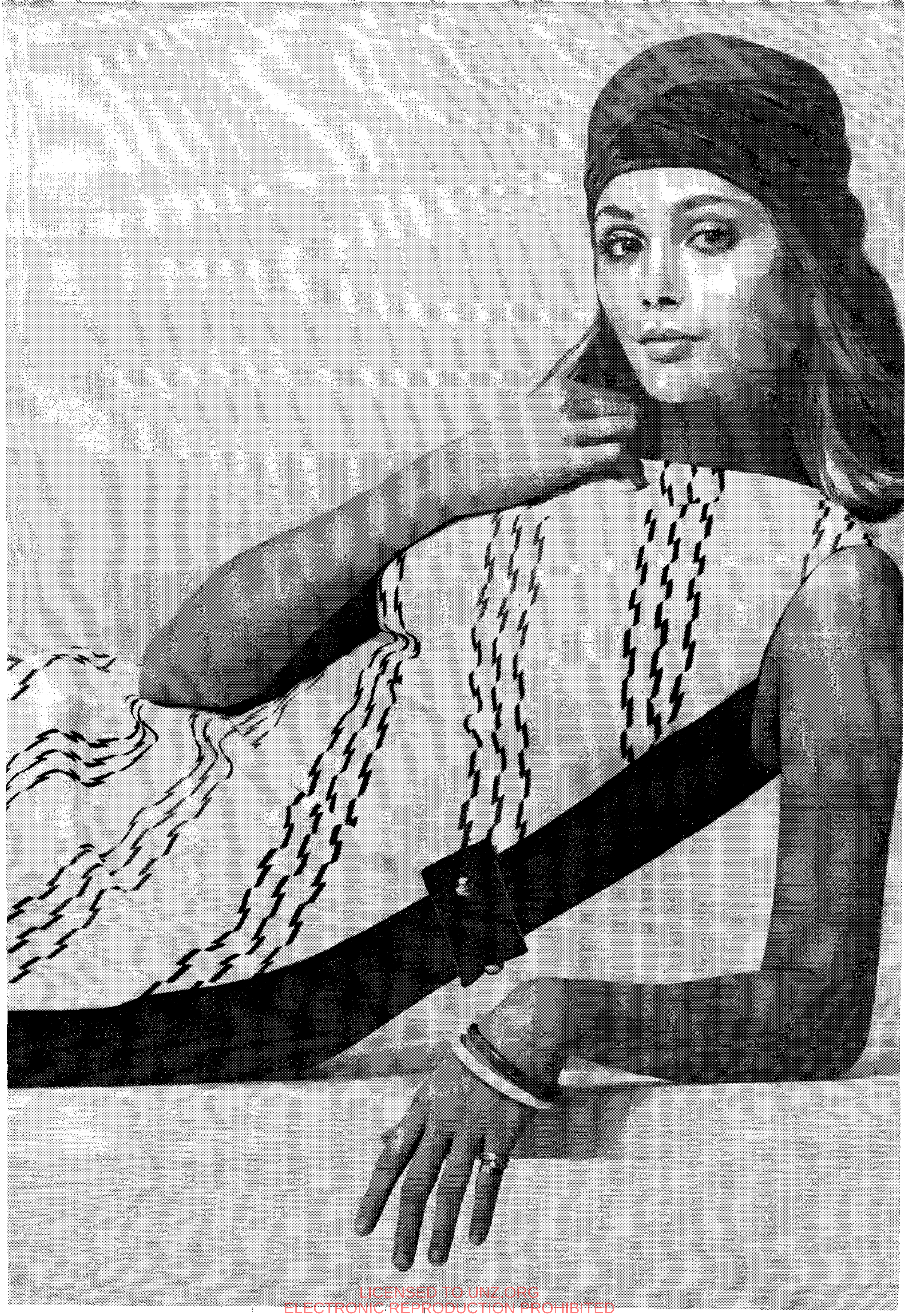
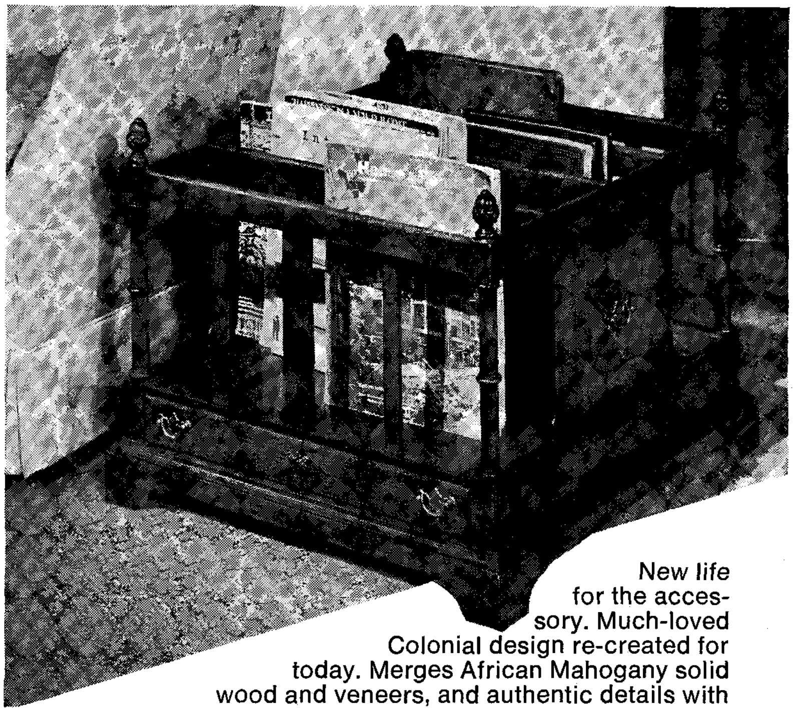




Neills (in variant spellings) in the population of Colonsay. There are now so many McNeills, in fact, that the name has become all but useless as a means of identification. In many instances it has been replaced in a manner that recapitulates some of the earliest beginnings of surnames. Donald MacNeill of Garvard, for example, is known throughout the island as Donald Garvard, and never as anything else. His wife, Joan, is Joan Garvard. Andrew Macneill of Oronsay is universally known as Andrew Oronsay. He happened to marry a MacNeill, Donald Garvard's sister Flora MacNeill, and she is now known as Flora Oronsay. Roger McNeill of Machrins is called Roger Machrins. His daughter Mary is Mary Machrins. Roger Machrins, an uncle of Donald Garvard and Flora Oronsay, is a first cousin once removed of Donald McNeill of Kilchattan, who is known as Donald Gibbie (son of Gilbert). He could not be known as Donald Kilchattan, because Kilchattan is a crofting township and there are a number of families and crofts there, while Oronsay, Machrins, and Garvard are worked only by single farming families. Donald Gibbie's grandfather Donald McNeill was a brother of Donald Garvard's grandfather Neil Ban McNeill, among whose sons was not only Roger Machrins but also Angus Balaromin Mor. All this is only a fragment of Donald Gibbie's chart of relatives. On the cliff in Uragaig, he said, "I think you may say that I am related to practically everybody on the island."

There are a number of McAllisters, too, and one Peter McAllister is known as Peter Bella, since he is married to a woman named Bella. She, in turn, is known as Bella Peter. Another Peter McAllister, a heavy young man, is known as Big Peter, or, alternatively, as Peter Mary Ann. Another Mary McAllister, a cousin of Peter Mary Ann, is called Mary Calum Coll—for her father, Calum, and her grandfather, Coll. Balnahard, incidentally, is farmed by an incomer, a Lowland Scot named Peter Kelly, who is known throughout the island as Peter Kelly. "With a name like that, he needs no nickname," says Donald Gibbie.

Just as Colonsay is a small continent, some of its men cut rather disproportionately prominent figures against the sky. Under the brooding absence of the laird, there are great men here, within their context—masters, for a few pounds' rent a year, of considerable domains, with an independence that must go beyond any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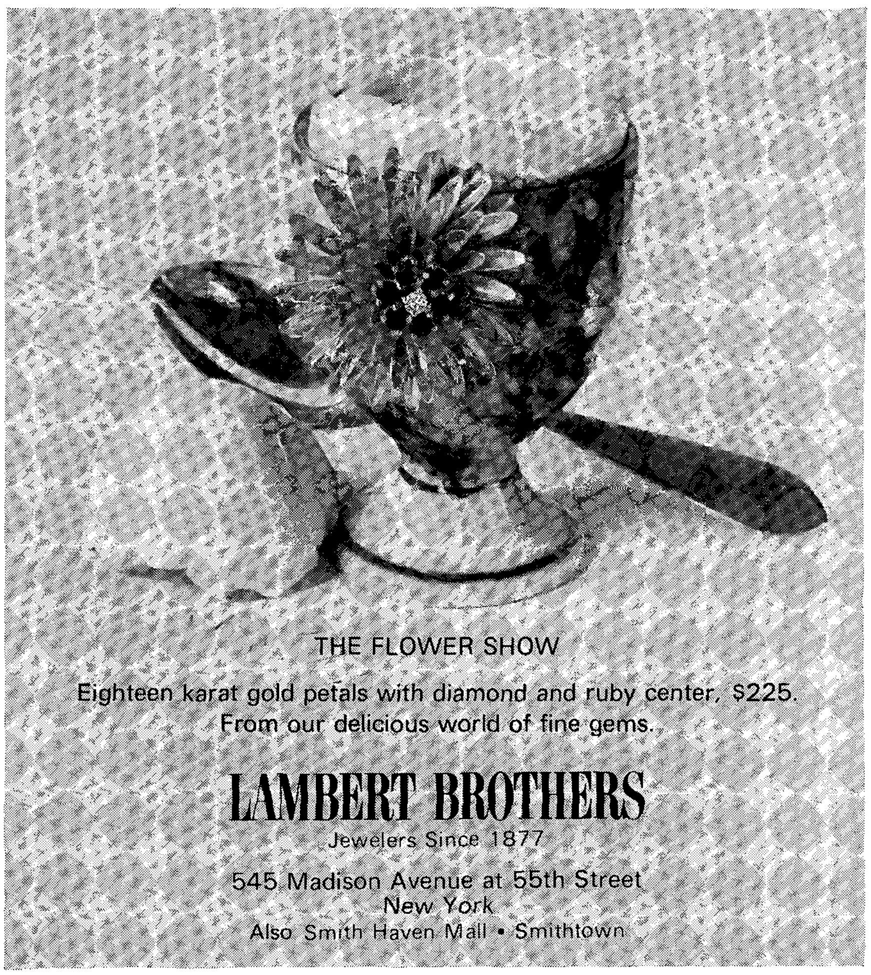
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usual sense of that word elsewhere, except on another remote small island. I have heard them say, with no note of daring or flippancy in their voices or of any doubt whatever, that there is nothing an incomer could teach an islander. In this world, it is true.

DONALD GARVARD—who is a big and powerful man, with speckled skin and a handsome, weathered face—strides alongside his two dozen beef cattle in a heavy mist on the grasslands of Balaromin Mor, reddish-gray-brown curly hair streaming out behind his knitted cap, a crook in his hand. He looks like an actor, and he talks like one, with a baritone greeting. He removes his cap. There is no hair beneath it. He has the most luxuriant fringe in Scotland. Resident in Garvard, he has long since annexed the grazings of Balaromin Mor, and he also works a croft in Kilchattan for an elderly aunt and uncle—in all, some fifteen hundred acres. Donald Garvard is probably the only farmer or crofter in the history of Colonsay who has gone to a public school. At Keil, in Dunbartonshire, he played second-row forward on the Rugby football club, and was a cruncher in the scrum against lads from places like Dollar and Glasgow Academies. In a sense, Keil was not his first boarding school, for he was born on Oronsay, the son of Calum Oronsay, and because of the problem of the isolating tides he took a horse on Sunday afternoons and went to Scalasaig, where he boarded with a family during the week so that he could go to the Colonsay school.

Around the age of fifteen, when he was at Keil, he developed a desire to become an actor. "I really had not an ambition but a yen to act," he has told me, and, regardless of what that distinction may have meant, he planned to go to London and to try to make his name in the West End. The Second World War came, and he went instead to western Canada, where he was trained as a Royal Air Force bomber pilot; and during one leave he made a pilgrimage to Hollywood, by car, hugging a cake of ice as he crossed the Nevada desert. The war years changed him, and when the war was over he weighed the London stage on the one hand and the life of Colonsay on the other, and he chose to go home. He took with him a young wife, a redhead like himself. He called her Joanie Pony. Born Joan Turnbull ("a turbulent border family"), she had been

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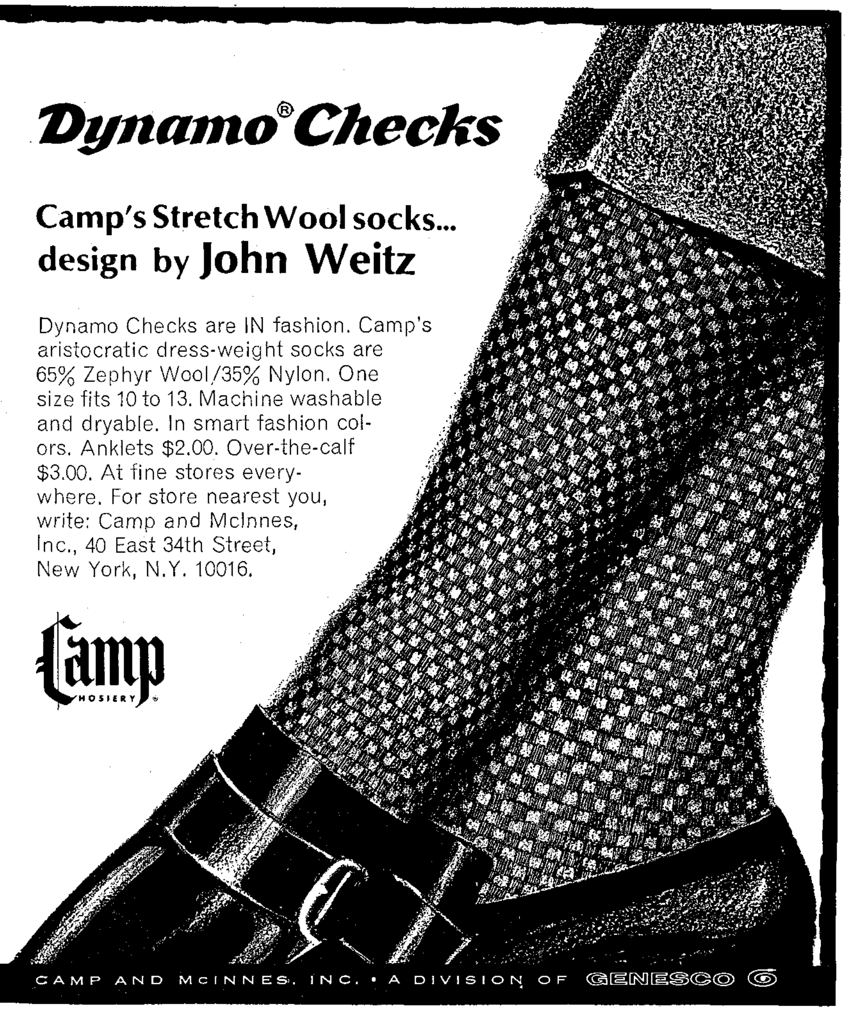

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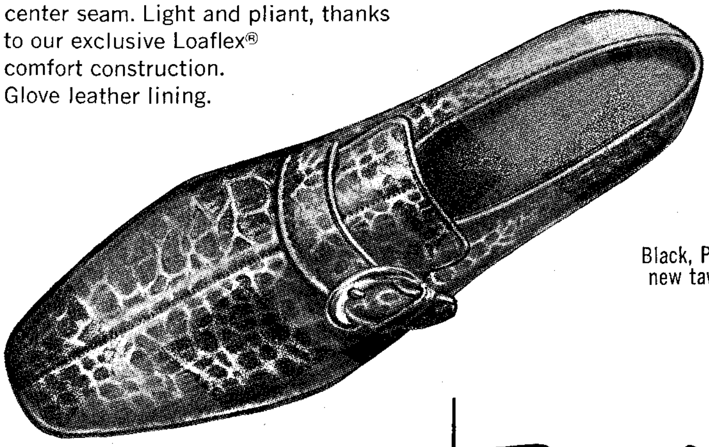

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working in the choruses of shows in Glasgow when they met.

"Pony and I came back and we set up a wee wooden house in Kilchattan," he said one day.

"We lived in a stable for two years," said Joan.

"Then Garvard became vacant," he went on. "The laird asked me if I would like to come here."

They raised two children (both now in secondary school on the mainland), and Joan Garvard learned Gaelic so well, and sang it so beautifully, that she nearly won a gold medal in the National Mod. She is an ample woman with an affectionate sense of humor and a gusty laugh. Donald Garvard meanwhile began to write poetry in Gaelic, and still does. But he feels hemmed in by it. "If you try to describe a day like this, what you see out on the hill, you have, in Gaelic, few adjectives," he complained. "I would like to have more. Anyway, I'm very happy with my Pony now, whipping around. Some days I'm at the absolute zenith of enjoyment, and the next day I'm at the absolute nadir of despondency."

Joan said, "That all depends whether you are manic or depressive."

They have twenty-five breeding cows and four hundred breeding ewes. They make money. "All the farms make money except Kiloran, the home farm," Donald Garvard said. "Oh, aye, we have an economic problem on this island. The new laird doesn't want to spend money here the way his father did. But you can judge him for yourself. He'll be here soon enough. The islanders' current fear is that they don't know what is going to happen to the island. The population has been cut in half in the past ten years. What we may need is a distillery. It would cost two hundred and fifty thousand pounds and it would employ no more than ten men, but it would occasion more steamers' coming to the island, and that would lower freight costs and fuel costs. I have a feeling that things will be all right. I would like to think that I could stay here until I die."

In a context of individualism, Donald Garvard is particularly individualistic, like his father, Colum Oronsay, who used to stir mayonnaise into his coffee. Donald Garvard sometimes wears shorts, polo shirts, and red slippers. If his feet are cold when he is visiting at someone's house, he will lie down on the floor and stick his legs into the oven. People around the island seem to talk about him more than they

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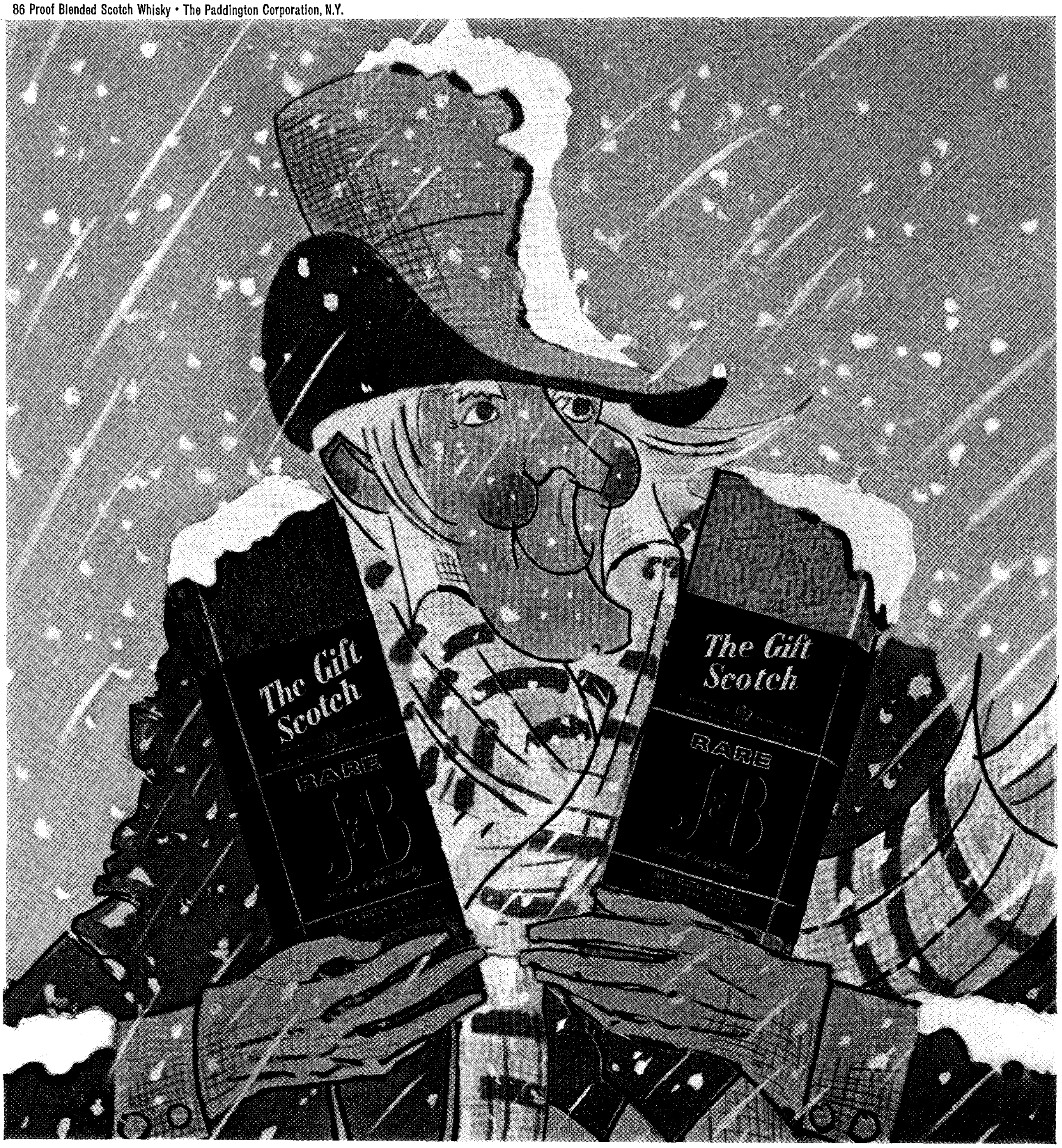
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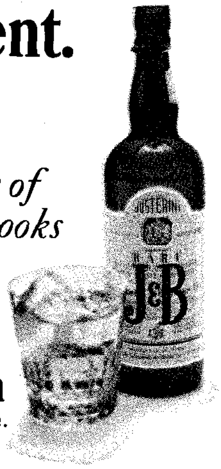
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"He has a strong, Highland sense of humor."

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"Aye, he has used his education to good purpose intellectually."

"I've had some quite deep philosophic talks with him—I mean, right down to it."

"On the other hand, Donald Garvard can be a bastard, and when Donald Garvard's got a bucket in him, he can be a pest of hell."

"Aye, he likes a tot of whisky."

"When he is halfway over, he is great company."

"He is the most friendly person on the island, but occasionally when he is in his cups he takes off his jacket to have a go with his fists."

"I think, between ourselves, that Donald Garvard married money. In fact, he did marry money, and when he's in his cups he makes no bones about it."

"That sounds a bit near the bone."

"Joan has a touch of the snob about her—and so does Donald Garvard."

"Joan out-islands many of the islanders."

"She is a better grammarian than Donald Garvard in Gaelic."

"They spend a great deal of money on tobacco and whisky."

"Aye."

"He is a constant actor, and should be on the stage."

"Donald Garvard used to go around in an old Glasgow taxi he had that was tied together with string and wire. One night after a gun-club shoot, when it was dark and he'd had a dram or two, he borrowed torches to use as headlamps, and he started for Garvard. The taxi went into a ditch, and the torches went out, by the hill at Milbuie. Donald ran up the hill. He says that he sometimes runs to stay upright. He kept on, and he was going over another hill, in Garvard, when he tripped in the heather, fell, and went to sleep. He awoke some time later and went on to his house. 'Is that you, Donald?' Joan called out. And he said, 'Aye.' And she said, 'Go milk the cow.' Donald sprayed milk from the udder in all directions and whitewashed the inside of the byre."

"Donald Garvard is a bit irre-

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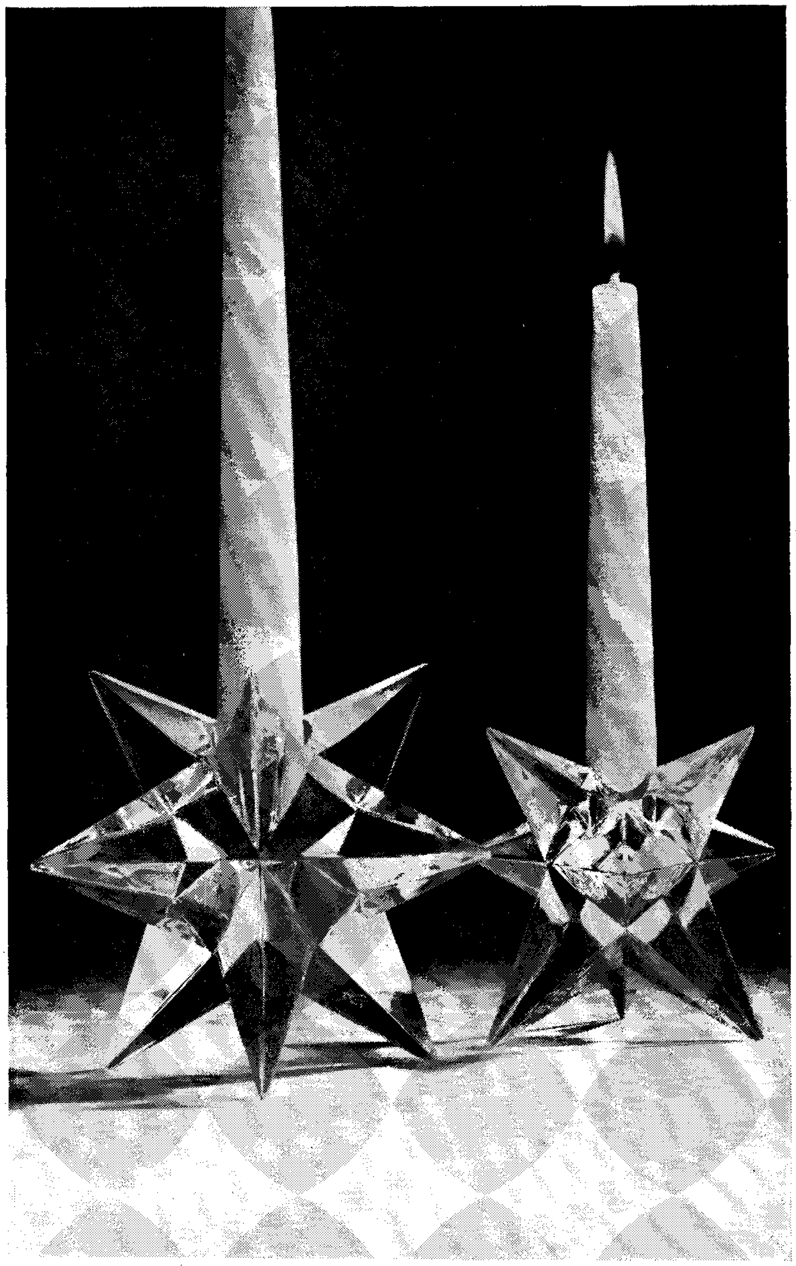

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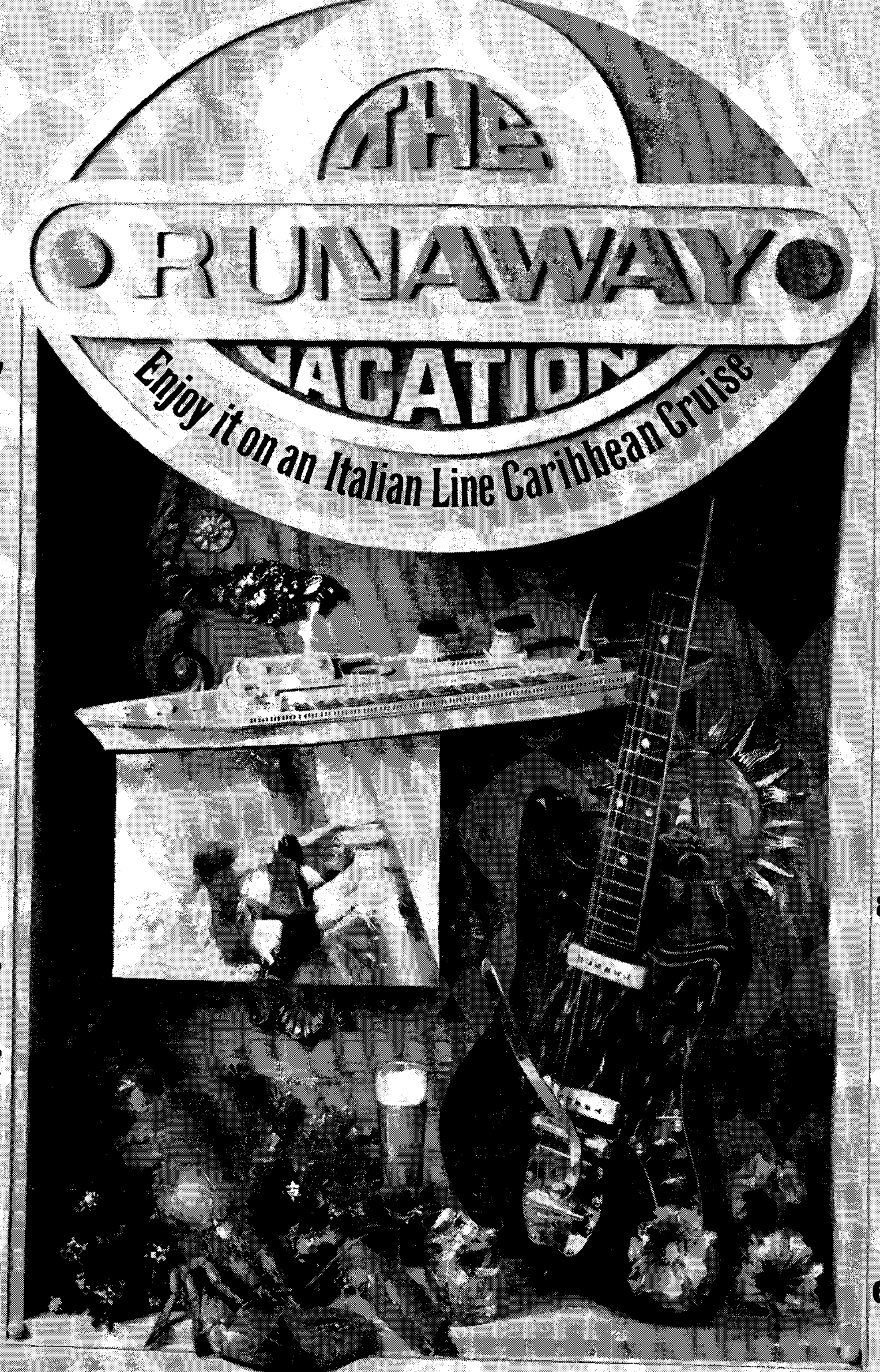
sponsible and will never make a good farmer."

I SAT one noon on a cliff near the top of Ben Oronsay, which rises prominently from the edge of The Strand, the amphibious acreage that separates Oronsay from Garvard and Balaromin Mor. In cold rain and cold sunshine, I ate a piece of lamb, some Islay Mini-Dunlop cheese, shortbread, and white chocolate, and looked to the south across a thousand acres of grazing land, flat and green and as isolated as Balnahard. The grazing, covered with sheep and cattle, was framed by converging rocky shorelines that met in a distant point, the end of the island. Beyond the tip, a small following drop, was Eilean nan Ron (Seal Island). Gray seals by the hundred are born there in late summer. It was among the skerries around this islet that the last Colonsay chief was found in hiding—his presence announced by seagulls screaming above his head—on the day that he was taken across The Strand to Balaromin Mor and killed. Just below the cliffs of Ben Oronsay, in shelter from northerly winds, a priory was built in the Middle Ages, and its chapels, halls, and cloisters are only partly gone. Stones were taken from the priory in more recent times for use in the construction, on adjacent ground, of Oronsay farmhouse and its steadings. As I looked down from the cliff, I saw, among the ruins of some of the most interesting ecclesiastical structures in the Hebrides, a man and two sheep dogs—the dogs black and lupine, part wolf, or so they seemed, and part collie. The man had a crook in his hand, a visored tweed cap on his head: Andrew Oronsay. I had not met him, but as he moved around below me, I remembered the things I had heard about him.

When people talk about Andrew Oronsay, the stories usually reflect their considerable regard for the diversity of his skills and talents, and the finesse with which he applies them. Affectionately remembered is the day when Andrew almost drowned the factor—Findlay the Factor, who is no longer on the island. It is recalled, as well, that Andrew was an expert in unarmed combat during the Second World War. He is said to be an excellent Highland dancer. And during the bygone era of the annual sheep-dog trials—the dogs had to go through three sets of gates, around their owners, and into pens—Andrew Oronsay's dogs traversed the course so fast and so faultlessly that they always won and eventually made the competition irrelevant. As a speaker of two tongues, Andrew Oronsay is credited with eloquence in both, and in Gaelic or English he is said to be as facile with coarse words as with smooth ones. The summer guests at the inn in Scalasaig tend to be energetic women in their fifties and sixties, mainly from Glasgow and Edinburgh, with powdery hair and walking sticks; and almost all of them sooner or later visit Oronsay Priory. When these women tire of looking at Celtic crosses and beautiful tombstones with hinds and hounds and swords and galleys and twining ivy in relief, they look at Andrew Oronsay. They lean on stone fences or stand in the doorway of his threshing shed and sometimes attempt to communicate with him as he performs the business of his farm. Some of Andrew's friends say that although he is ordinarily a polite and gracious man he does not like people watching him as he works, and when people do watch him he swears lightly at first, letting the words patter around just under his breath, and then, after a time, he gets the words up there on his breath at a high mutter, and, with a little more time, a little more watching, the language rises and eventually breaks into a thoroughgoing crescendo that drives all the women back up the road, stilting along like scared blue herons.

One other talent is frequently mentioned. In any place as small and remote as Colonsay, it is unusual in modern times to find someone who can play the great Highland bagpipes even competently, let alone well, and it is thus almost unbelievable that there lives on the island—in a population of a hundred and thirty-eight—a piper of the magnitude of Andrew Oronsay. He once lived on the mainland, and although he is too modest to admit it he is said to have played at the launching of the R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, at Clydebank, and to have been singled out for congratulations by the Queen Mother. Pipers have genealogies, lines of pedagogical ancestry, that are as important to them as bloodlines may be to others. A piper schooled in classical *piobaireachd*—or *ceol mor*, the purest expression of Highland bagpipe music—can listen to another piper and say accurately who his teachers were and who, in turn, taught the teachers. A Scottish bagpiper might be traced to, say, the Macintyres of Atholl or to the



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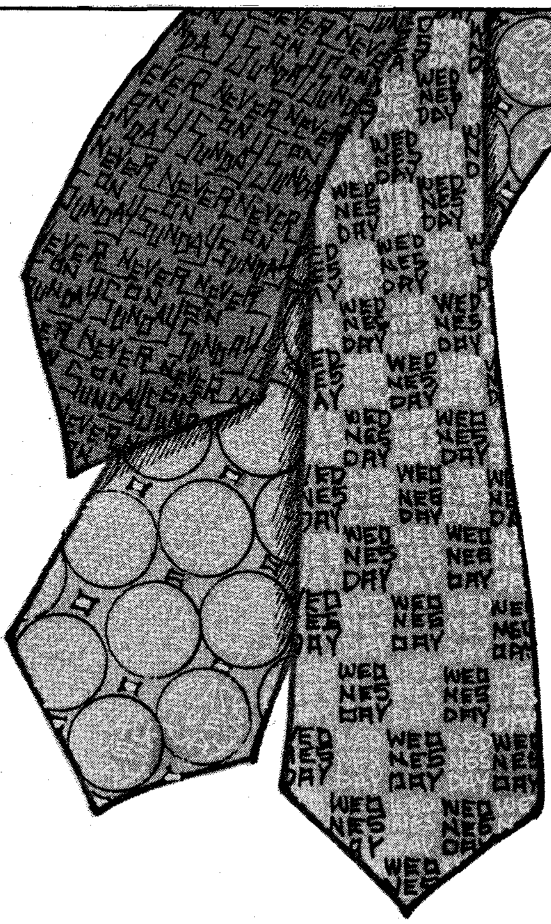

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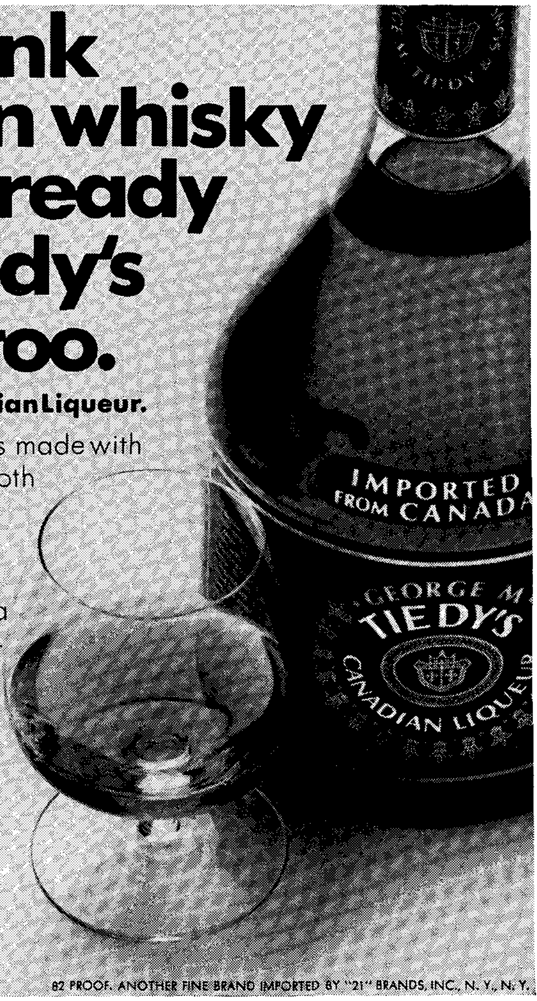

82 PROOF. ANOTHER FINE BRAND IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

Rankins of Duart and Coll, but he can have among his aesthetic forebears no greater men than the MacCrimmons of Skye, hereditary pipers to the MacLeods of MacLeod. Donald Mor MacCrimmon, born in 1570, taught his son, Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, who taught *his* son, Patrick Og MacCrimmon, who felt that his father and grandfather were guilty of ever-increasing excessive embellishment and therefore purified what he had learned by stripping it down to classical standards that have stood for nearly three hundred years. Pipers, in the era of the clans, were so important that they were given servants to carry the pipes. Patrick Og MacCrimmon taught John Dall Mackay of Gairloch, a blind piper ("*dall*" means "blind") who died in 1754, eight years after Culloden and as many years after the playing of the great Highland bagpipes had been declared an act of treason. John Dall Mackay had already taught his son, Angus, and this Angus Mackay, treason immaterial, later taught John Mackay of Raasay, who was born in 1767, twenty-one years after Culloden. John Mackay of Raasay, who was a clansman but not any sort of immediate relative of his teacher, passed along his craft and art to his son, Angus Mackay. By now, piping was in open and ceremonial revival, with much made of it by the Highland Society of London, in memory of the clans. Felix Mendelssohn was imitating the sound of the pipes in his "Scotch Symphony." And Angus Mackay eventually became piper to Queen Victoria. He also went insane, and finally drowned himself in an asylum. ("There are," someone once said to me, "a lot of wee stories about them all.") One of the first to record the *ceol mor* in staff notation, Angus Mackay had also been the teacher of Donald Cameron. Donald Cameron taught Alexander Cameron, who taught John MacDougall Gillies, who taught Robert Reid, who taught Andrew Oronsay.

I made my way down from the cliff to meet him. He was a short man with a round, weather-reddened face. He looked youthful, although his hair was gray. He had a mustache. His eyes were blue and quick and bright, but they turned aside at times in shyness. When I introduced myself to him, he spoke in an extraordinarily soft voice and said that he was glad that I had come for a wee visit, for he had heard of me from his brother-in-law, Donald Garvard, and also from Donald Gibbie. "You're wet and cold," he

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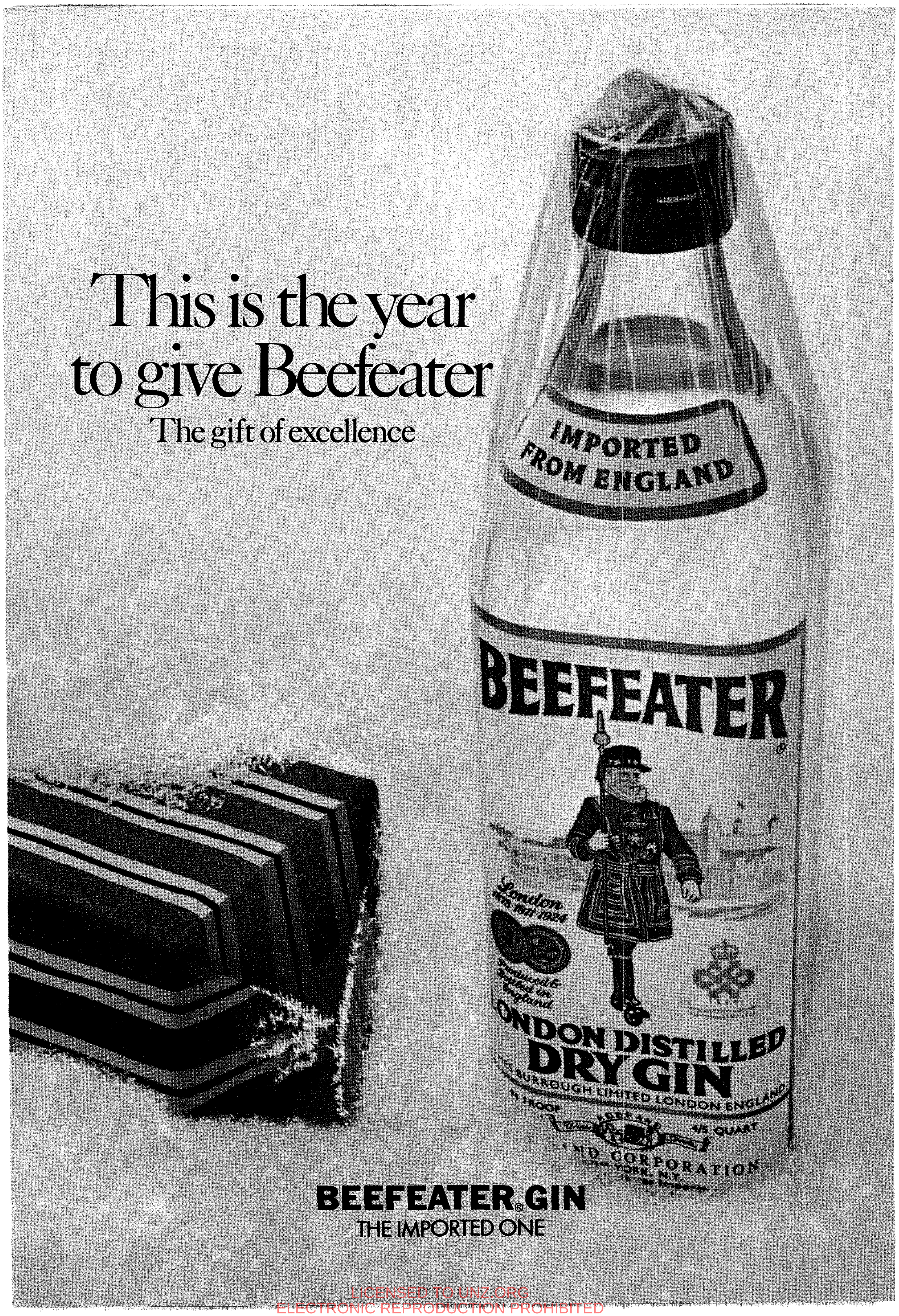
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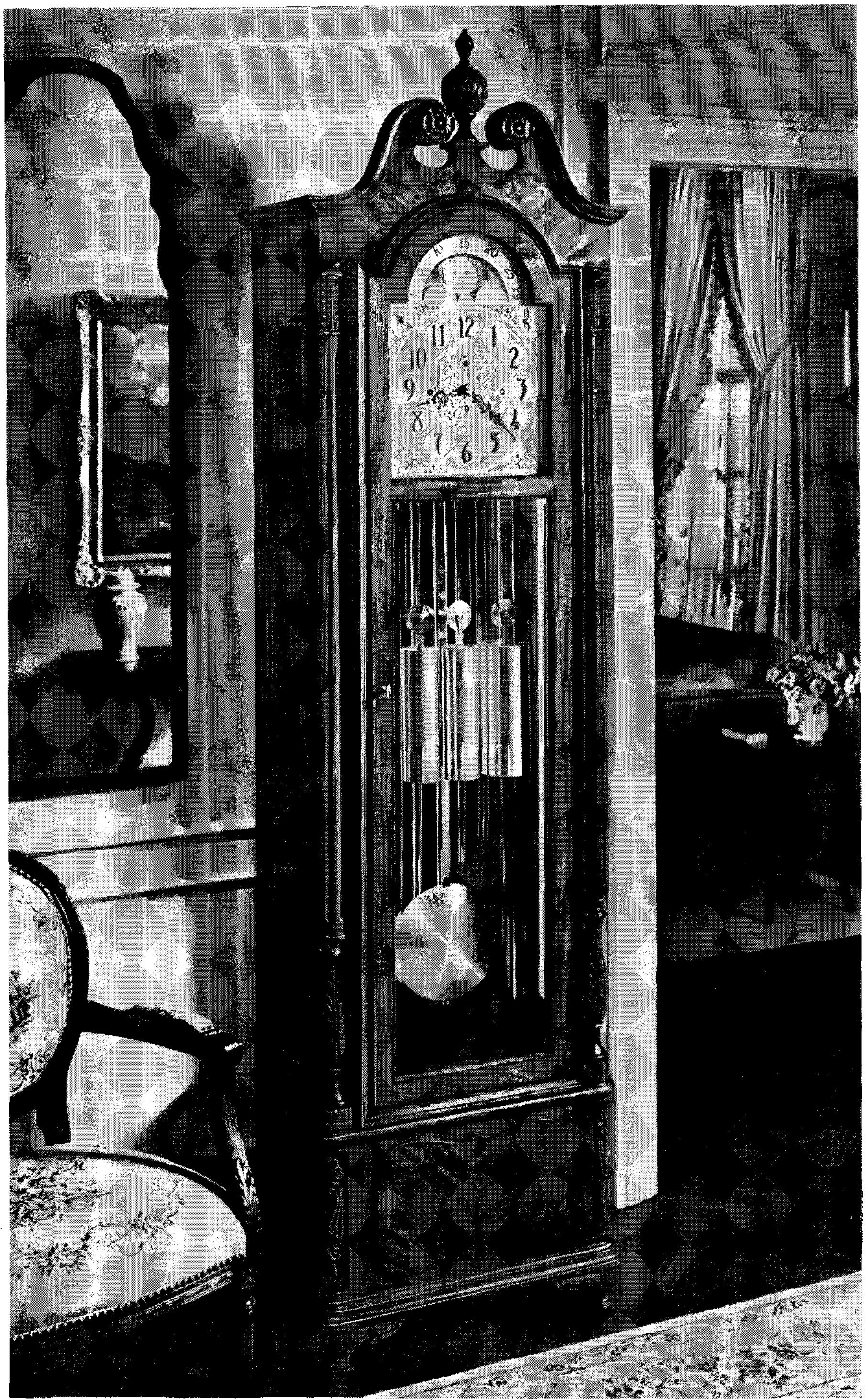
said. "You must come in and dry off and have a cup of tea."

The legs of my trousers were soaked from the high heather and the patches of mushy ground that I had gone through on my way up Ben Oronsay. The water had gone down inside my boots. I was shivering, so I followed him without trying to disclaim what he said. I told him that I thought his sheep dogs, which circled us as we walked, were fine-looking animals.

"They're intelligent, anyway," he said. "You can speak to them and tell them there are three sheep in a certain place, and they will go and get them. But the price of their intelligence is that every so often they go mad and kill sheep. Not terribly long ago, two of them—not these two—killed forty in one night."

The path he followed curved along the low stone fence of the graveyard by the priory church, whose walls were still standing, with tufts of grass growing high above the ground from chinks in the rotting stone. The church was roofless, like most of the other buildings, but the mullions in its principal window were still intact, and they divided three lanciform lights, tall and slim. In the graveyard were two Celtic crosses. Andrew said that one cross dated only to the sixteenth century but that the other had been carved in the ninth century. Bits of headstones and tombstones were scattered all over the graveyard, having become disengaged long since from the turf that covered the bones they once commemorated. "This place is full of your people," Andrew said. "Would you like to see the best stones? They were taken away and put under shelter." He crossed to the far side of the priory and went into a building that had once been the barn and byre, and had been given a new roof some forty years ago so that the slabs of the dead could be preserved there. The tombstones were spaced out on the floor in long rows, each stone about six feet long and covered with carving in relief. Andrew showed me the one that he thought was the most beautiful. It was the tombstone of the chief who was killed by the MacLean arrow in the cave—or "black gully"—that still bears his name. The stone showed a stag surrounded by dogs, and a griffin, and below that a sword garlanded with foliage, and below that a galley in full sail. Andrew said that the ship and the sword had traditionally represented the Lords of the Isles, and *only* the Lords of the Isles—something that no man of Colonsay had ever come near to being. "But at the time



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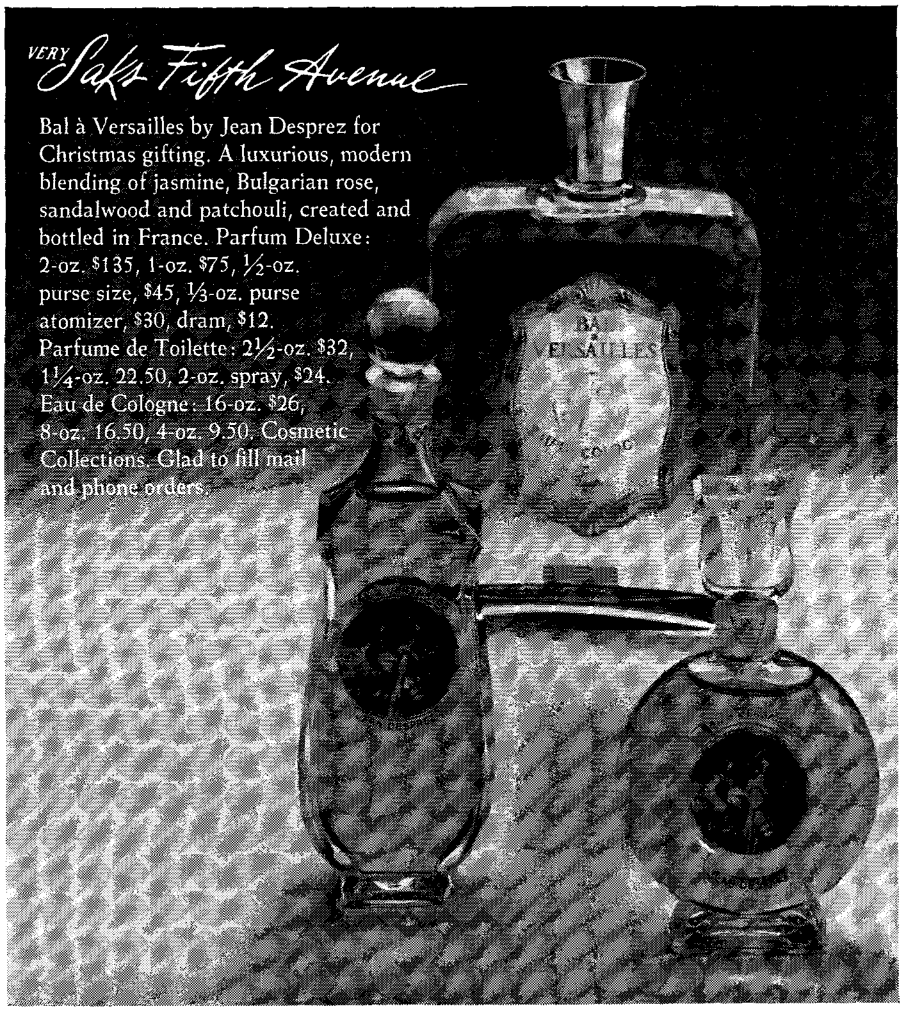

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of this one's death," he said, "there was some dubiety as to who actually was the Lord of the Isles, so he nipped in smartly and put the galley and the sword on his tombstone."

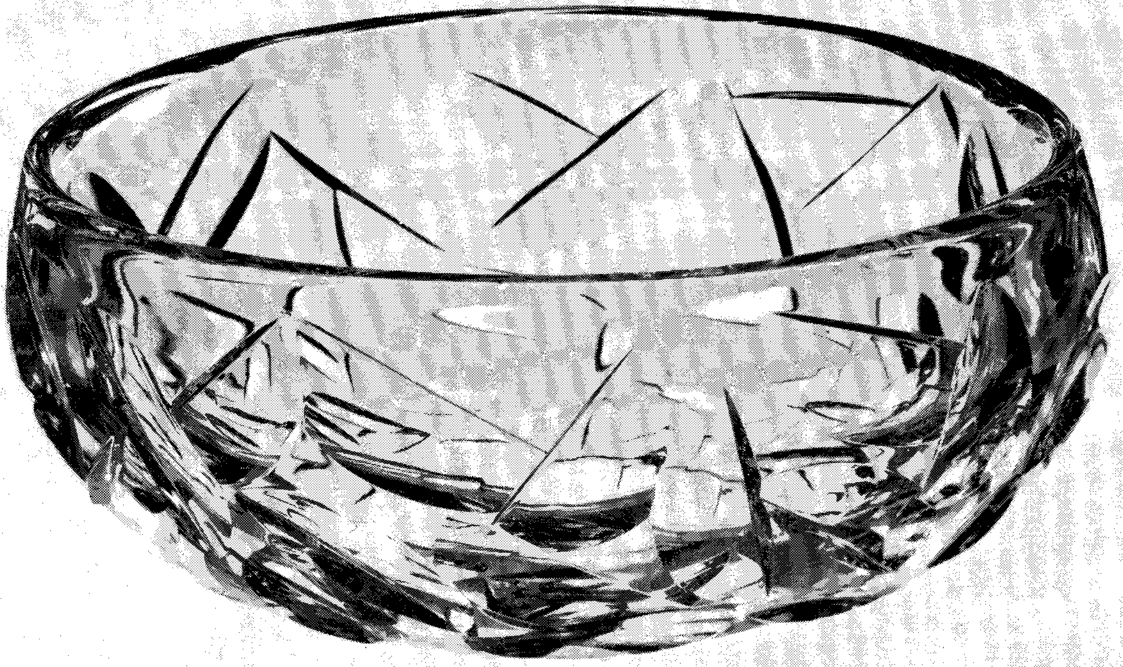
I told Andrew that even in recent times there had been people in my family who would do things like that.

"Are there many Highland people in your area?" he said.

I thought of some people I had known—Roger MacLean, Audrey MacPherson, Laura MacMillan, Russ McNeill, David McAlpin, Robbie Campbell, Jim Cameron, Corning Chisholm, Ruth Mackay, Godfrey MacDonald—and I said, "Some, I guess. To tell you the truth, I have never really thought of them that way."

Five pictures hung on the walls of Andrew's sitting room. Two, in handsome frames, were of sheep. A third, even more handsomely mounted, was a portrait of a sheep dog. The two others were striking photographic reproductions of rubbings from Oronsay tombstones, including the one of the chief who had tried to nip in on the Lordship of the Isles. Andrew gave me woollen socks and a pair of trousers, and when I had changed from my own socks and trousers his wife spread them over a chair by a coal fire to dry. Flora Oronsay, a solid and attractive woman, had the auburn hair of her brother, Donald Garvard, and the same easygoing, affable manner. Flora and Andrew were married in 1947, I would eventually learn, and the wedding party crossed at low tide to Oronsay for the reception and stayed for twelve hours, wandering back across The Strand at the next low tide, weaving and swaying in the heavy mists in the small hours of the morning. For five years, Flora and Andrew had run The Shop, in Scalasaig, and had then taken over at Oronsay, where, now, the sole inhabitants are the two of them and her mother, Ina Oronsay, a strong and constantly grinning woman of ninety. They live on some fourteen hundred acres, cut off by hill and tide, and when I first visited them the two women had not crossed The Strand, had not gone even to Garvard, let alone to Scalasaig, for the better part of a year.

Flora and Ina Oronsay set dinner on the kitchen table. The tea Andrew had mentioned was supplemented by eggs, sausages, pancakes, scones, and round slices of bread that had been baked in a tubular tin, which had once held the dried milk that is shipped from the mainland to the school. The women of Colonsay are bakers of great skill,



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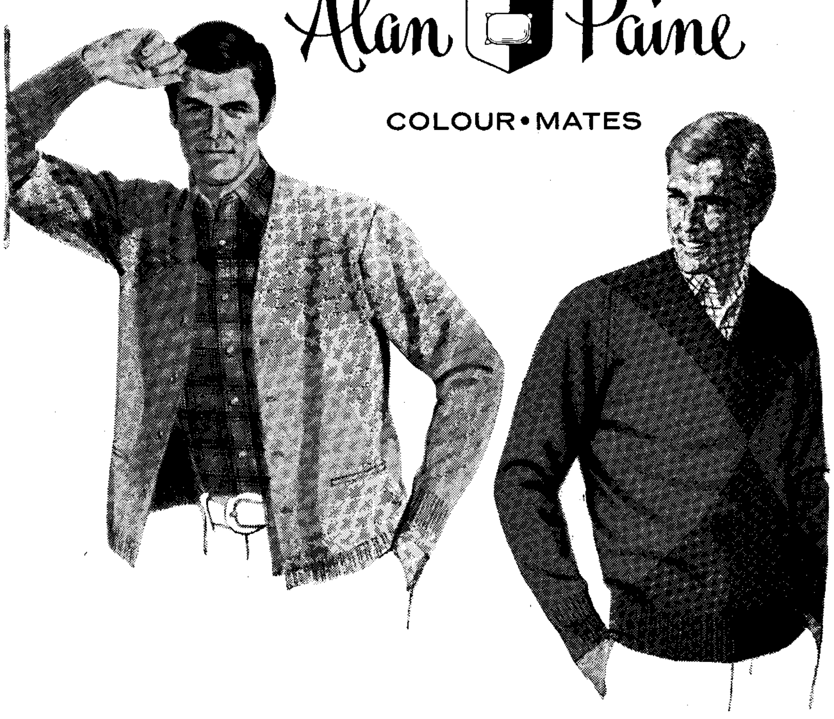

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and they have to be, because they are so far from the nearest baker's shop. In any Colonsay house, at least six meals are served each day, and into the people and their visitors go an incredible number of drop scones, blueberry scones, oven scones, girdle scones, potato scones, pancakes, spongecakes, creamcakes, oatcakes, chocolate cakes, mince pies, Madeira cakes, rock cakes, and clootie-dumpling fruitcakes. That particular day, I tried to excuse myself by saying that I had only recently eaten my lunch, but that made no impression, and I was soon inflated with scones.

While we ate, I asked Andrew if he found island farming profitable enough, and he told me that it was all right but nothing more, that he had six hundred and thirty sheep, thirty cows, and a bull, and that his sales of calves and lambs had brought him thirteen hundred pounds the previous year. "It is easy to be romantic about the Highlands," he said. "People from the mainland come here in the summer and say what a free and open country life it is, but when they come here for a winter and get a little mud up their backs, the romantic part of it is all over. It's difficult to keep people interested in the islands."

I remarked that his pastures looked beautiful just now.

"It's rough-grazing," he said. "The word 'pasture' to me conveys something more succulent than what we have here."

Toward the end of the meal, his wife asked me, "Do many Highland people live where you do?"

I told her what I had earlier told Andrew.

Andrew said, "Do many pipers live near you?"

And I said, "No. We hear them in parades once in a while, and in Scottish shows in Madison Square Garden."

"The Black Watch played the pipes in President Kennedy's funeral," he said. "I have heard a record of it, and they did not play well."

After a moment, I said, "As a matter of fact, I haven't heard any pipers on Colonsay."

"I used to play," he said. "But I don't play much anymore."

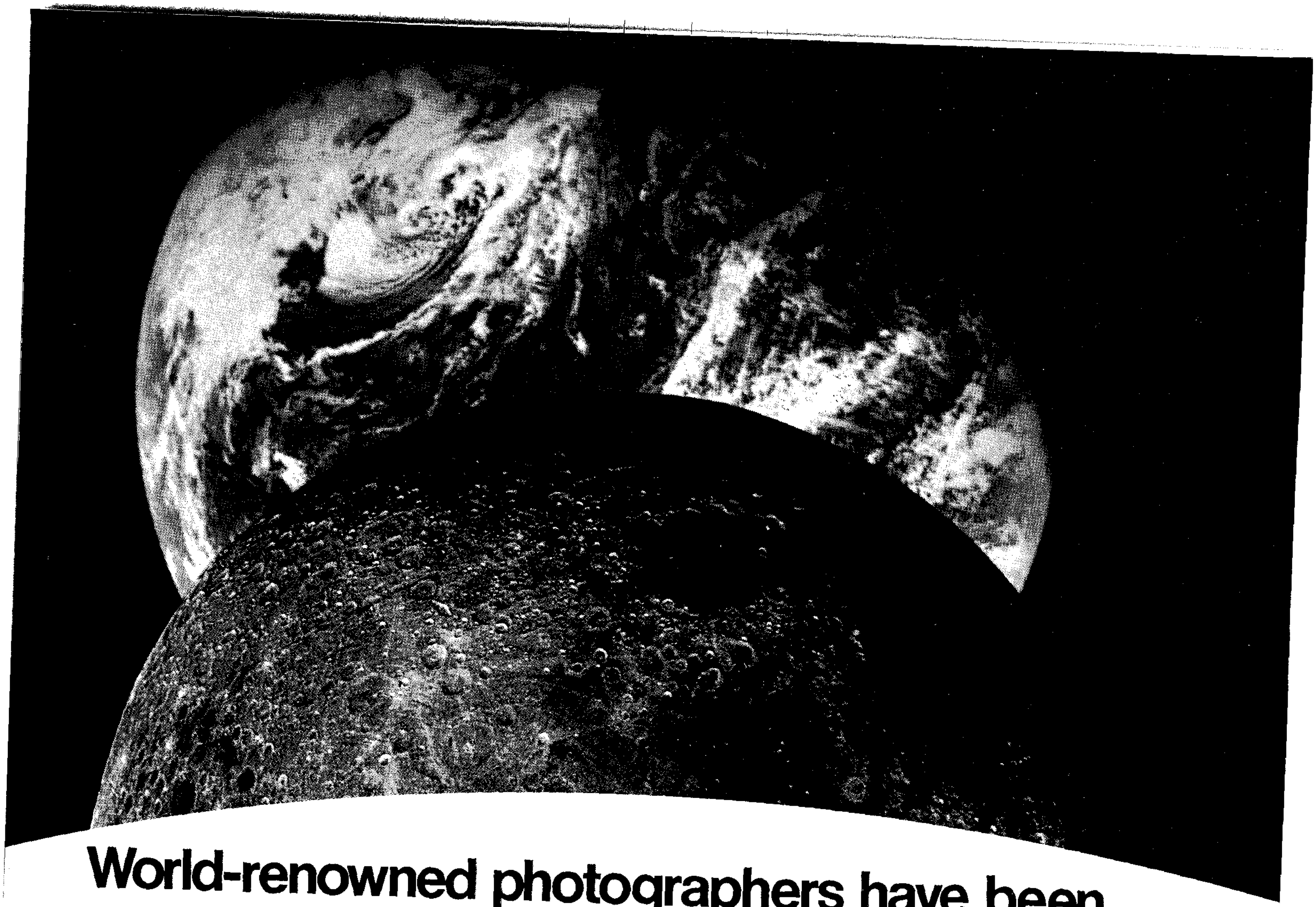
"I've been told that you are quite good," I said.

"Och, they tell stories," Andrew said. "I haven't played in months—years."

Flora and Ina Oronsay laughed. I said I hoped to hear a piper sometime.

"Would you like a wee tune?" he said, looking past me and into the floor.

From another room he brought his



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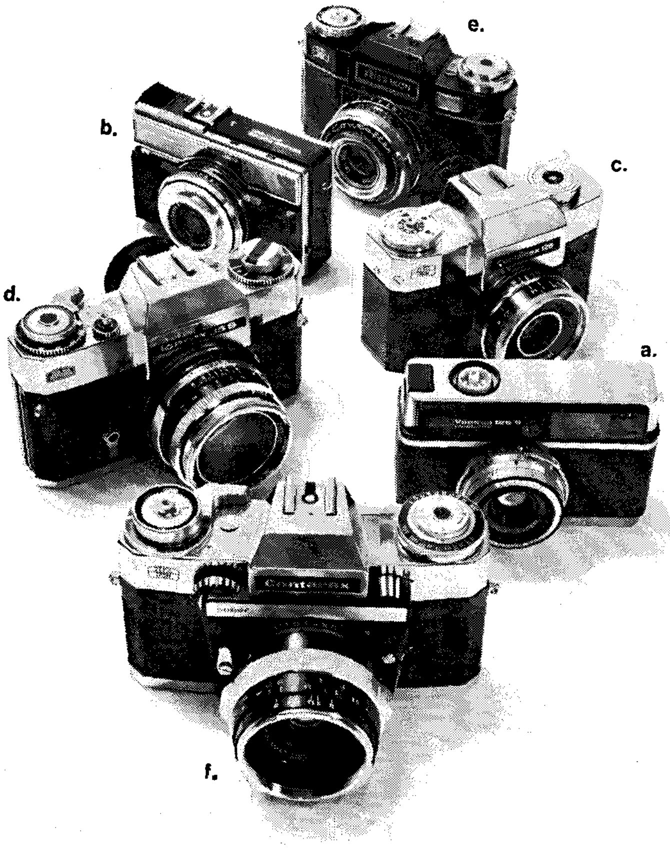

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pipes, and he assembled them in the kitchen, the metal surfaces of each one being as clear as mirrors. They fitted together with lathed threads, like the tubes of some precision instrument, which, in a sense, they were. Andrew then filled the bag with air and stepped into the stone-surfaced courtyard outside his kitchen door. The sun was shining again. The first sound was a giant monotone—the basic air release—and it was a sound that seemed big enough to scatter clouds. Then melody rode over the top, high lingering notes coming so slowly that they seemed to be growing from the pipes. Andrew, with a look of pained concentration, turned slowly as he played, clockwise, his face in sun and then in shadow. He was playing "Over the Sea to Skye," and when he finished that he played "The Road to the Isles." A scruffy black-and-white cat crouched beside him. His shepherd's crook leaned against the garden wall behind him.

When he had finished, we went back to the sitting room, where he disassembled the pipes and, while he did so, told me that the bagpipe as an instrument had not changed since the seventeenth century, that the high era of bagpipe composition had passed before 1800, and that the Courts of Justice had once ruled that a man carrying bagpipes was a man carrying a weapon—so inspiring was the music of the pipers to the clans in battle. He said that *ceol mor* consists of traditionally structured themes and groundwork, to which individuals attach their own variations, and that young pipers often exasperate him because they leave out fundamental elements. He showed me his basic text of *piobaireachd*, "The Kilberry Book of Ceol Mor." As I turned the pages slowly, he hummed some of the tunes that went by, and the tunes he was humming were so sad, beautiful, lilting, and melodic that I found myself wondering if, when these themes emerged from the great Highland bagpipes, Andrew could hear something that I could not. My ear is not a good one for the sound of the pipes. The possibility crossed my mind that there might be some congenital difference in the architecture of our ears. Perhaps he had a double, a triple, a braided auditory nerve that evolution had prepared for the piper alone. My ear, on the other hand, was more than receptive to the sound of the names of the great *ceol-mor* tunes that were now passing before me on the pages of the book, and I remember thinking that if I was deprived of some of the magic of the sound of the pipes I could

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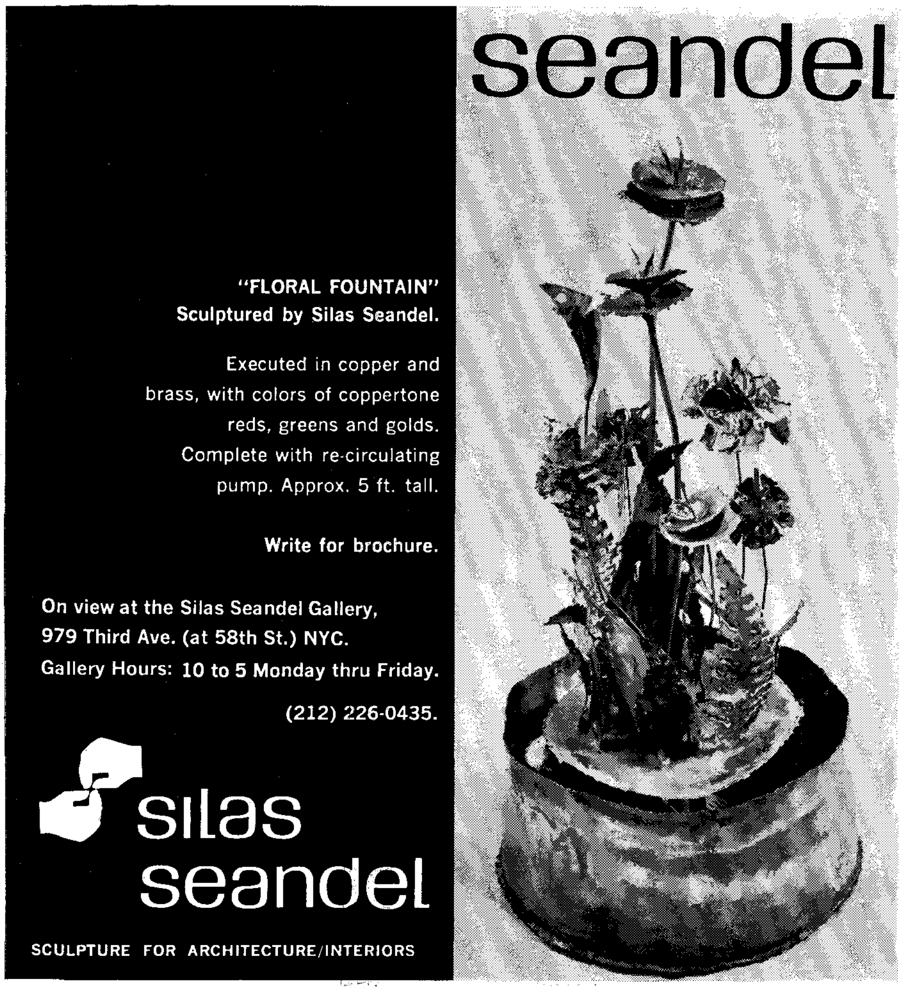
hear at least the roll of the titles—"The Lament for Red Hector of the Battles," "MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart's Lament," "Salute on the Birth of Rory Mor MacLeod," "The Glen Is Mine," "In Praise of Morag," "Clanranald's Salute," "Lady Margaret MacDonald's Salute," "The Battle of the Pass of Crieff," "The Battle of the Bridge of Perth," "The Lament for Donald Ban MacCrimmon," "The Sound of the Waves Against the Castle of Duntroon."

I had crossed to Oronsay as the tide was going out, and it was now time for me to leave. From his house, Andrew can tell by watching a certain point on the western shoreline how much time a visitor has before it is too late to recross The Strand to Balaromin Mor. He said he would give me a ride partway on his tractor, and asked if I would like to have a look inside the church and the cloisters before I left. The church was floored with turf and a ram was grazing there. Andrew said that it was generally thought that St. Columba had established the priory in the sixth century, and that most of the present structures had been built on the same site by John, Lord of the Isles, in the fourteenth. Grass grew deep in the cloisters, among three rows of triangular arches and one row of semicircular arches, serene and intact. As we were going out, Andrew bent over and picked up a human occipital bone. "One of yours, I expect," he said, and handed it to me. Holding it, I felt nothing more than, perhaps, an affectionate curiosity. Since that day, though, I have found that that moment in the cloister has not left my mind, and that the touch of the grasses, the wet cool of the air, and even the inscriptions on the arches—"*Celestinus Canonicus Huius Operis*"—are more distinct in memory than they seemed to be at the time. I set the occipital piece on a ledge in the cloister wall where there was a small pile of other human bones. "Tidying up a bit," Andrew said.

"Yes, tidying up," I said, and we went to the tractor.

He let me off at a place in the middle of The Strand where a stone cross had once stood, engulfed half the time, but half the time appearing as a sign to anyone who sought sanctuary at the priory. Fugitives from metropolitan Colonsay were beyond pursuit and in utter safety once they passed what became known as the Sanctuary Cross. Only a few broken stones, arranged in the flat sand in the shape of a cross, marked the area now. I said goodbye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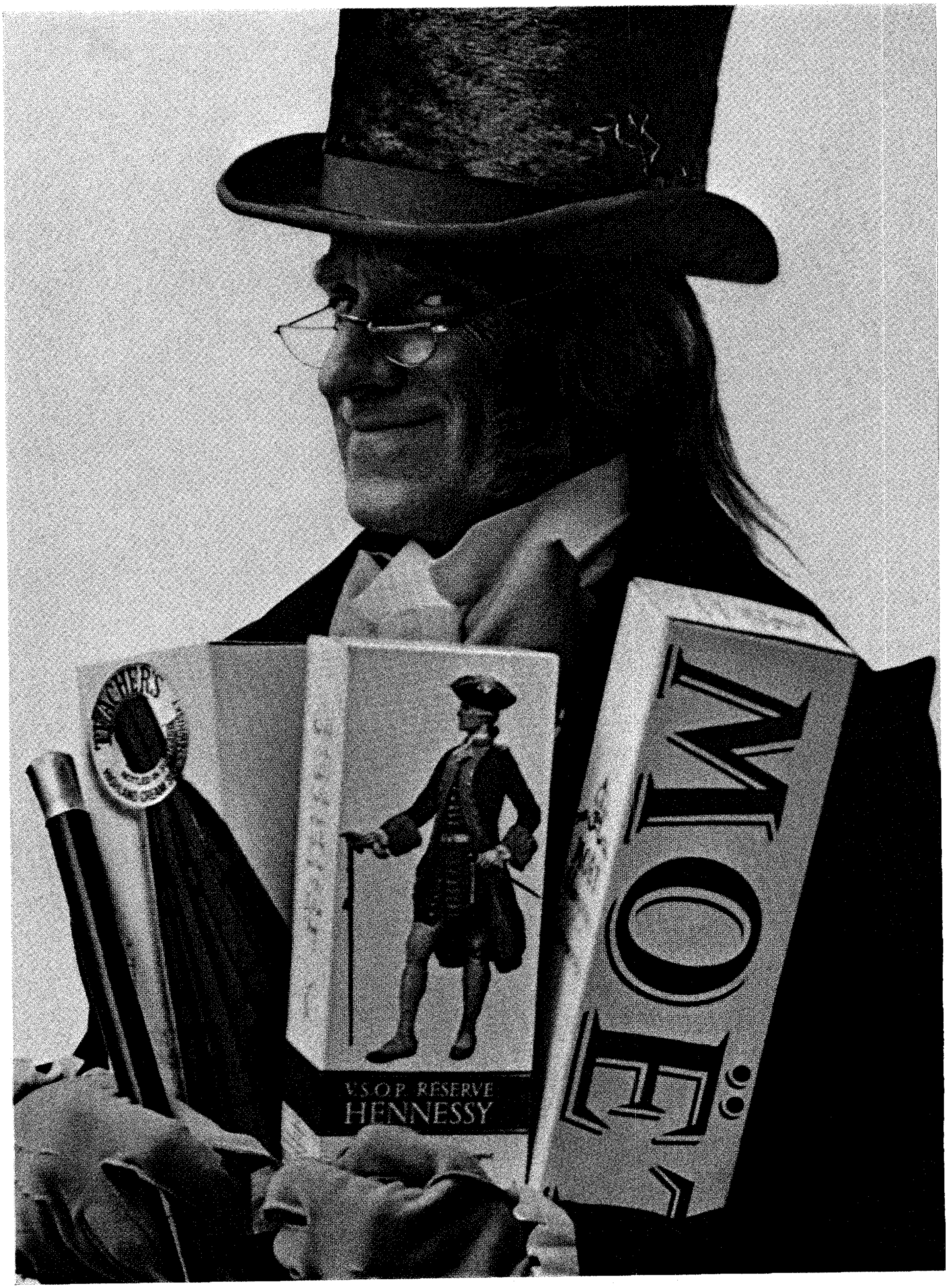
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to Andrew beside these stones, and he turned the tractor around and started back, his tires spraying the perceptibly rising water. The stones of the cross were covered with mussels. I collected as many as I could hold or fit into my pockets and the hood of my rain gear, then ran to beat the tide. We made *moules marinière* that night with malt whisky.

Ross and Neil Darroch have been made redundant. Colonsay is in a state of atrophy, and has been since 1830, when there were a thousand people here, but the atrophy has been accelerated in recent years. The old laird, to preserve the status quo and his peace and quiet, underwrote the Colonsay economy; but the new laird wants the island to pay for itself, or, as Andrew puts it, "he's wanting it to wash his face." The laird has, among other things, stopped supplying free coal, free undertaking, and free electricity, and he has declared a number of jobs at the home farm redundant, reducing the personnel there by two-thirds—the brothers Ross and Neil Darroch included. The Darrochs are islanders, and they have stayed on Colonsay. But others have left, and before long the population will probably number no more than seventy. There is, at the moment, only one teen-age girl on the island, so dances are no longer held. There are only eight people whose ages are between fourteen and twenty-six. Among the older people there is a profound sense of unease about the future of Colonsay, and in their conversations there are frequent allusions to other islands, once inhabited, where the population is now zero—Pabbay, Sandray, Taransay, Scarba, Soay, Mingulay, St. Kilda.

"There are about twenty children five and under. There will be no employment for these people, you can see that."

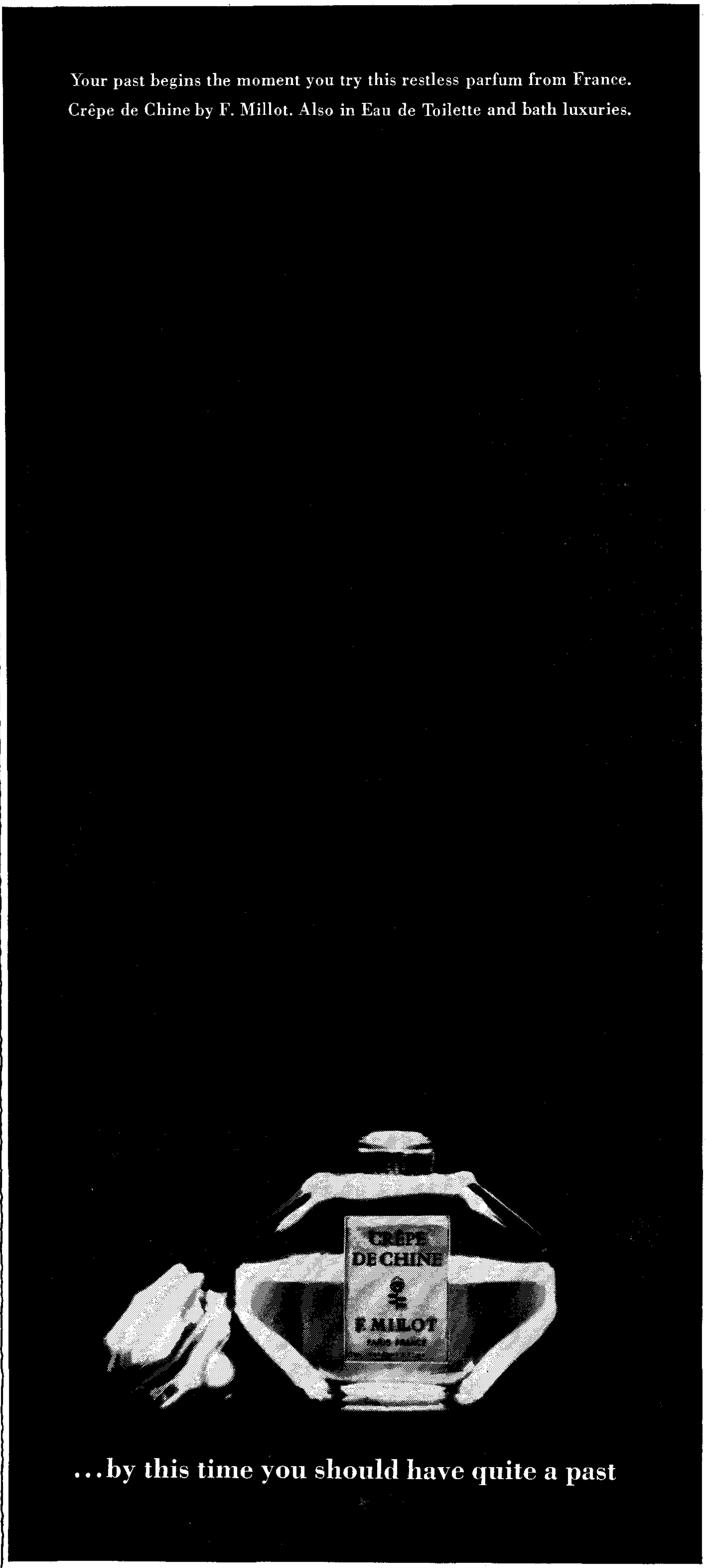
"Angus the Post has two boys and two girls. The girls are twins. Donald Gibbie has two girls. Angus Balaromin Dhu has a boy and a girl, and his wife is pregnant. Big Peter McAllister has two girls. Alastair Machrins has two boys. In ten years' time, what are they going to do?"

"The sad thing is, if they go, they never come back."

"Och, yes. The young people leave the island and there is no bringing them back."

"Donald Garvard has two away. I don't suppose they'll ever come back."

"Findlay MacFadyen has four sons.



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They'll all be off this island in two years."

"There's nothing in Colonsay. You can get work but no pay."

"Latent but inevitable is the breakdown of the economic fabric of the island."

"Aye."

"Two funerals, one wedding—that has been the social life here during the past year."

One other event brought the whole island out—a conflagration at Kiloran Farm last Boxing Day. It was a spectacular fire, and on the following day a Glasgow newspaper ran a headline that read, "ISLANDERS STAND BY WHILE LAIRD'S SHED BURNS." Some say that the headline could be taken at face value, but most say that there was in fact nothing else that the islanders could have done, for the shed was full of dry hay, it burned quickly, the nearest water supply had gone dry, only two hundred feet of hose could be found on the entire island, and of the volunteer firemen of Colonsay—a group that had been organized at least fifteen years earlier—more than half were dead.

When men are made redundant, they find things to do. Ross and Neil Darroch lay bricks. They fix fences. They work in the engine shed at Machrins. They dig ditches for the County Council. They always work together. They always seem to be silhouetted, side by side, not particularly in motion, against the background of the hills. They have spent their lives together. They are tall and lean men, with faces that suggest that not much could alarm them, and they have the slouch of American cowboys. Thirty-five years ago, they crossed the American continent, and recrossed it, as hoboes. Neil Darroch is the strongest man on Colonsay. He can pick up a forty-five-gallon petrol drum and throw it around like a cork.

The petrol drums that he now and then picks up arrive on the Lochiel and are hauled up to the house of the postmaster, Jack Cursiter, who opens them and pours their contents into an underground tank below his Esso pump—the only commercial petrol pump on the island. When a customer comes, Cursiter, who is not a tall or exceptionally strong man, pumps the petrol out of the ground by hand, straining back and forth against a long lever until the customer wonders if Cursiter will collapse before the car's tank is full.

Ross Darroch is an uncompromising companion when he is having a dram at the pub. "Have a drink," he says,

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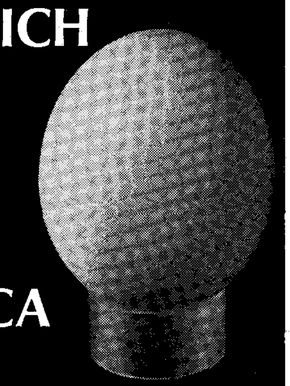

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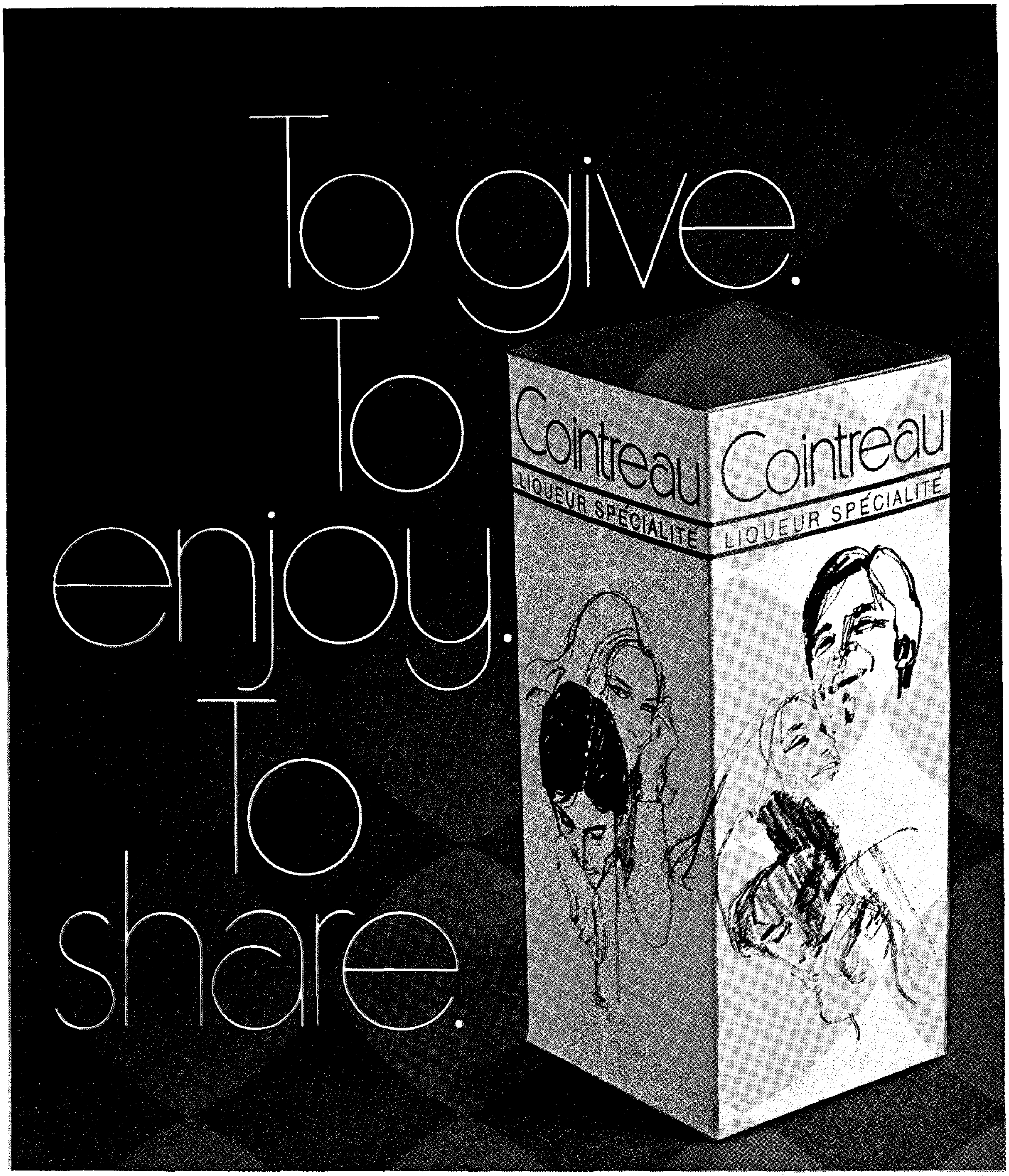
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and if Neil or anyone else says no, Ross says, "You're *going* to have a drink!" Neil sometimes picks Ross up and tosses him into another part of the room. After a few more rounds in this fashion, Ross sometimes stands to recite "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute Saloon," and he goes on and on, and Neil listens. The brothers were both married once. Neil's wife died. Ross's wife left him and went to the mainland. Neil and Ross lived in houses side by side when they were married, and they still do. Their friends say that Ross's house now resembles a midden but that Neil's house is neat.

The chief inspector of the Coast Guard for all Great Britain has come to Colonsay to attend a rescue drill, at Machrins. Ten men show up. They are paid a pound apiece for attending drill. They wear rubber rain gear and Wellington boots and look more like fishermen than crofters and farmers. Lining up now, they are, for the most part, not snappy. Moments ago, one of them reached under his slicker, showed me a bottle, and asked if I would like a wee dram. Each wears a white armband with a black number stencilled on it. Donald Gibbie, No. 8, stands straight and attentive as the chief inspector begins to speak. The attention of Ross Darroch, No. 3, wanders at once to some distant point in the Glen of the Baglike Plain, and his gaze becomes fixed, as if he were waiting for something to occur there. The chief inspector, flanked by two officers of the Coast Guard in Argyll, is a short and lumpy man, with gray hair. His dark-blue uniform with its gold loops seems to have been draped around him. He is overweight. Age has found him. He has had to climb to the site of the drill, and now he stops speaking to let his wind restore itself. There is something very likable about him. He doesn't seem to mind that he stands on lower ground than the men he speaks to. There is noticeable discomfort, however, in the manner of his subordinates, who keep inching toward higher ground after the chief inspector resumes speaking. The two other officers are younger, and they are both good-looking, they have cosmetic dash, and their uniforms are crisp. What dominates the scene, though, is the accent of the chief inspector—awesome, alien, English. His words are covered with gold leaf. They would impress a high table at Cambridge. He is saying that he has been to Colonsay before—fourteen years ago—and he asks who remembers him. Several men speak up,

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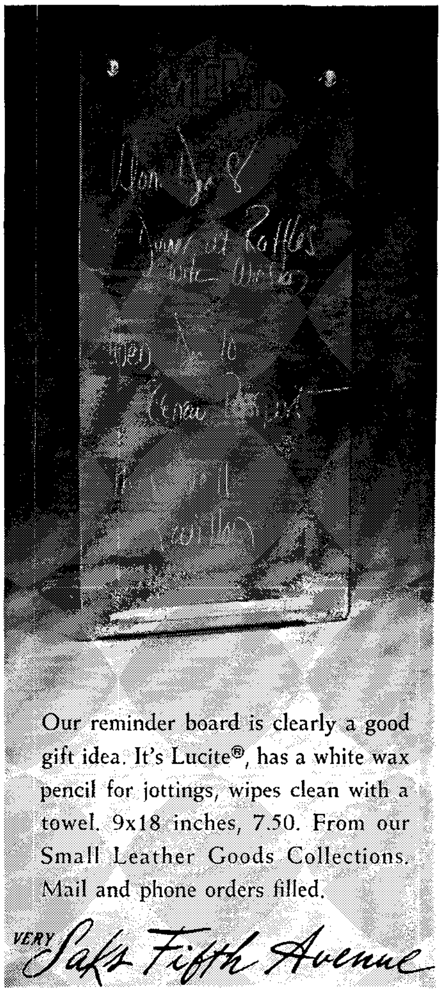

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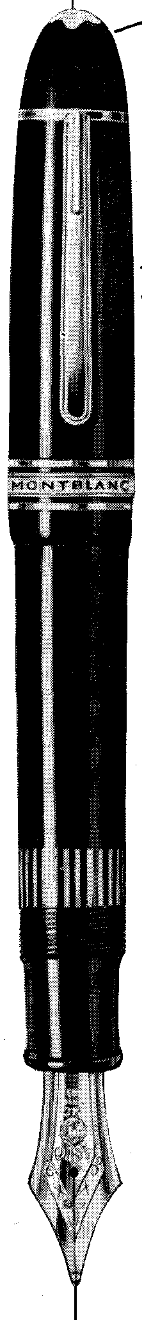

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and he warmly shakes their hands. In detail, he begins to describe shipwrecks that have occurred during the past year and that have brought into action local crews like the one before him—off Blyth, in the Orkneys, in the Solway Firth, near Cape Wrath, near the Eddystone Rock, near Flamborough Head. He amplifies the sadness in his tone. ". . . and then she heeled over toward the incoming tide and all were lost." Ross Darroch wanders off, relieves himself, and returns. The chief inspector tells the group that twenty-three hundred calls to rescue were handled by the Coast Guard last year, and that they should therefore not be nonchalant, for their day is coming. A "victim" has stretched out on the ground, and one of the younger officers will demonstrate kiss-of-life resuscitation. The young officer says that what one does first is to press on the chest to dislodge anything that happens to be in the throat. "You've missed out there," the chief inspector says quickly. He turns to the other officer and asks him to give the correct reason for the pressure on the chest. The other young officer, who has a mustache that somehow suggests a wealth of experience, doesn't know. "To stimulate the heart. The heart is a massive muscle," says the chief inspector. "On with it." The first young officer bends toward the victim for the kiss of life. His head stops a few inches short. The victim is the man who offered me the dram. "On with it." The young officer presses his lips onto the victim's and drives breath into his lungs. "You've missed out again," says the chief inspector. "You forgot to pinch the nose." Someone fires a rocket that carries with it a nylon line at terrific speed, with the sound of an épée whipping the air. A breeches buoy is set up, and in fast order a "rescue" is made, a man bobbing in the air between two ledges of rock—"ship" and "shore." The chief inspector is perhaps surprised. He is certainly impressed. He reminds the men that Her Majesty's Government will pay them a pound a head for all souls brought to safety by breeches-buoy rescue. He cites a case where sixty-six persons were saved on the Isle of Lewis. He says, "Bear in mind, if the Queen Elizabeth ever comes ashore here, you can make twenty-five hundred quid."

"Well, let's hope she comes ashore then," says one of the Colonsay men. "That will save us all."

THE young minister of the Church of Scotland, according to some islanders, is less interested in salvation

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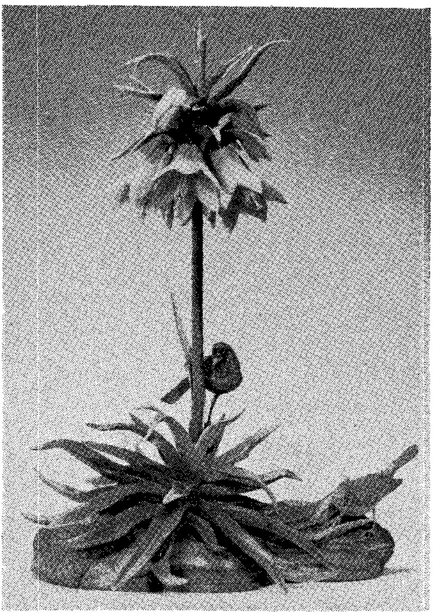

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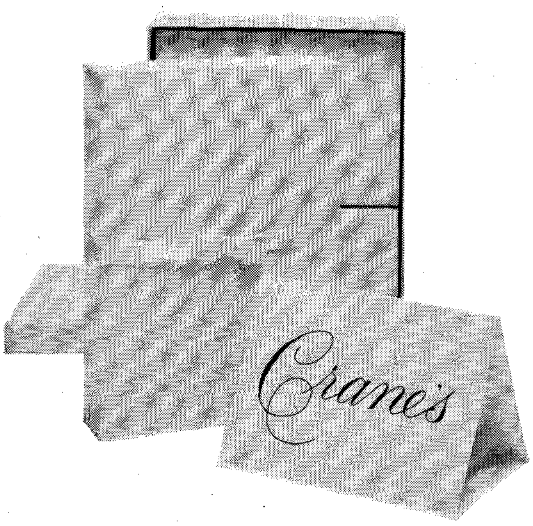

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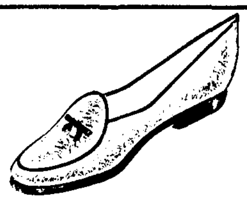
than one might expect. It is said that he cares only for those who are already saved. His sermons do not corroborate this. For two weeks now, he has been holding up as an example to his Sunday congregation the conversion and the expanding Christian devotion of the English pop singer Cliff Richard. The congregation is modest. The small, square, gray church, in Scalasaig, with its plain windows, high pulpit, and panelled ceiling, has pew space for about a hundred people. Nineteen were there last time, and six of those were in the choir. Donald Gibbie does not go to church; nor does Margaret. "We're very irreligious," Donald says. "It's a shame we don't attend our church and read our Bible more." When Donald Gibbie was in England during the Second World War, he was offended that people in Kent shot rabbits on Sunday. But now he thinks of Sunday—and, for that matter, Christmas, too—as just another working day. Charlie McKinnon the Motor Hirer is a regular at the twelve-noon Sunday service. In his small bus, an Austin that seats eleven, he provides free rides for people who want to go to church with him. Colonsay has ten Baptists. Once every three weeks, a Baptist minister visits the island and holds services in the Baptist Church, in Kilchattan. Charlie McKinnon charges Baptists full fare. Both Charlie and Angus the Post sing in the Church of Scotland choir. Angus lives two doors away from the church, but he always drives to the services. The young minister is pleased to have been called to the island, for he plans to take advantage of his stay here mainly to cover the great range of reading that will prepare him for his eventual assault on the ecclesiastical bastions of the mainland. In a prayer last Sunday, he reminded God that this is an age of unprecedented communication and asked Him please to make Himself apparent to us. To a slow Caledonian tune, the nineteen of us sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

> He has sounded forth the trumpet
> that shall never call retreat;
> He is sifting out the hearts of men
> before His judgment seat . . .

In the sermon that dealt with the pop singer, the minister seemed to be preparing for a last stand—the church back up against the wall, chasing the magic in the world to where it has gone. He also made vague mention of the old laird and the new one, saying, "Older people may think of the old laird, but younger people think of the new laird, and that is the way things are—generations pass." The offering



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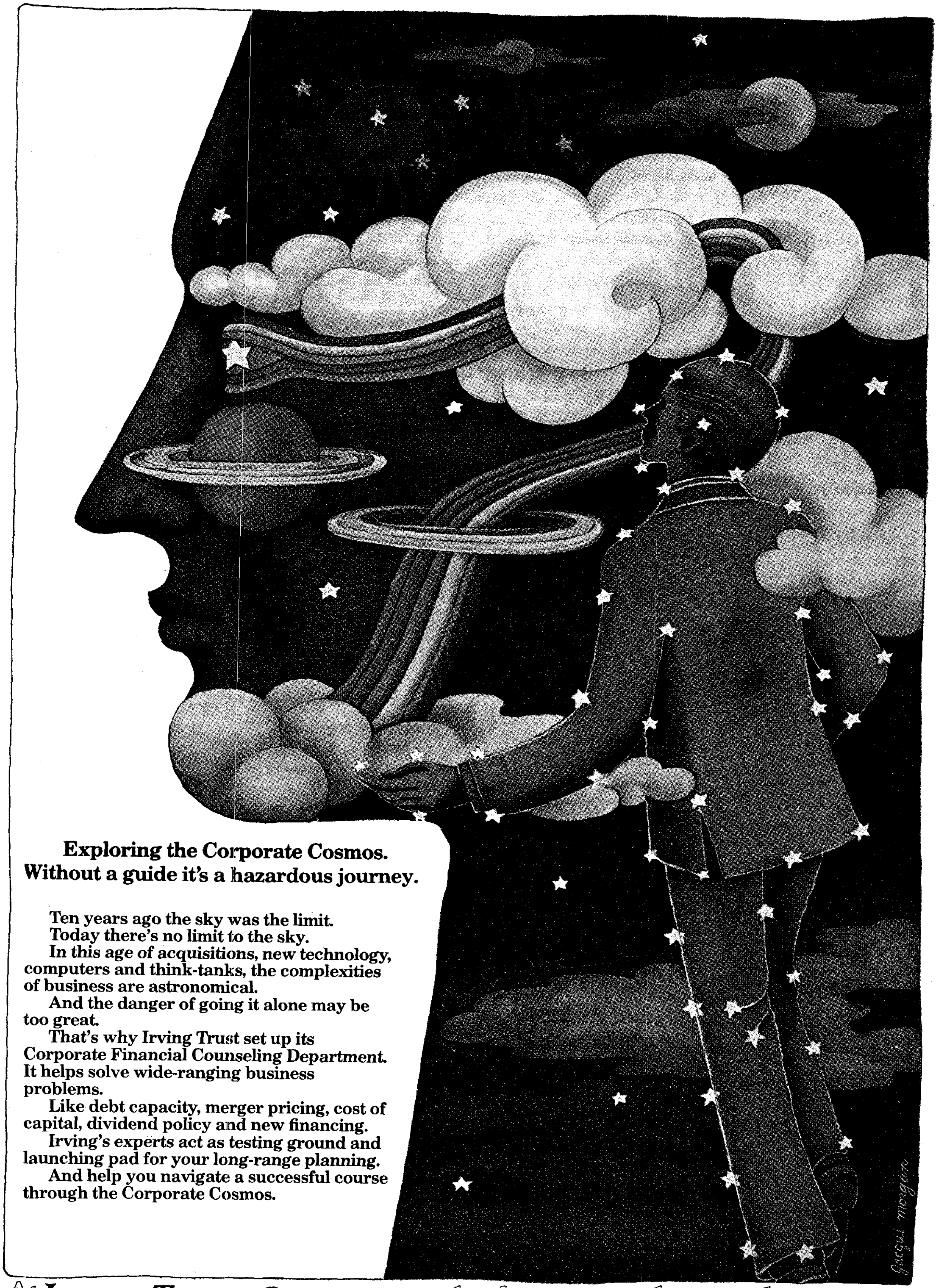

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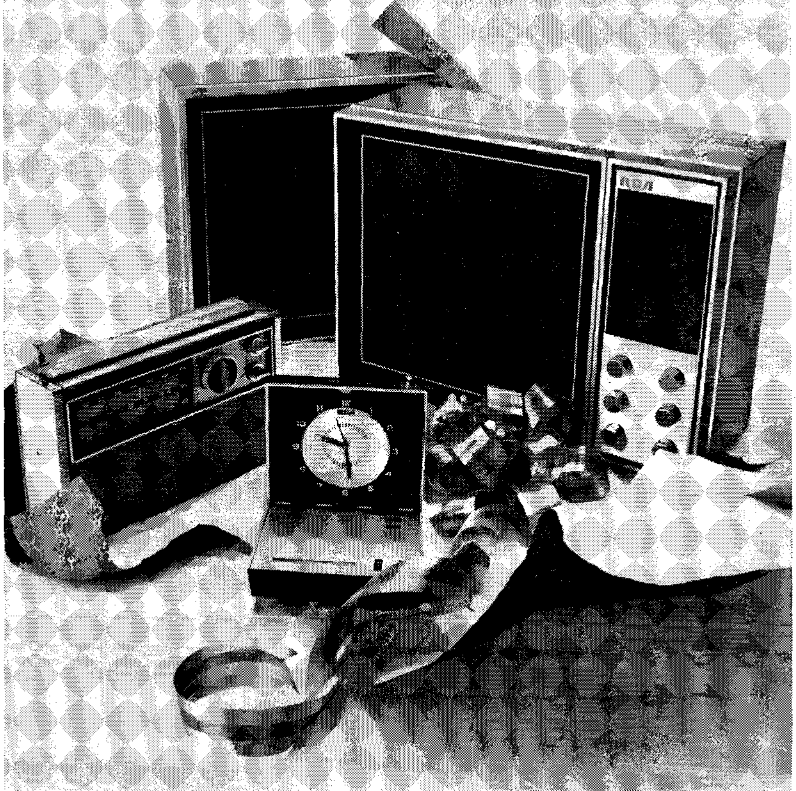
was collected in a wooden box. The collector put his own coin in after he had been around to everyone else, and then he held the box under the pulpit, from the height of which the minister's own coins plummeted, making the sound of crashing cymbals when they hit. Last year, the minister performed a wedding, and he took pictures at the reception and sold them to the conjoined families. He is slow to baptize, not being ready to baptize just anyone. He says, "Baptism is a shell, unless the parents are going to take spiritual command. Then you have the yolk inside."

Donald Gibbie kills a gull and tacks its white body, smeared with blood, to a fence post on the croft, as a warning to other gulls to stay away from his flocks. When sheep are lambing, there is a moment of danger just after the lambs are born. The ewes are too weak to get up and protect the young. At these times, gulls or crows will sometimes swoop down and peck out the eyes of the lambs. It is spring, and new lambs now cover the island like daisies. Walking in Bonaveh yesterday, my four girls, aged two, four, six, and eight, watched one drop, and petted its warm wet fluff as it hopped around dragging its umbilical cord. The ewe stood close by, but made no attempt to drive them away. When the lambs are a week or two old, they can move like sprinters and shift their field with incredible ease. It is my assignment to catch them, so that Martha, Jenny, Sarah, and Laura can pet them. We do this out on the machair—the natural calcareous grassland that is found on the western side of some of the Hebrides (whence the name Machrins). The machair of Colonsay is so smooth that golf was once played on it. In the game I am now playing, the lambs are superior to me in every important respect, and my only chance is to make them think I am going to the left when I am really going to the right. I stop one in ten. The upshot for the lambs is a pair of warm hands and the touch of children. They seldom fare as well when caught by other creatures. Sarah and I climbed a hill in Balaromin Mor, and on its slopes came upon a ewe standing over a lamb whose abdomen had been ripped open and whose eyes were gone from empty red sockets. The lamb was not a new one; it had been quite well along in weeks. Its body was as warm as in life and its wool was soft and sparkling white. Sarah looked at it for a while, saying nothing. Then she said, "Is it dead?" I told her I was sure it was, and she said, "What killed it?" I said, "I don't

**Three wise gifts bearing news**

**(music and sports)**



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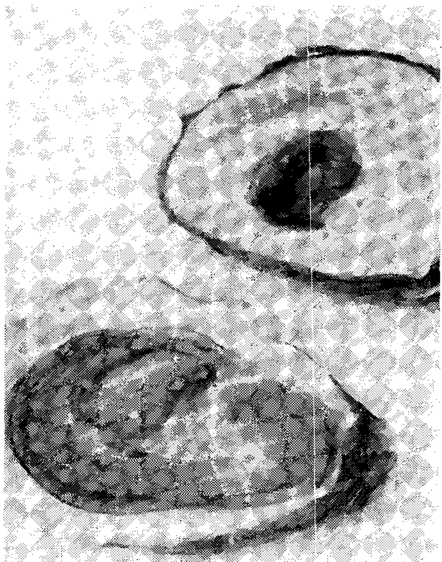

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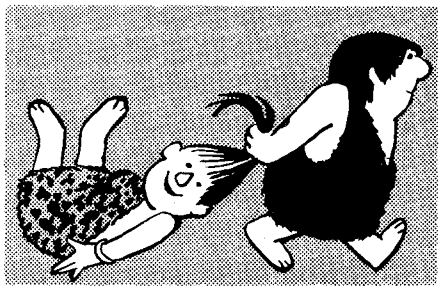
know—a gull, I suppose." And all she said was, "Oh." There was no need for explanations. Sarah is six, and she talks about death every day. The ewe had run away from us as we approached and, with amazing speed, had gone up the steep hillside and now stood on a ledge above us, intently watching, black eyes in a black face, looking like a small jousting horse with a white blanket across its back. As we moved away, the ewe returned to the lamb. Donald Gibbie and I made a circuit of the periphery of the Ardskenish Peninsula, collecting mainly eggs and flotsam. We came upon a dead ewe. Donald examined the carcass and said it had been dead for about a week. A lamb was bleating beside it. The lamb's belly was bloated for lack of milk. I suggested that we take it home and try to save it, but Donald said that it was too old to take a bottle, much too old to be transferred to a ewe that had lost its lamb, and probably not old enough to survive on its own. "With luck, it might make it," he said, and we moved on. Moments later, we found three plover eggs, two of which we would eat hard-boiled, the other in a batch of pancakes. Donald and I also found five eider-duck eggs—large eggs with beautiful, olive-green shells. He and his wife pickle eider-duck eggs, tern eggs, oyster-catcher eggs, and pewit eggs. Donald carried the five eggs to a pool of water in a basin of rock near the shore. He set them one by one in the water, saying that if they stood on end they were addled. Three stood on end. I poked small holes in them and blew out the interiors, so that I could give the handsome shells to my children. The two others were good to the yolk. Those we would crack and fry.

I have today killed Calum McAllister's chicken, which used to peck around in the environs of the cattle grid where the road crosses the line between Machrins and Kilchattan. Calum McAllister is a cotter—that is, a general hand who is neither crofter nor farmer but makes his living doing jobs where he can find them—and he lives in Machrins, a few yards from the Kilchattan fence line. His chicken made the mistake of jumping up onto the cattle grid a second or two before my car passed over it. News of the death of this chicken apparently reached every ear on the island before the pinfeathers had settled to the ground. It is not a scandal. No one seems to hold it against me. It just is news, and I am already becoming known as the one who killed Calum McAllister's chick-



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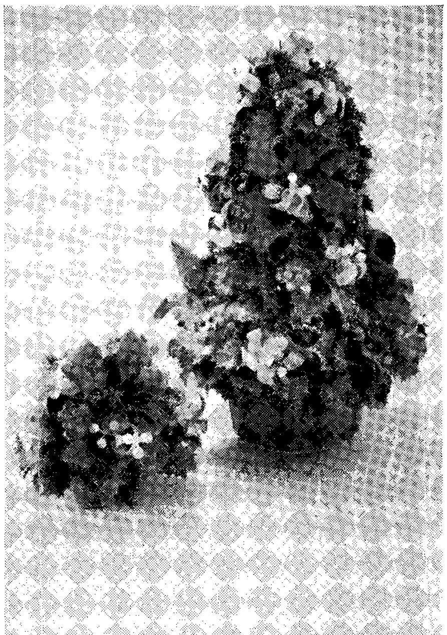

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en—a description that probably translates into a single word in Gaelic. Looking around, I saw no one coming from Calum McAllister's house, so the first thing I did was to go to the croft to ask Donald Gibbie what the chicken might have been worth. "I don't know what the legalities are, but we should keep up the good will," Donald Gibbie said. "I suggest you give Calum twelve bob." I returned to the cattle grid. The chicken was gone. I knocked on McAllister's door. He opened it—a tall, gaunt, unshaven man, a widower. I said that I had killed his chicken, and he said, "I know. I know that."

I said I was very sorry, and he said, "It's not your fault. It's the chicken's fault. The chicken should not have been in the road."

"I'd like to give you twelve shillings for the chicken."

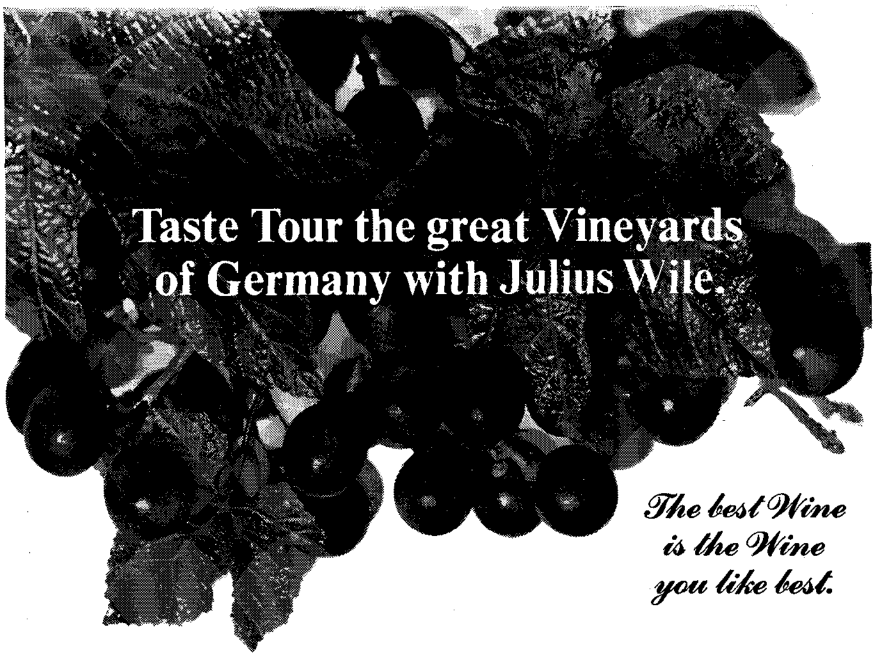
"That is unnecessary."

"But I think I should pay for it, and I will feel better if you let me do that."

"You can pay if you like, but the chicken should not have been in the road."

THE air is calm, and the cuckoo sounds from the hills of Balaromin Mor. Below, on The Strand, the tide is low and the hill cows have positioned themselves on the wet flat sand, their forms indistinct in the mist, and they slowly move their heads from side to side. The hill cows are covered with golden hair that is so long it mats their faces entirely and drips down their sides. They are woolly mammoths, gigantic Saint Bernards, slow-moving hair farms. They are truly unbelievable to any eye that has not seen them before. They are also cattle, inside it all, and there is something mildly electrifying about their presence on The Strand, evidence of intellectual stirrings in those effigial heads, for they could have no other reason for being there than curiosity. The sound of the cuckoo has not stopped. To me it is a novelty—the actual bird's being there in the hills. With every call, it compliments the Swiss, sounding, as it does, exactly like the clock. I have counted, and the last call is No. 66. It is late in the day—66 P.M. From the cliff where the cuckoo apparently is, an arm of rock reaches out. Centuries ago, a hole was drilled in the outer end of this projection, which has been known since then as the Hangman's Rock. A great many people were hanged there, for offenses against the interests of the clan.

Crossing Big Lookout Hill in Scal-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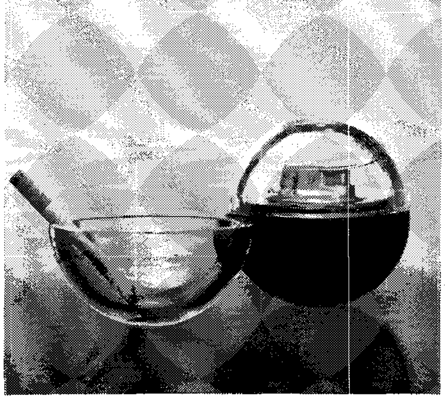

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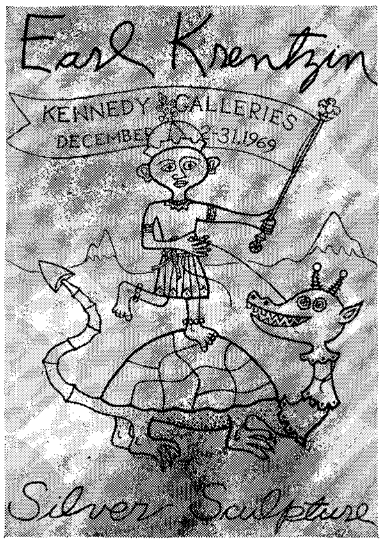
asaig, I met David Clark, who had been cutting peat. He was replacing chunks of sod. "You replace the turf, like a good golfer," he said. "Not many people burn peat on Colonsay anymore. Our peat is not of as good quality as the peat of Islay. Everyone burns it there—ministers, doctors. But ours makes a good glow. If you get good weather, it dries just as hard as coal. And what's wrong with a good fire and a book, if it comes to that?" David Clark and his sister Mary Clark share a house beside the church in Scalasaig. They are the retired keepers of the inn there. They are islanders, whose mother's family was of the original clan, and they have shown me the now ruined house in Bonaveh where they were born, with its long vista over the remnants of other houses and then across the water east to the Strait of Corryvreckan, and they seem to regard me as if I had been born in Bonaveh, too, and were only now rising from decades of sleep. Four-year-old Jenny was with me when David was cutting the peat. "Bye, bye just now," he said to her as we left. "I hope you'll manage back soon."

The sky is royal blue, and below the blue, just above the waves, is a layer of dusty red. Venus is twice as bright and, in this sky, twice as large as Venus is supposed to be. Dusk is collecting, and the stars will show through in a moment. The sun is just gone. In half a minute's time, it will be tomorrow, the first of June.

Inside, I have lighted the usual driftwood fire. Enough driftwood collects on the shores of this island to build a roof over Scotland, and some is from North America. It makes a good glow, and in a bedroom grate it is something to stare into before sleep—an illusion of warmth before the cold of the night. Some recent days have been so fair that we have gone to the beaches, but the indoor temperature is forty-two at the moment. Donald Gibbie said a couple of things tonight that are now, somehow, there in the fire. He and Margaret invited us to their house for a dram, and that was followed by tea and pancakes. The manner in which an evening ends here is a model for the world to follow. When the Colonsay hostess feels that the day is over and there has been enough of talking, she heats the teakettle and opens the tin of pancakes she has prepared earlier in the day. She spreads butter on the pancakes and steeps the tea, then sets all before her guests, and when it has been consumed the visit is over: "Good night and sleep well"—no obscurities about



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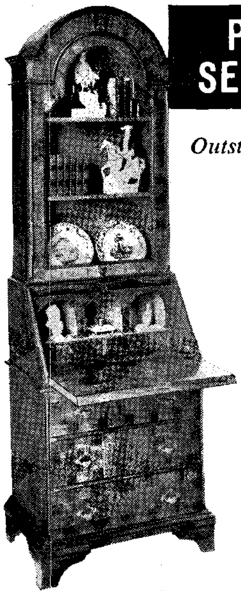

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when things should end. Early in the evening, I had mentioned that I'd heard the laird would arrive soon, and I asked Donald if he still doffed his cap to him. He said that he could not help doing so. "These class distinctions have to go. They're holding us back," he said. "But when I was a small boy, if I did not take off my cap before the laird I was severely punished by my parents for being disrespectful. It is too deep in me now for me to change, but I teach the children that it is unnecessary. Like the others, whenever I see the laird I say nothing unless he speaks to me. If he says something, I remove my cap and say, 'Good morning, Milord,' or 'Good evening, Milord.' I simply can't help it." Later in the evening, Donald told me what he and the other islanders thought would happen in the event of a thermonuclear war. What led to this was that he had been asking me for details of New York, and I told him that we had once had an apartment there in an unintelligibly large housing complex where thirty-two thousand people lived on seventy-five acres of Manhattan. Merely around our own elevator shaft—twelve floors, eight apartments per floor—lived three times the population of Colonsay. This brought the bomb to mind, because we had lived in that apartment during an era of nuclear crisis, and I told Donald and Margaret how we had expected from moment to moment that in the next instant we would be vapor, and how sometimes we would look out the window at the city at night and wonder if it would be gone by morning. Donald reacted without surprise and told me about Benbecula. There is, he said, a rocket range on Benbecula, which is one of the Hebrides, a hundred miles north-northwest of Colonsay. It is apparently not a missile installation—just a target range for small rockets. Nonetheless, almost since the beginning of the era of the hydrogen bomb the people of Colonsay have felt themselves to be living in the greatest of danger because of their proximity to Benbecula. Donald said, "If the bomb ever does come, we shall be among the first to go." —JOHN MCPHEE

*(This is the first part of a two-part Profile.)*

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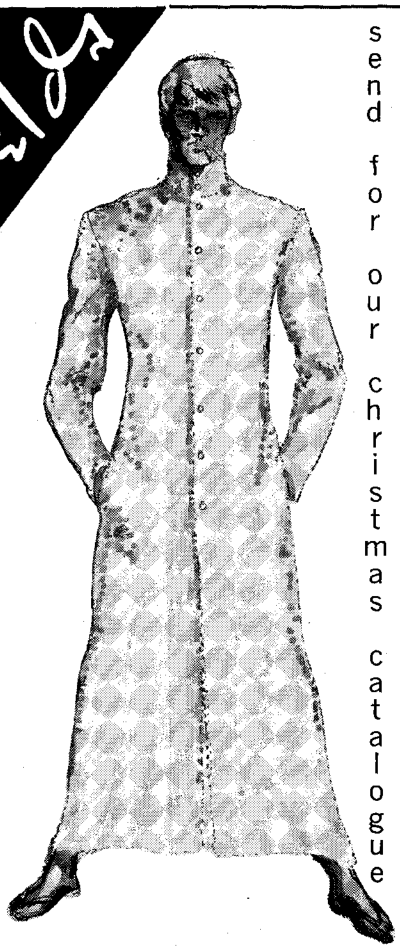

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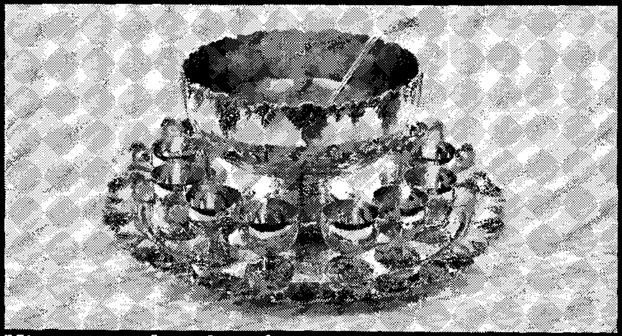

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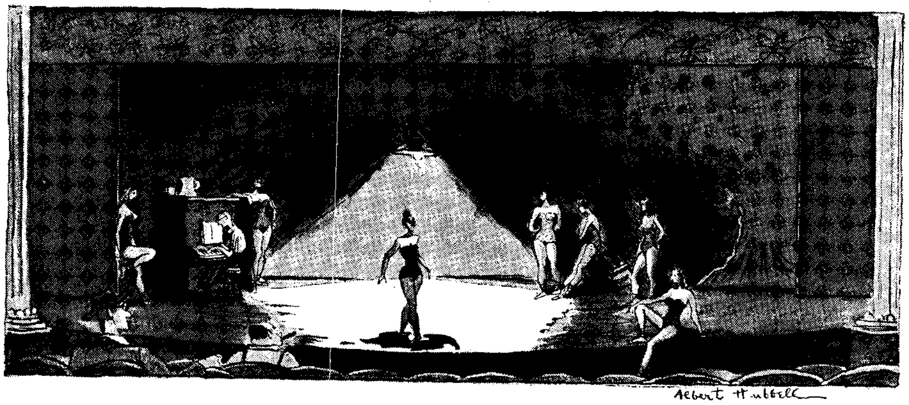
THE THEATRE

## BEYOND THE GRAVE

As its third so-called "showcase" offering of the season, the American National Theatre and Academy is putting on, for a limited engagement at the ANTA Theatre, the Plumstead Playhouse production of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." This is a pleasant occasion, in part because, after thirty years and no telling how many thousands of performances throughout the world, Mr. Wilder's play shows scarcely any signs of age. Since it doesn't grow old, one begins to suspect it of never having had to undergo the botheration of being young; instead, it may always have existed somewhere out there in serial time, contentedly humming away to itself until Mr. Wilder came along and had the sharpness of ear to make out its words and the quickness of wit to jot them down for the benefit of the rest of us. The pleasure of the occasion is much enhanced by the fact that the Plumstead company, directed by Donald Driver, is such an able and attractive one. Henry Fonda plays the role of the Stage Manager, and there is plainly a good deal in Mr. Fonda that finds itself at home in Grover's Corners, New Hampshire. Like most natives of that tradition-preserving state—"the one state of ours that is a shire," as Frost pointed out—Mr. Fonda has a bent for the laconic that approaches genius, and he can make the briefest and tritest phrase bear an extraordinary amount of weight. Mildred Natwick, who has a similar gift (though a totally dissimilar energy of delivery), is of such an endearing pertness of pithy utterance that we are relieved to find her, in her role as Mrs. Gibbs, permitted to display the gift with undiminished authority on the far side of the grave. If, as the playwright promises us, we are doomed to have conversation after death, Mrs. Gibbs is one of the few housewives I am prepared to listen to. Elizabeth Hartman and Harvey Evans are suitably touching as the immaculate young lovers, and Ed Begley, John Randolph, and Irene Tedrow as Dr. Gibbs and Mr. and Mrs. Webb are sturdy and unself-conscious specimens of turn-of-the-century rustic virtue.

This isn't the place for an extended essay on "Our Town"—I would be abashed to seem to speak a single word too many in commenting on the tongue-tied eloquence of Grover's Corners—but I cannot resist mentioning that the play is much darker and stranger than it appears to be at first glance, and that the strength of its popular appeal is, at bottom, fairly mysterious. On the surface, we are confronted with the conventional rueful pieties about a lost American past, in which men in small towns, burning with no notable ambitions, lived in tune with nature and their neighbors. We are also confronted with the conventional pieties about life everywhere: that people are born and grow up and fall in love and marry and bear children and die, and not only does life break off too soon but we fail to live it from moment to moment with the intensity that it deserves. Acted out on a bleak stage that is itself a symbol of bearing true witness, these national and universal pieties cause us to shake our heads over the tears in things; in doing so, we are likely to ignore the drift of Mr. Wilder's dramatic argument, which is not that death is bad because it terminates life but that it is bad because it terminates nothing; it is a mere punctuation mark by which we enter into a new but fundamentally unchanged set of relations, charged with a horror that life at its worst mercifully spares us—the horror of continuing forever. Life in "Our Town" has the bittersweetness of a failed opportunity; death in "Our Town" is a nightmare of passive awareness felt through all eternity. One thinks of Housman's "Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose,/ But young men think it is, and we were young." Housman's position is downright sunny compared to Mr. Wilder's. The dead in their graves in Grover's Corners have not been extinguished; to the dreadfulness of their being dead is added the knowledge that they are dead and that no word or gesture can prevail against their condition. Mr. Wilder's style is so cordial, so determinedly charming, that we tend to nod and smile and not listen to what he is telling us. Perhaps this is why so many audiences respond to "Our Town" as if it were a sentimental valentine. For all his compulsive winsomeness, Mr. Wilder is a pessimist as cold and tough as they come, and it must amuse him that millions of people have been made to feel all warm and cozy by his works.

—Brendan Gill



## OFF BROADWAY

### *Shredded Shakespeare*

Richard Schechner's production of "Makbeth" ("taken from Shakespeare"—uh-huh) is inexcusable, but it certainly is interesting for the first half hour or so—as if "interesting" had anything to do with "Macbeth." The audience enters the theatre—the Performing Garage—by way of a fascinating maze, its lighting murky and its walls covered with drawings, engravings, and text relating to the play. In the large room where the action takes place, there is an astonishing and handsome arrangement of ramps and overhead platforms, as well as a large platform on the floor. The audience is seated, legs dangling, on the ramps and around the floor platform, which looks like a banquet table and is used as one for the feast at which Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo. The performance is extremely calisthenic. The members of the cast—highly trained gymnasts, if nothing else—leap from ramp to platform and from ramp to floor; heads pop out unexpectedly from holes in the walls or the furniture (rather like "Laugh-In"). As a matter of fact, you might consider the evening entertaining

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for more than half an hour if you don't care about the words, the characters, or the emotion of the play. The lines are scattered every which way, the readings are uniformly abominable, and everyone is much too busy, most of the time, to act. It all seemed too foolish to me, even for indignation. There are a couple of very good touches. Just before Ceil Smith, as Lady Makbeth, goes off to finish the bloody job that Makbeth has bungled, she gives him an absent-minded, reassuring little pat on the leg, which seems to me to tell more about their relationship than any of their overt sexual grappling. The witches are always with us, appearing in such minor roles as the guests at the banquet and the doctor and the lady-in-waiting in the sleepwalking scene, and their constant presence impregnates the castle with evil. There is no play, though—none at all. Jerry Rojo designed the setting and lighting. Brooks McNamara designed the maze.

LEROI JONES' "Slave Ship," which will run until January 4th in the little Chelsea Theatre, at the Brooklyn Academy, is more a demonstration of the conditions aboard a slaver than it is an actual play. The audience, seated on low benches around a large model of a ship, looks directly into the hold, sees the Africans being pitched down there from the top deck, and hears their screams and moans as, seasick and terrified, they are raped and beaten and force-fed and, in one instance, driven to suicide. There is one flashback scene of an African spear dance, and there are several scenes of what lies in store for the Negroes aboard and for their descendants in America: a tap-dancing, grinning stereotype sells out his own people for extra rations, a slave rebellion is aborted and the rebels are murdered. Most of the words spoken aboard ship are in Yoruba—there are only a handful of English lines in the whole play—and the events portrayed are so terrible that they are dehumanizing and too remote to evoke anything but horror. Since there are no performances to speak of, even as paltry a feeling as pity is impossible. Toward the end, an effigy of Uncle Sam is decapitated, and a preacher advocating integration and non-violence is gunned down, to the cheers of all concerned. Anger *is* possible. The effective setting was designed by Eugene Lee. The music, by Archie Shepp and Gilbert Moses, and performed by six instrumentalists, sounds absolutely wonderful. Mr. Moses directed.

—EDITH OLIVER

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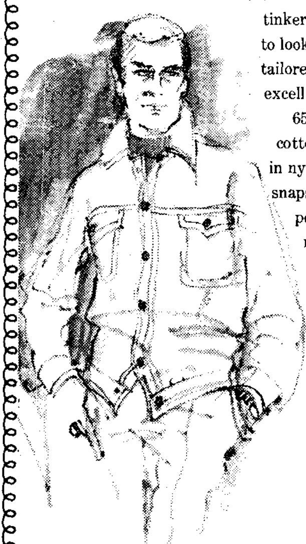
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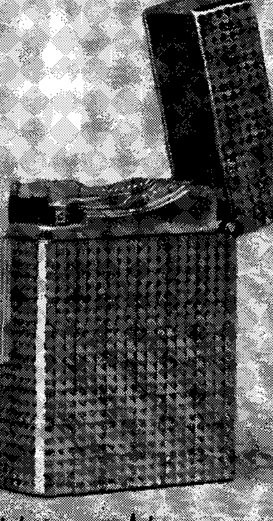
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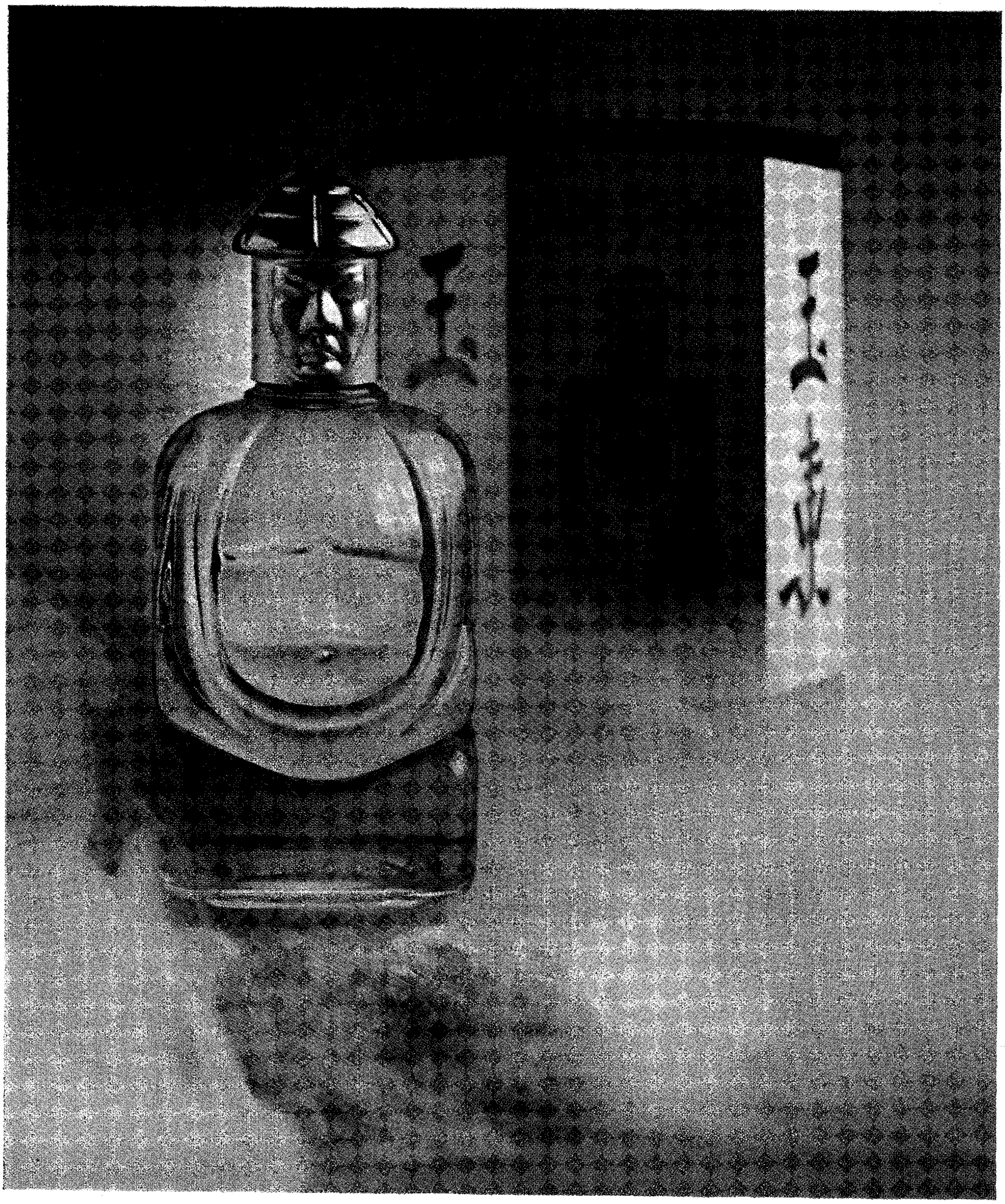

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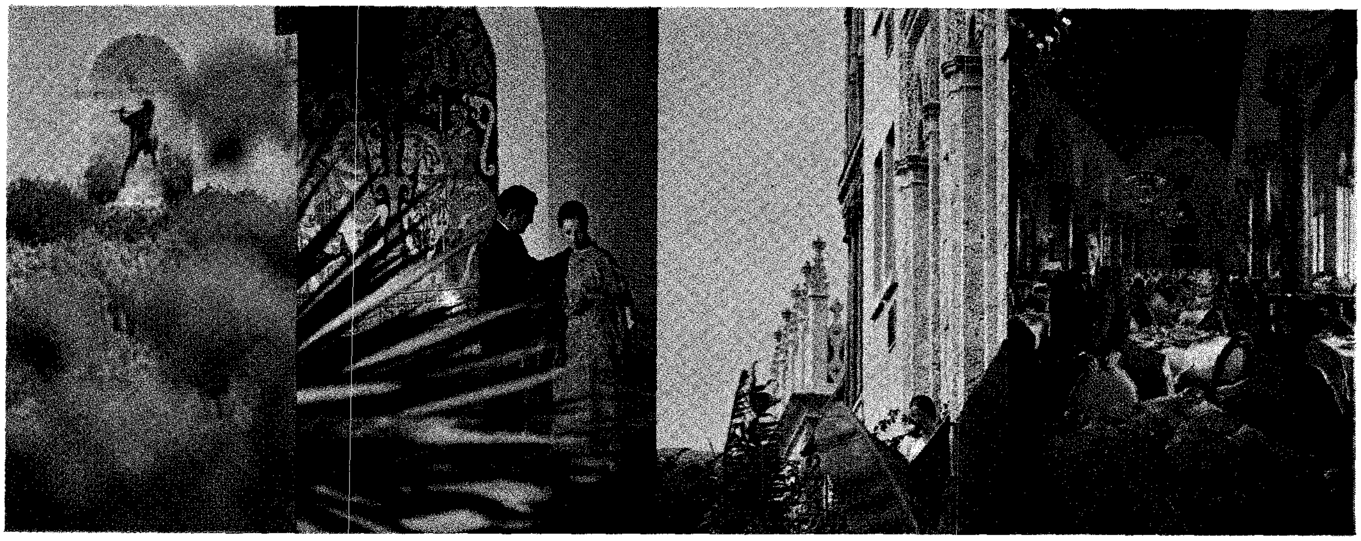

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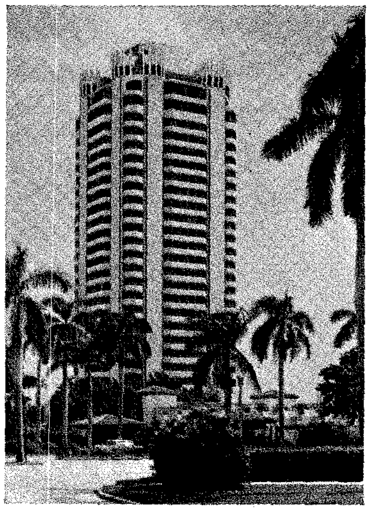

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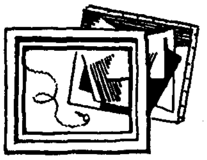
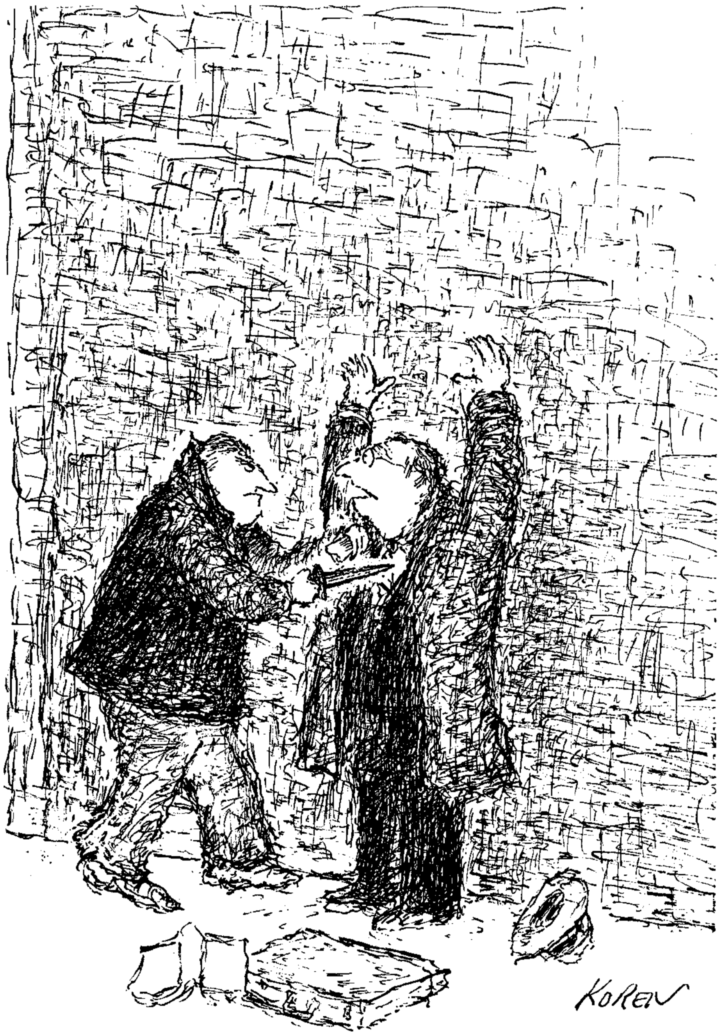
# THE ART WORLD

## *École de New York*

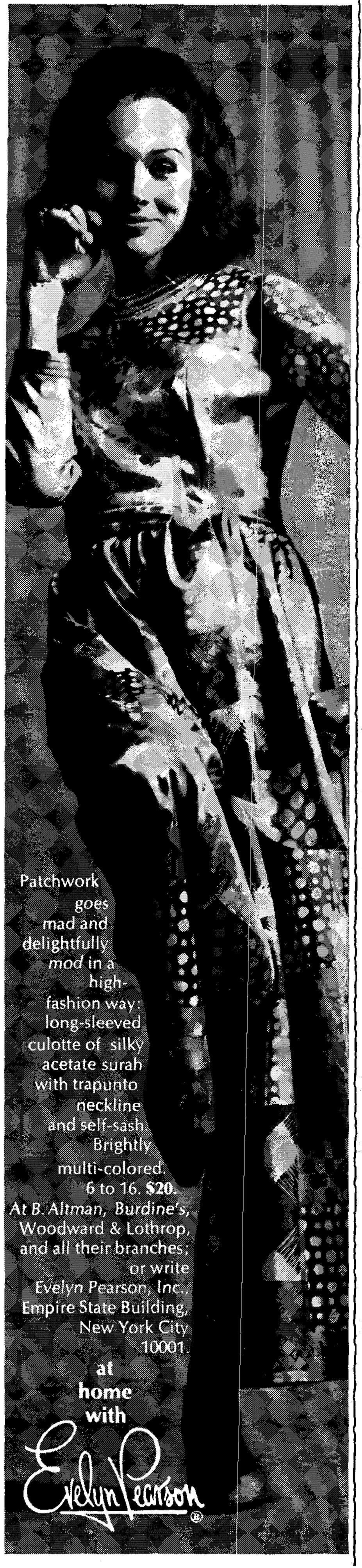


THE exhibition of "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art purports to display the wealth of creation that, according to the catalogue, by Mr. Henry Geldzahler, curator of contemporary arts, who directed the show, has made "the New York School the historical successor to the School of Paris." That art in New York is today on the same plane that art was in Paris during the seventy or eighty years before the last war is a momentous proposition, in regard not only to New York but to contemporary world culture and to the status of America in it. Successor to Paris as "the dominant center of world art," New York, in the view of the Metropolitan's curator, has attained intellectual preëminence, the right to state the problems and to propose the solutions for artists everywhere, and by the magnitude of its creations it has arrested and reversed the decline of the West. As Geldzahler puts it, "something magnificent has happened." Nor does the issue of the qualifications of New York to carry out its historical assignment trouble Geldzahler, since he apparently takes it for granted that the centrality of New York in the current production, exhibition, and marketing of paintings and sculptures automatically confers upon the metropolis qualities of imagination, inventiveness, and intellectual depth equivalent to those of the City of Light. In his summation of New York's greatness in art, there appears not the slightest doubt that "we" are every bit as good as "they" ever were. Indeed, so dazzling is his belief that he fails to notice the oddness of the assumption on which his faith is based: that art in New York 1940-1970 represents a single development and point of view. "By reason of its own achievement," he writes, "and the clear and indisputable effect it has had throughout the world, the art of the New York School stands as the most recent in the grand succession of modern movements from Impressionism through Cubism and Surrealism." New York art has become a "School" and is comparable to European art *movements*. Geldzahler has mistaken a place for a style and for an idea. The history of American imitations, revivals, individual and shared idioms, rotations of modes and subjects during the past thirty years—Expressionist emblems, Action painting, figure painting, romantic sculpture, Pop Art, Optical painting, kinetic constructions, assemblages, stripes, EAT, shaped canvases, Happenings, Minimal sculpture, mathematical abstraction—has suddenly been amalgamated into a purposeful collaborative development on a par with the Cubist and Surrealist revolutions and deserving a place in history alongside the sum of Paris modernist experiments. In Geldzahler's reverie, which the thirty-five-gallery exhibition at the Metropolitan is designed to buttress, Gorky, Warhol, Albers, and Still are aesthetic and intellectual blood brothers. Or, in terms of the New York-Paris succession, a totem pole consisting of Still standing on the head of Albers, who stands on Warhol, who stands on Gorky, tops the Eiffel Tower.

While the relation of New York art today to that of prewar Paris is worth discussing, the Metropolitan exhibition of the nonexistent New York School is not, except perhaps as a phenomenon of art-world power politics, chauvinism, and institutional reputation-building. "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" is merely the latest and largest in a series of survey exhibitions in which works of art are employed to serve the career strategies of the curators who assembled them or to call attention to their mental fixations. (The Metropolitan exhibition has been commonly referred to in the press as "Henry's Show.") To engage in arguments about the inclusions and omissions of Geldzahler's extravaganza is to fall into a trap prepared in advance in order to provide meat for "Henry's" public relations—a field in which he has been doing sufficiently well. "Henry" is an entertaining talker with an attractive manner, and given to costumes suggestive of gone-by periods of middle-class elegance. In general makeup, he belongs to the age of Balzac, and had he contended that he, rather than the "New York School," was the successor to Paris, or to someone in Paris, I should have made no objection. The press kit for the show contains a glossy of Geldzahler in shirtsleeves, as if he were a movie director on location; flanked by an assistant, he is explaining an installation to one of his favorite artists. No doubt is left as to who is in charge. In the past few years, art in America has given birth to a new type: the Swinging Curator. Museum art-historical spectaculars have been discussed in this column in connection with "crea-



*"At least you needn't be hostile."*



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tive" undertakings—such as the art of the thirties and the sixties and of the first generation of Abstract Expressionists—by representatives of the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney. With "Henry" and his show, the Metropolitan has leaped to the forefront in this form of theatre.

Each of the theatrical art surveys has been the biggest in its category to date, and the Metropolitan's "1940-1970," with more than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings, and covering three decades in a single roundup, outnumbers them all. It is billed as "the most monumental showing of contemporary American art ever to be brought together anywhere," which bit of Barnum magniloquence is undoubtedly supportable by the facts. When, however, Geldzahler goes on to claim that his project is the first chance people have had "to see . . . paintings and sculptures in large numbers by the major figures" in New York art, he is talking rubbish. Many figures more "major" than some he has chosen are not included in the show and its catalogue, and among those who are included most have had much more satisfactory representation in individual retrospectives, have been exhibited again and again in predecessor survey exhibitions, and can be seen nearly any time in galleries around Fifty-seventh Street; several can be seen more often than almost anyone would want. In making his show so big, Geldzahler serves no useful purpose; he has employed quantity to force assent. Indeed, it is by the frequency with which they have been displayed that the artists in his show have presumably met Geldzahler's criteria: that the works shall have "commanded critical attention or significantly deflected the course of recent art." Works that command critical attention do not remain unseen in New York, and unseen works do not "deflect." At the Metropolitan, more works than ever before by contemporary Americans are being offered in one place at the same time, but whatever be the advantage of encountering forty-two Ellsworth Kellys, it is offset by the fatigue that this experience induces, particularly in a spectator disappointed by the quality of the nine Pollocks that represent that artist's share in Geldzahler's "vital tradition."

"Critical attention" and historical "deflection" are Geldzahler's sententious terms for confessing his adherence to the star system. What he is actually saying is: I have been going through museum catalogues and art magazines, and from the artists most talked about

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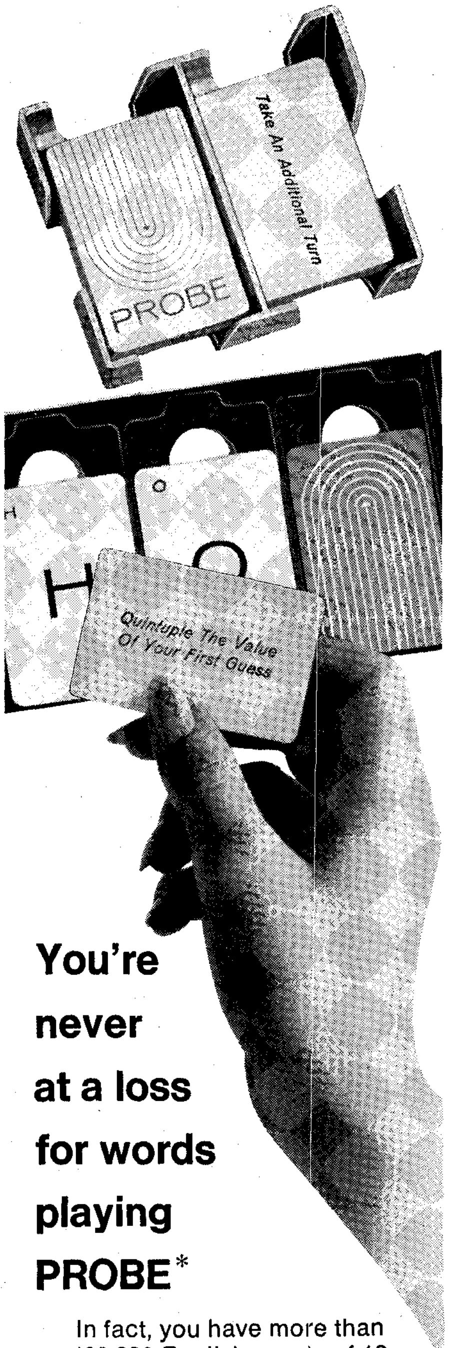

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I have picked the ones I like best. (Later, no doubt, he plans to introduce starlets of his own discovery.) In choosing a cast for his show from this pool of talents certified by magazine linage, Geldzahler has been at liberty to play down or exclude artists who are responsible for the international prestige of postwar American art but who, since they are no longer a novelty, are not talked about as much as they used to be. Putting on museum mammoths has become a competitive enterprise, and Geldzahler's views are not appreciably different from those of rival curators; he belongs to the "formalist" orthodoxy that is centered on "the problem of the picture surface," and it is the formalist reading of American art history as a progressive handling of problems of surface and depth that enables him to see American painting and sculpture of the past thirty years falling into place as a single art "movement." Given the fact that Geldzahler's heroes were predictable—Dr. William Rubin had followed the same line in his "New American Painting and Sculpture" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art—it seems likely that the numerical unbalance of his choices and the blatancy of his omissions were deliberate; his aim seems to have been a *succès de scandale*, in order to distinguish himself by his boldness and avoid being outdone by the denunciations and high attendance of the Metropolitan's "Harlem on My Mind" exhibition. If this was Geldzahler's purpose, he has carried it out expertly. The arbitrariness of his representation of American art has tempted even the most ungifted and conformist reviewers to put on a show of strength by attacking Geldzahler's errors of judgment and, with a list obligingly supplied in his catalogue by Geldzahler himself, by recalling the names of well-known figures, from Baziotes to Larry Rivers and Marisol, whom he has cast into the void. With the assistance of its creator, the Metropolitan exhibition has managed to achieve an almost universal disapprobation; approaching the vast area set aside for the show through a corridor flanked by rows of Cyprian votaries, I fancied that I saw them grinning into their marcelled beards.

Only Mr. Thomas Hoving, director of the Metropolitan, seems to have been convinced that "Henry's Show" was grounded on unassailable values, supported by his curator's "formidable visual talent." In a statement that turns itself inside out before the reader's eyes, Hoving declares that Geldzahler's

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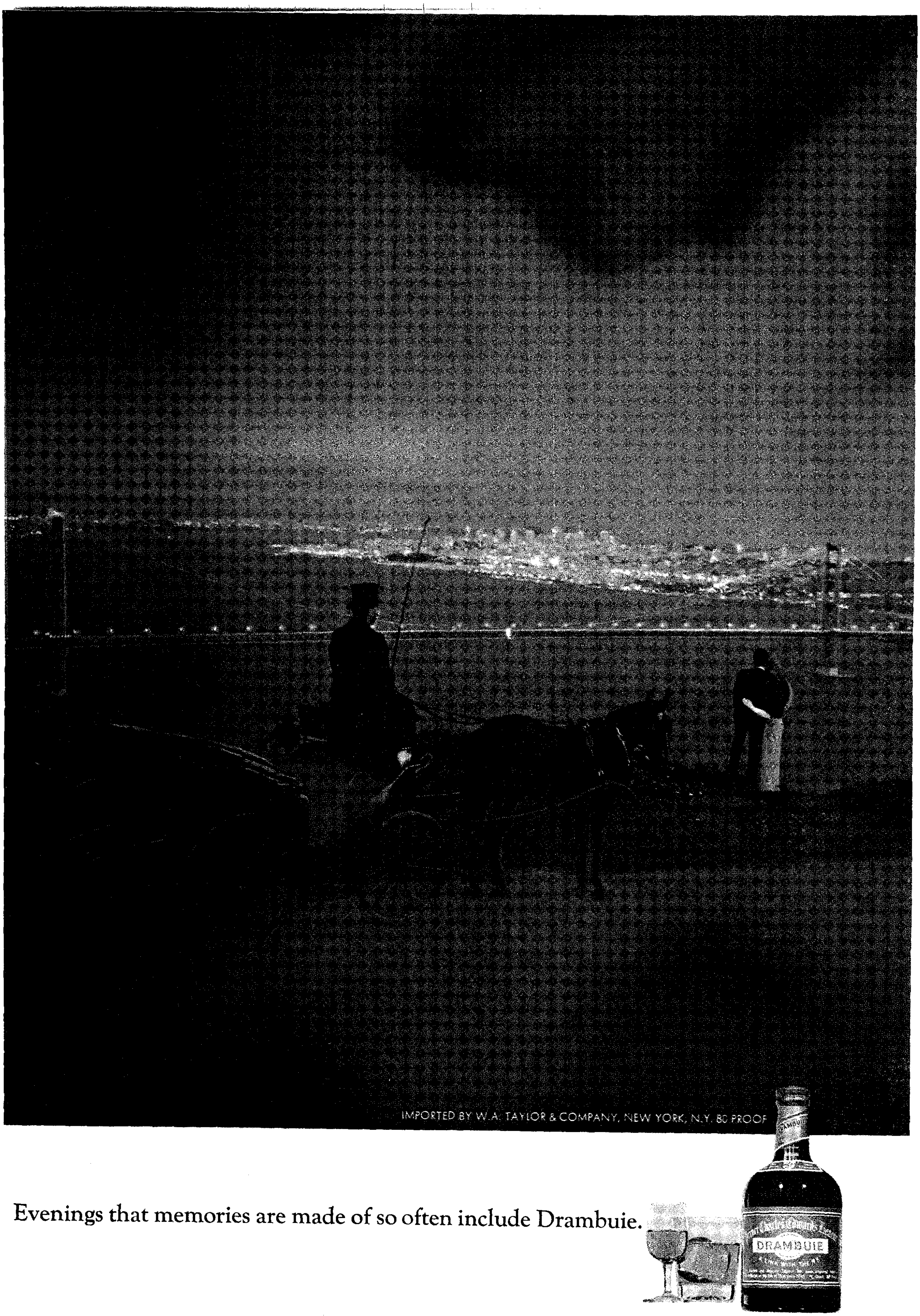
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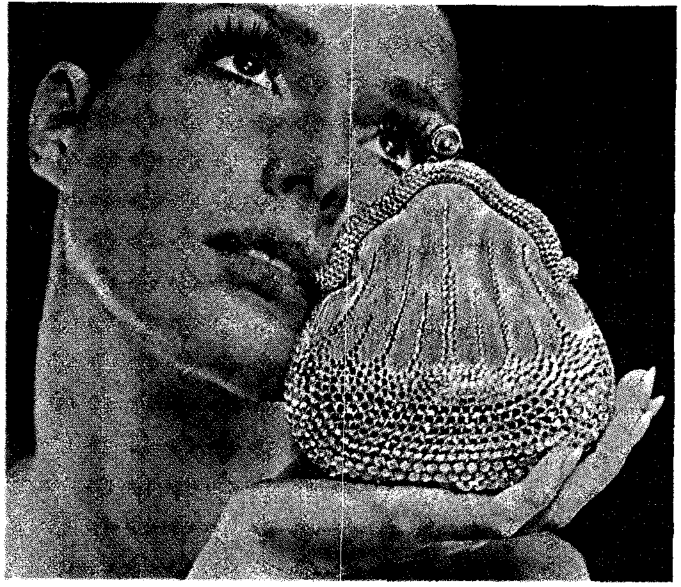
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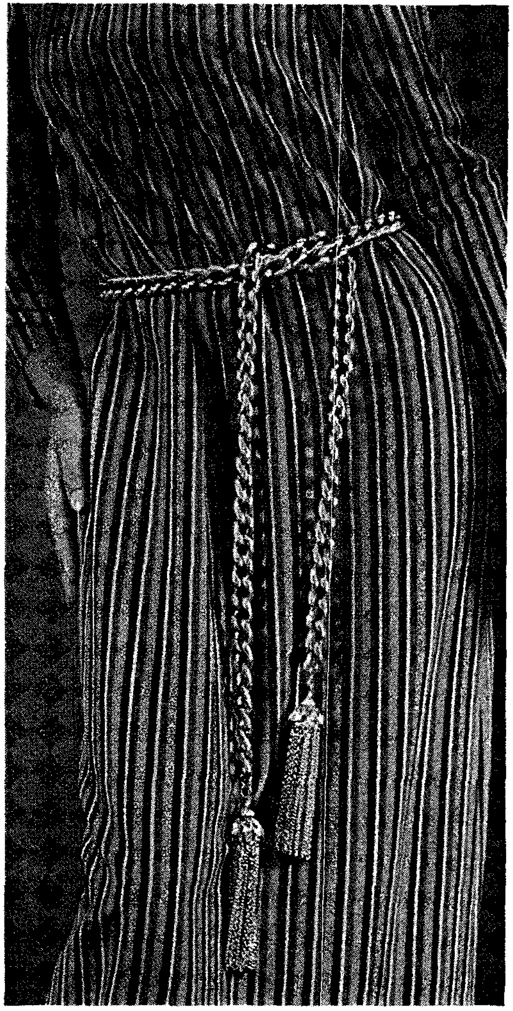
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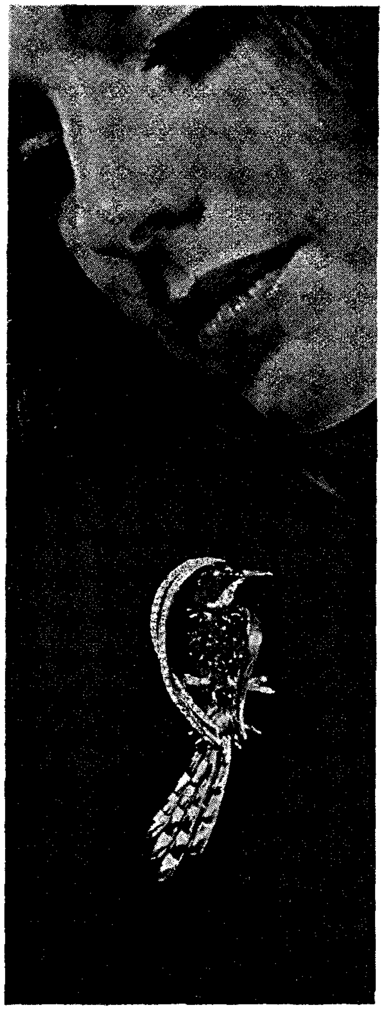
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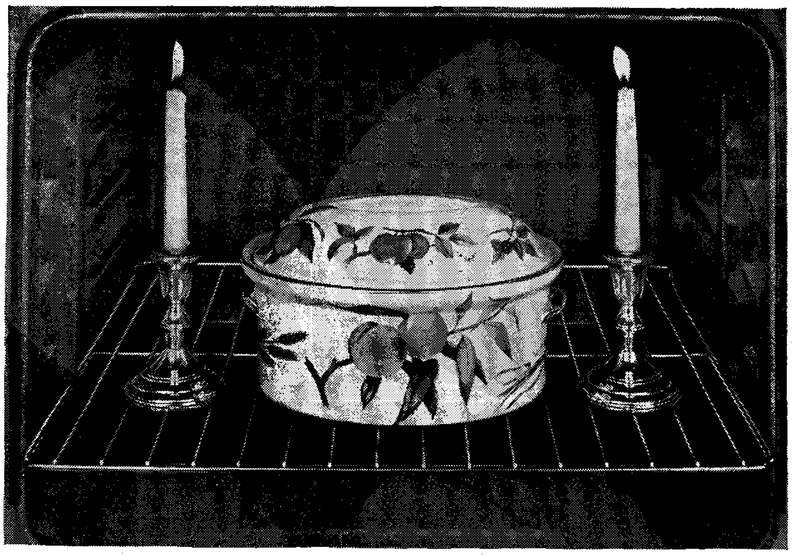
choices were inevitable. "Although it is conceivable," he says, "that no two people would have picked anywhere near the same works of art from the New York School, 1940-1970, it is highly unlikely." Actually, *nobody* but Geldzahler would have put together this show, and he himself, I am convinced, would be the first to say so. Just what Hoving had in mind by his "no two people" sentence is difficult to figure out—perhaps that the "New York School" has attained the absolute, and that its virtues are so clearly manifest that all men of good will must joyfully assent that in the Metropolitan exhibition "the highest quality of this exciting time has been fully captured."

EUROPEAN avant-garde art had exhausted itself before the war; the last three in Geldzahler's "grand succession of modern movements," of which the "New York School" is presumably the heir, were anti-art. Futurism, Dadaism, Surrealism had renounced continuity with the art of the past in favor of protest and of "research" into the social and psychic peculiarities of the modern world. By the nineteen-thirties, advanced artists were in flight from Central Europe and were trying to form combinations against war and Fascism. It is this fatal and irreversible breach of historical continuity that the Metropolitan's critical guides are endeavoring to conceal in their glorification of the "New York School" as the heir of "a continually vital" tradition.

The legacy that New York artists inherited from Paris consisted of the tradition of overthrow, of unlimited formal experimentation and parody, and of fragments of radical ideas. It was on the basis of the consciousness of loss and renunciation of support by the past that a new creative principle was sought by New York painters. The genius of the wartime generation of Abstract Expressionists, veterans of the W.P.A., lay in their ability to get along on nothing—aesthetically as in other respects. In Whitman's phrase, they had "all to make." Out of this pioneer situation, forced upon them by world catastrophe, came the great, flawed art of Gorky, de Kooning, Pollock, Rothko, Gottlieb, David Smith, Still, Newman, Hofmann, Kline, Guston, and a dozen others—individuals bewildered, uncertain, and straining after direction and an intuition of themselves. No description could be less relevant to these artists than Geldzahler's reference to Gorky, Pollock, and



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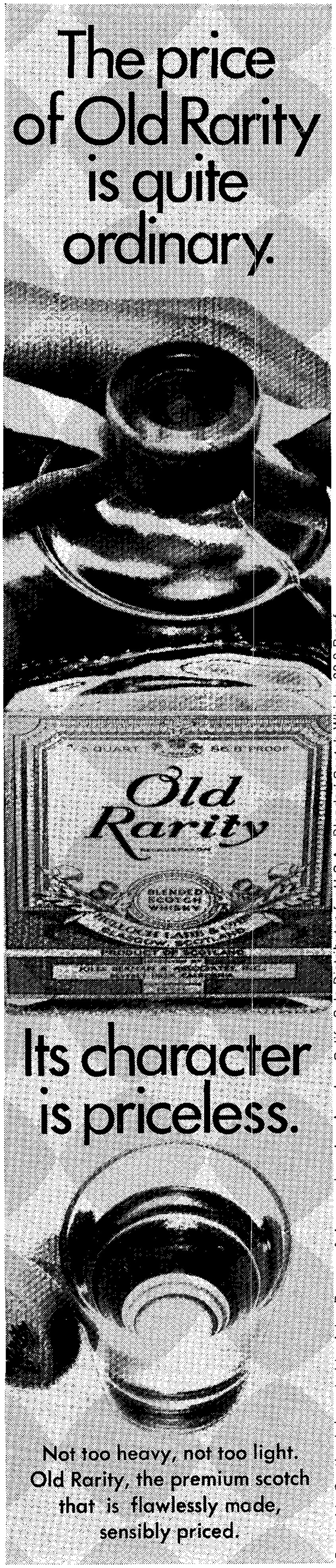
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Smith as "giants." Giants do not paint pictures, they roll boulders down hills.

It is in the American artists' will to art that the continuity lies between New York and European modernism. Nineteen-forty-six to 1952 or 1953 was a remarkable period in American art, and no period since has come close to equalling it. In that period, art began to flourish in this country through the powerful impetus of the myth of the artist—a myth that, although it was inherited from Europe, proclaimed America's independence of Europe and turned to an art of symbols drawn from Africa and pre-Columbian America and to self-explorations through action on the canvas. The continuity of New York art with the School of Paris thus consists in the recognition that besides the model of the artist as witness to the predicament of contemporary creation, Europe had no longer anything to offer but a mixture of memories. Despite the efforts of Geldzahler's mentors to prove that American paintings and sculptures "breathe naturally in the history of art," alienation from the past remains the inescapable condition of American creation, as is evident even in the schoolmaster art of the sixties, built upon one traditional element of painting, such as color or shape, that overcrowds the Metropolitan galleries.

New York artists have been compelled to confront the predicament of art in this century with reduced resources of consciousness—philosophical, political, psychological. The question of the survival of art under these conditions remains open. Not only does New York lack the intellectual attributes required to assume the role of Paris but "School of Paris" itself was close to being a misnomer. Style in modern art is determined not by place but by ideology. There are, for example, decisive differences between a Fauvist and a Cubist painting executed at the same time on the Left Bank, and there are similar differences in the work of an individual who has shifted from one concept to another. The open structures of Giacometti the surrealist are stylistically remote from the impacted portraits and walking men of Giacometti the "realist." In the United States, the most notable phenomenon of the art of the forties was the artist who was "cut in two"—individuals, such as Rothko, Guston, Gorky, who after years of working in one vein underwent a crisis out of which emerged a new artist with a new approach. The "conversion" phenomenon has continued to manifest itself, though it is al-

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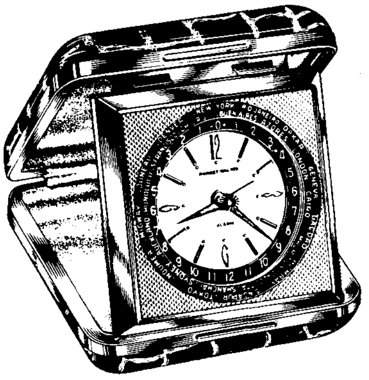

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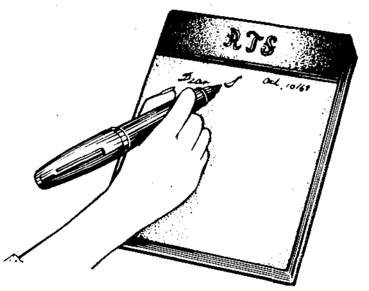

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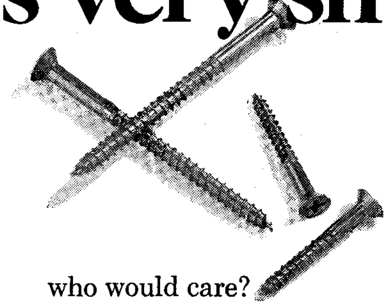

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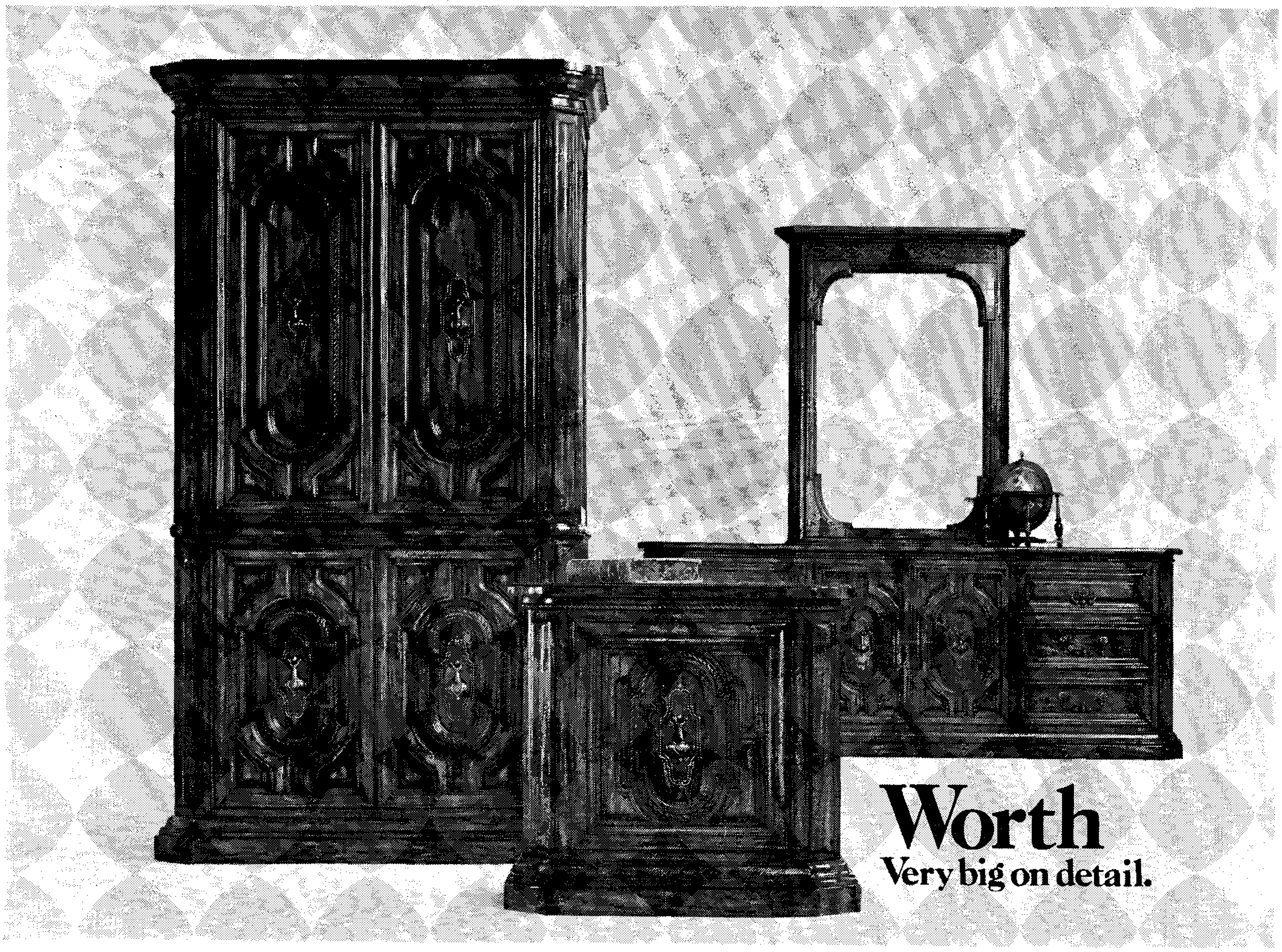

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most entirely suppressed in museum survey exhibitions. Among the artists presented at the Metropolitan, Lichtenstein, Noland, Louis, and Olitski are ex-Abstract Expressionists, but apart from two extremely poor Action paintings by Olitski, done only ten years ago, no hint is given of these artists' aesthetic biographies. This submergence of the artist's experience is of itself sufficient to present the distorted image of art as a craft for illustrating ideas that meet the demands of art history. Such ideas are, of course, the specialty of critics and art historians, and the basis of their status in the art world; artists are compelled to expend some of their energies in handling physical substances. Geldzahler's fantasy of a "New York School" comes from seeing all art in terms of one idea; what but ideology could cause him to elevate Louis and Judd and exclude Held, Sugarman, and Nevelson?

"It is the fate of every myth," wrote Nietzsche, "to creep by degrees into the narrow limits of some alleged historical reality, and to be treated by some later generations as a unique fact with historical claims." The myth of the artist that inspired Pollock, de Kooning, and their contemporaries has undergone precisely the destiny described by Nietzsche. Geldzahler's absurd account of uninterrupted advances from Pollock into higher and higher realms of excellence in a New York School centered on Noland, Stella, and Judd represents the kind of institutional history that confers the stature of European art on New York and the invention of baseball on the Russians. If, despite the ideologies of modernism, "School of Paris" is a term not altogether devoid of meaning, it is because the ancient city diffused its aura upon creations there regardless of their intellectual divergence. The aroma of Paris, debased in perfume advertisements, was present in the paintings of Matisse and Braque and in the tube of "air of Paris" that Duchamp packed in his suitcase when he emigrated to America; imagine anyone carrying off air of New York except to a laboratory. The ephemeral influence that binds responses together beyond the antagonisms of minds is lacking in New York. Art movements in America challenge each other on dogmatic grounds, with a challenge to the death and with a poverty of sensibility that is often appalling. Sensibility has never been the strong point of painting in the United States; even the best of American nineteenth-century landscapes and genre paintings tend toward the tight-

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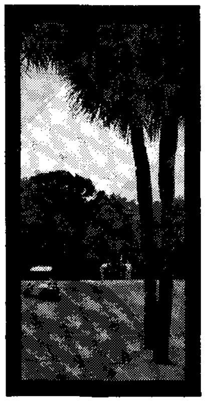

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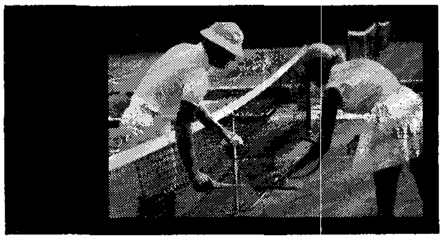

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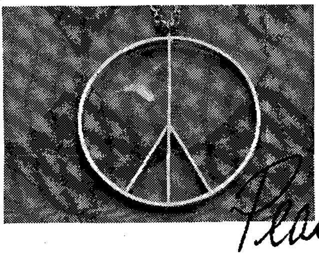

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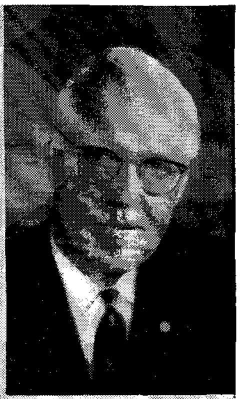

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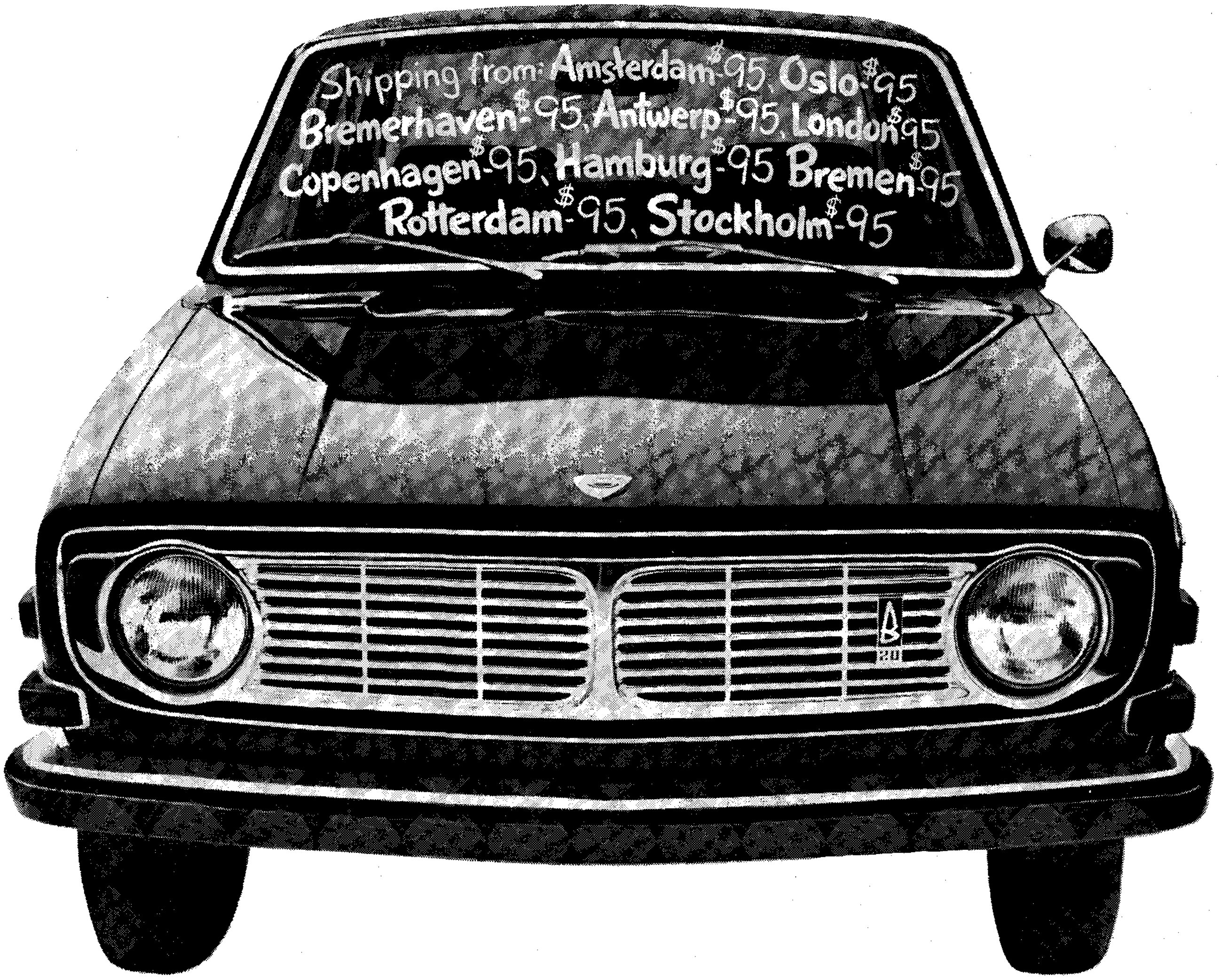
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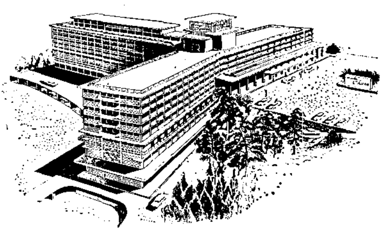

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ness and literalness of an art based on painstaking scrutiny untempered by style. Barnett Newman stated the issue prophetically in the forties by demanding an art denuded of sensibility and "truly abstract" if American painting were to liberate itself from the seductiveness of the Paris schools. Whether or not one accepts Newman's program, it is a fact that sensibility in New York is an individual acquisition and not a collective poetry of place. Americans tend to substitute recipes for the fluctuations of thought and Proust's "intermittences of the heart." Geldzahler's stars of the sixties—Louis, Kelly, Noland, Olitski, Stella—are all recipe painters. The recipes were supplied, or authenticated, by critics. To these critics, New York's continuity with Paris is established through carrying forward such "issues of Modernism," to quote Michael Fried, one of the critics, as "the need to acknowledge the literal character of the picture-support." Here, Minimal and color-field art is exposed as the product of an elementary interpretation of modern culture.

Geldzahler seems dimly aware that his "New York School" is less a communion of artists than a congeries of artifacts and forces, including the force of prevailing official opinion. He speaks of the "climate of discussion, theory, and technical advance" that makes New York today's world center, but he concludes that "perhaps most important of all [are] the museums and continuing gallery exhibitions." It seems evident that for him the significant ideas are those of curators and critics, and he goes as far as to express the astonishing belief that the fall of the School of Paris was brought about by the absence of enterprising museum personnel. "One of the reasons French art weakened so considerably after World War II was that the key paintings and sculptures of the first half of the century were not on view in Paris." The decline of Europe could, it seems, have been averted, after all. As for American vanguardism, it is today safely in the hands of competent art managers and communicators. America's contribution to the 1969 São Paulo Bienal was to have consisted of works in light, inflatable forms, and kinetics by anonymous artists organized into teams by a professor at M.I.T.; the curator of the Los Angeles County Museum has instituted a vast collaboration between artists and industry; the chief curator of the museum of the Rhode Island School of Design has obtained the services of Andy Warhol in

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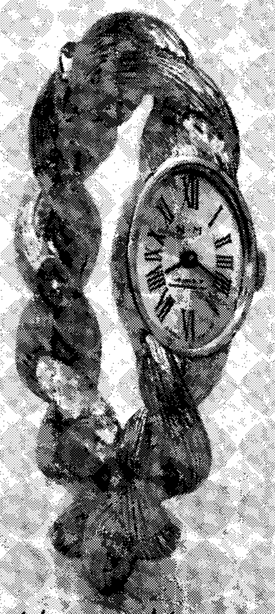

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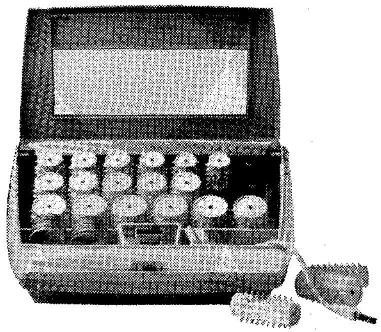

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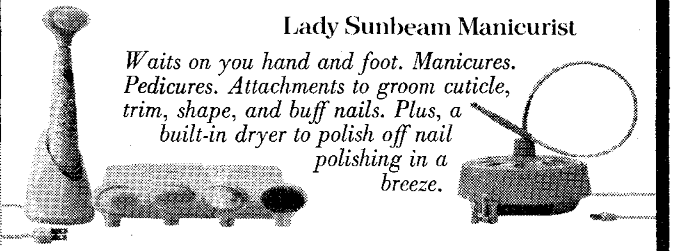

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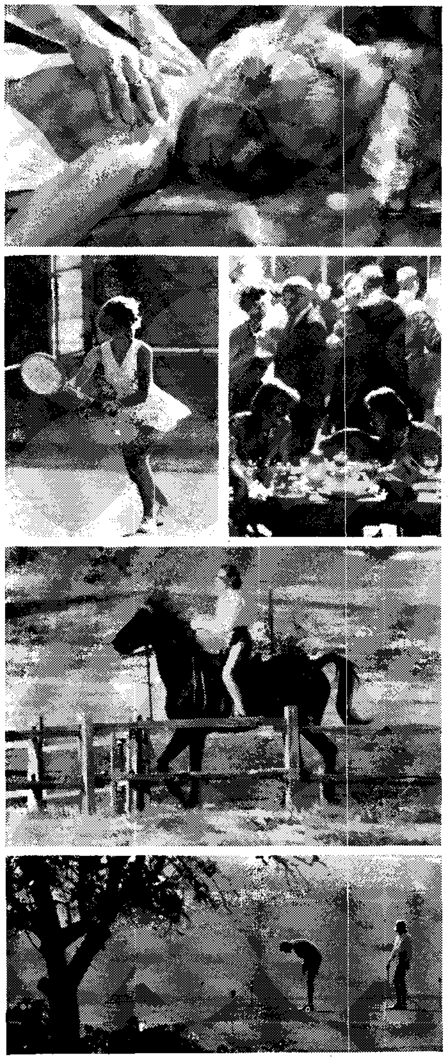

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mounting an exhibition of basement discards that mixes paintings and sculptures with old shoes; someone in the current *Artforum* discusses an exhibition arranged by a female critic that achieves a "total style" and thus leads to the discovery that it is the critic who "is in fact the artist and that her medium is other artists, a foreseeable extension of the current practice of a museum's hiring a critic to 'do' a show and the critic then asking artists to 'do' pieces for the show." In the movies and TV, a critic-artist whose medium is other artists is called a producer.

With the myth of the artist brushed aside by the showman who fits paintings and sculptures into his schemes, the only aspect of modern art that has steadily advanced in New York is its crisis. For obvious reasons, the curator-producer who covets the spotlight will favor artists of non-temperamental character and works in which personality has been reduced to a minimum. At the Metropolitan, the largest displays are by so-called object-makers—"post-painterly" canvases; that is to say, smooth-surfaced, cool, and tending to blend with their setting. The largest work, Stella's mammoth, shaped canvas, ten by forty-two feet, is not a picture on a wall but a wall; one can imagine a building constructed around it. It is composed of joined segments set at angles to one another, and the contours of each segment are emphasized by the parallel lines that constitute the painting. The result is comparable to the kind of rhythmical patterning with which bricklayers decorate a façade by setting bricks in contrasting directions. Using pieces of this sort, Geldzahler has created some rooms with brilliant decorative effects. But the exhibition is tone-deaf, and, in its indifference to the personages, from de Kooning to Nakian and Saul Steinberg, who have reduced the gap that separates New York from Paris of the past, "Henry's Show" makes art in America seem in a more precarious position than it is.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

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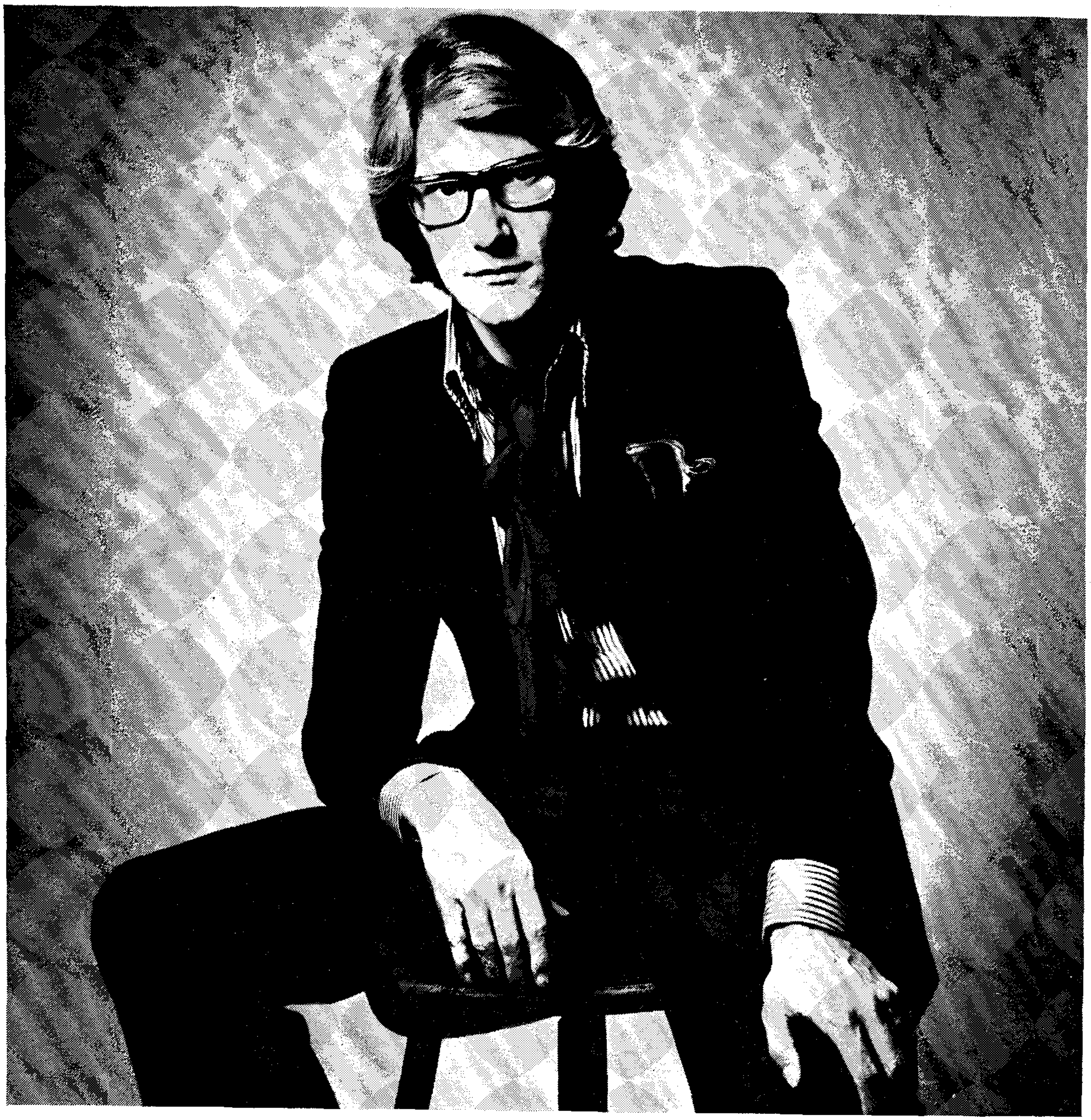

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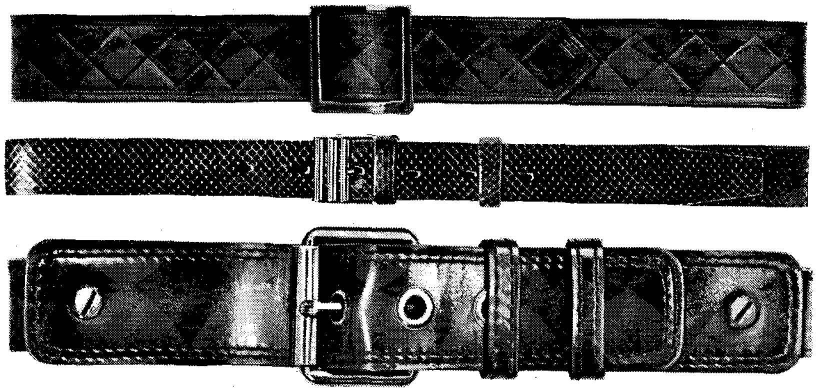

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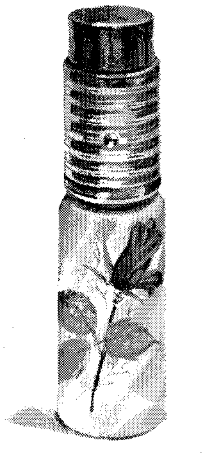
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Brisk Days*

RACING always slips into the doldrums at this time of year, with campaigners running in the claimers and non-winners of anything at any time filling out the program while their betters are having a brief rest before the winter season goes into high gear. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to have some really lively contests in the recent main events at Aqueduct. In fact, it would be hard to pick the best of the lot, unless you had a bet on the winner or remembered the race as part of a happy day out. The closest and most thrilling finish was in the Gallant Fox Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs, in which Ship Leave, Hydrologist, and Quicken Tree flashed past the post together—a nose between first and second, a head between second and third. Eleven ran, and from a slow beginning Quicken Tree took the lead with three furlongs to go, but was joined in the stretch by Ship Leave and Hydrologist, and the three went abreast the rest of the way. There's no telling how good Ship Leave is. Before Gus Ring bought him out of a claimer for $20,000 at Saratoga last August, he was just another three-year-old, but Angel Pena, who trains him, has made him into a first-class race horse. The way he came from far back to win the Roamer Handicap and his effort in the Gallant Fox indicate that he's a stayer. I'm keen to see how he goes in the Display Handicap, at two miles, at the Big A this weekend. His prize money in the Roamer and the Gallant Fox came to $75,530—not a bad return for a $20,000 claim, and you have the horse, too.

In the Firenze Handicap, on Thanksgiving Day, Amerigo Lady just about put the cap on a most successful season for the Rokeby Stable, which is owned by Paul Mellon and trained by Elliott Burch. Taking the lead after the first half of the nine furlongs, she won comfortably from Shuvee, with Obeah third. By the way, Amerigo Lady, who is five years old, carried 121 pounds; Shuvee, who is three, carried 122. When they met earlier, in the Ladies Handicap, Shuvee, who won it, carried 117 pounds and Amerigo Lady, who was second, carried 121. (Try those figures on your computer.) Before leaving for England the other



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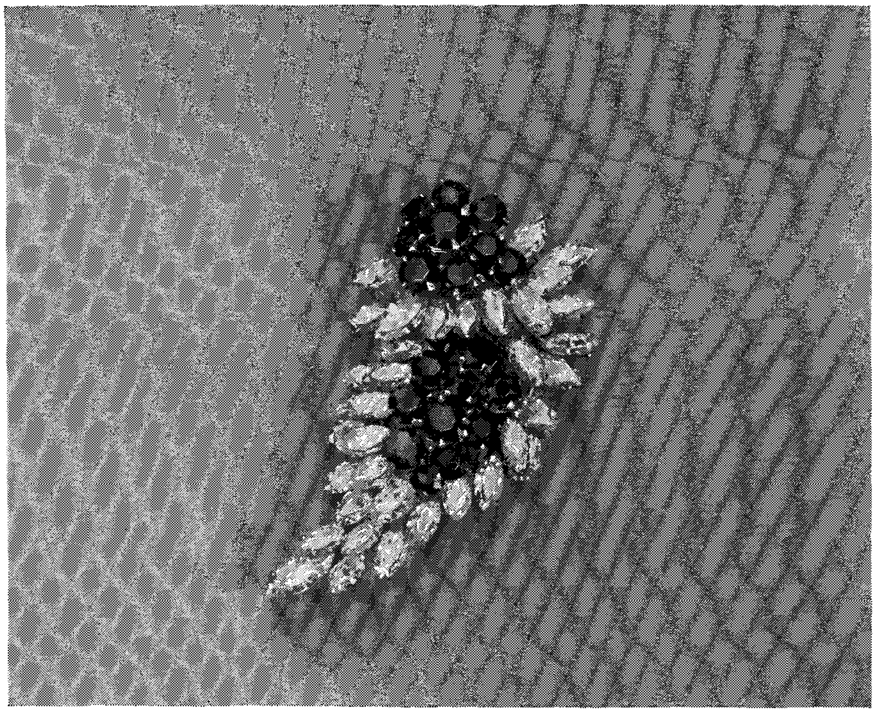
day to join Mr. Mellon at the Newmarket sales, Burch said that plans for Arts and Letters would not be announced for a fortnight. It's my guess that A. and L. won't go to Santa Anita and a possible meeting with Majestic Prince in the Charles H. Strub Stakes, though in my book he'd win by seven lengths.

The Remsen Stakes, for two-year-olds, which is usually a pointer to form the following season, was won in a romp by Protanto the day after Thanksgiving. For the record, Needles n Pens was second and Fried Eggs Over was third. Sorry. Names like that make Colonel Martingale shudder a little.

It isn't often that a winner from the Wheatley Stable pays a $35 mutuel—usually he's a much shorter price—but King Emperor did it in the Stuyvesant Handicap last Saturday. The fact that he was a sprinter in with middle-distance runners, and especially the fact that he was being ridden by Marquez, one of those boys from Panama or Mexico or somewhere, while Baeza, the stable's first-string jockey, was on William Haggin Perry's Dewan, the favorite, no doubt accounted for King Emperor's odds. When it came to the running, however, Marquez got his mount away well, kept him close to the early pace but with plenty of racing room, and sent him into the lead on the turn into the stretch. He won by a bit over two lengths from Dewan. Jaikyl was third.

THERE have seldom been higher prices for individuals, and never a grander total for the lot, than at the recent dispersal sales of Harry F. Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable horses. A hundred and thirty-seven head—broodmares, weanlings, yearlings, and animals of racing age—brought $4,751,200. There has been nothing like it since Louis B. Mayer sold two hundred and forty-eight for $4,479,650 under the klieg lights at Santa Anita a decade ago. Both Cain Hoy vendues brought eager bidders with fat bankrolls not only from the farms in Kentucky but from New York, Florida, California, England, France, South Africa, and Japan. At the first auction, in Lexington, fifty-one broodmares brought $2,218,000, and twenty-nine weanlings $754,200; one of the latter, by Turn-to out of Polly Girl, went for $110,000, a world's record for a filly that age. (Polly Girl herself went to Mrs. Ogden Phipps for $160,000.) Arnold Winick, who got the weanling filly, was acting for sev-



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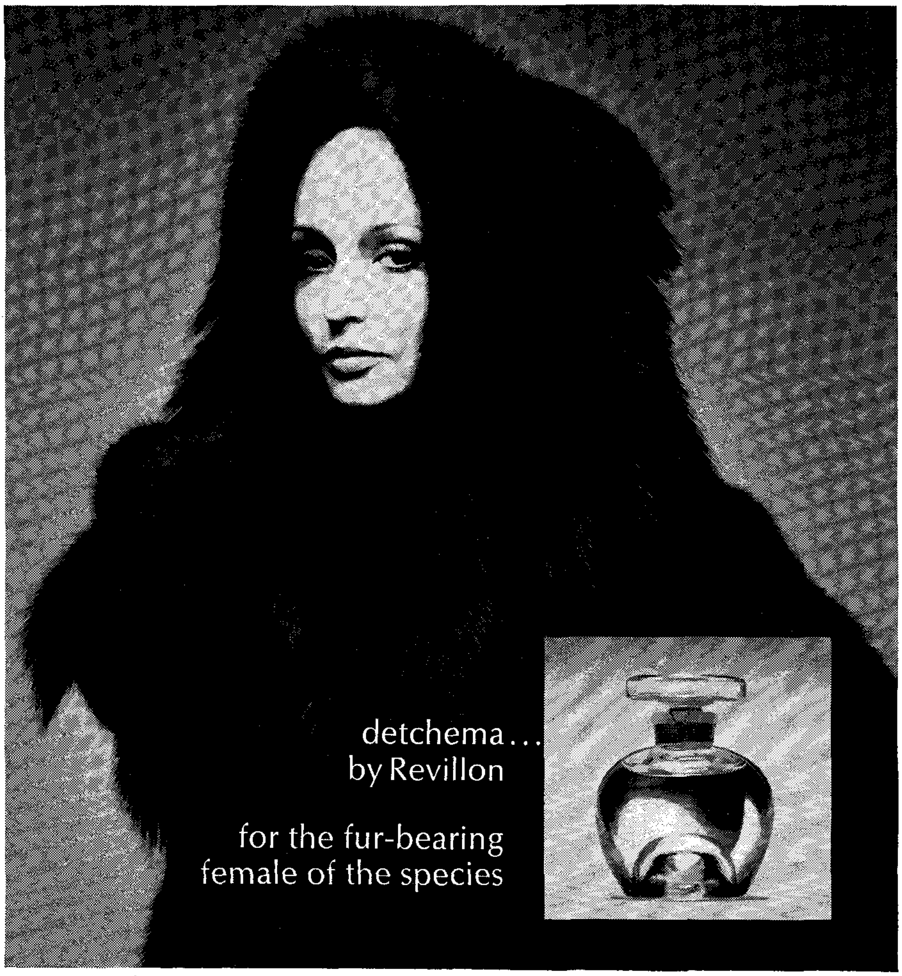

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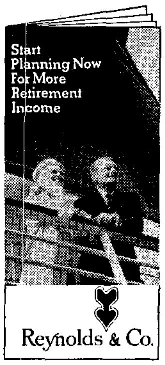

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eral of his patrons, and spent altogether $482,500 for seven head, topping Charles Engelhard, who gave $480,000 for five. Mr. Engelhard paid the high price of the sale—$225,000—for Too Bald, a five-year-old mare who was a winner in Florida last winter. At the second auction, in a huge plastic tent on the backstretch at Belmont Park, thirty yearlings and twenty-seven horses of racing age brought $1,779,000. Easily the star of this session was Ribot's Fan, who, for one reason or another, hadn't started this season. Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., who owns the famous King Ranch in Texas, got her for $175,000 after a bidding tilt with Robin Scully, an oilman from Nebraska. A nicely turned, medium-sized bay daughter of Ribot and Fantan, she's the type who would catch any horse breeder's eye. Besides, she's a full sister to Ragusa, whom Mr. Guggenheim sold in Ireland as a yearling for $10,640, and who went on to win the Irish Sweeps Derby, the St. Leger, and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. Mr. Kleberg also gave $100,000 for a yearling colt by Never Bend and Make Sail. This was a rather thin season for the Cain Hoy racers; the winningest of the lot offered was Captain's Joy, a two-year-old filly with two firsts in four tries. Downey Donsal, who trained her, bought her for the Pin Oak Stud, of which he's the new trainer. The price was $87,000.

TRIVIA: The Fair Grounds at New Orleans opened as usual on Thanksgiving Day with the Thanksgiving Handicap, which was won by an English horse, Tudor Scott, who set a new track record of 1:09⅘ for the six furlongs. . . . The Arlington Park management has dropped the Arlington-Washington Futurity, because of a change in dates for the meeting. This year, the race had a gross value of $366,075, of which owners put up $216,075 for nominations, subsequent payments, and starting fees. The track added $150,000. . . . And the Turcotte boys are still one, two on Aqueduct's jockey list, Rudy with thirty-five winners and Ron with thirty-one. —AUDAX MINOR

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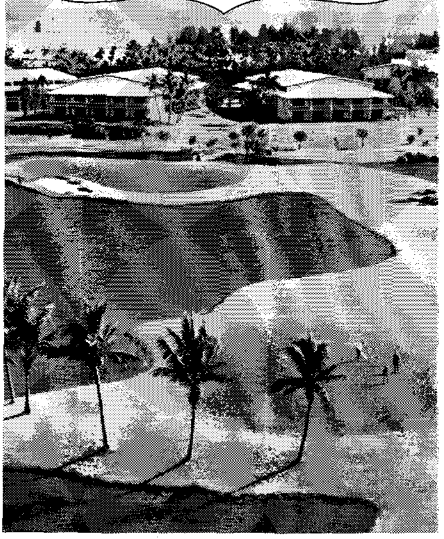

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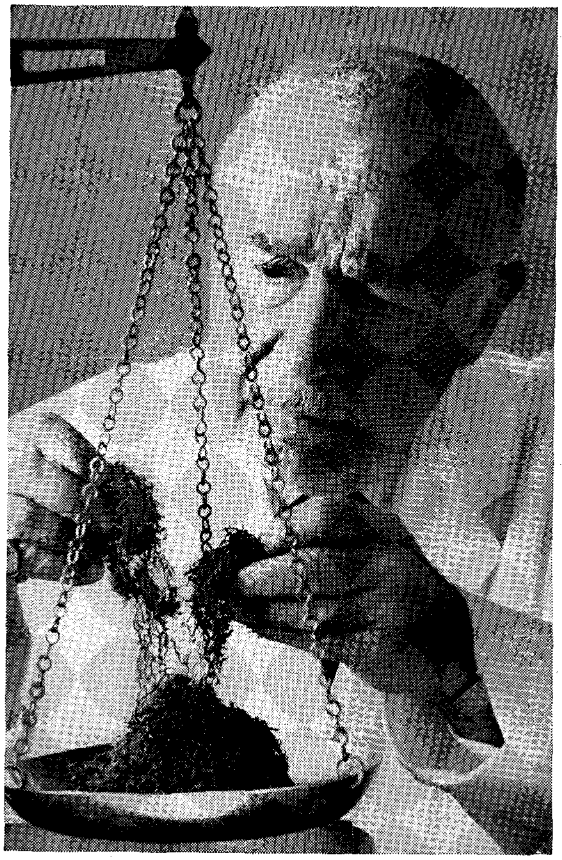

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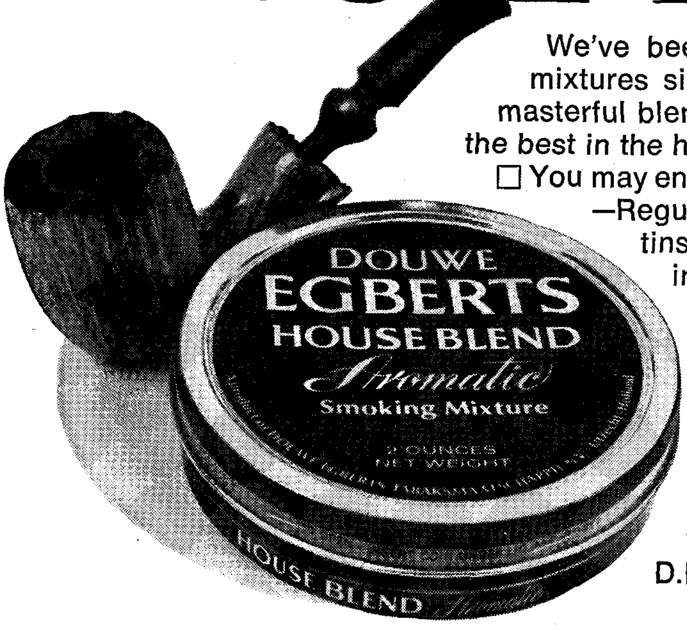

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Elfskin*

NO doubt everyone has his own set of deterrents to moviegoing—subjects and players that make one reluctant to see a movie no matter how good it is reputed to be. Based on rotten experiences in recent years, I don't anticipate much pleasure from:

Brain-damaged heroes ("Charly," "The Rain People").

Bestiality ("Futz," "Pigpen") and mutilation ("The Night of the Following Day," recent Westerns).

Virgins driven mad (particularly when played by Sandy Dennis).

Aging virgins (particularly when played by Joanne Woodward).

Anything with Anthony Quinn as a peasant.

Christ figures.

Female self-manipulation ("The Silence," "The Fox").

Writhing nudes ("Coming Apart") and symbolic sex ("Hurry Sundown").

Labor pains and LSD trips.

Rape (particularly teen-age), robbery (jewels, bank), and spies (particularly comic).

That may suggest that I'm in the wrong job, but there are also promising subjects, and certain players and writers and directors who make me eager to see a movie no matter how bad it is reputed to be. And so I went to Forty-second Street to see Carl Reiner's "The Comic," which opened there on a double bill. The life of a silent-film comedian is a potentially great subject, but "The Comic," like Woody Allen's "Take the Money and Run" and other recent movies involving television performers and writers, is an emaciated little picture. As Billy Bright, Dick Van Dyke has the true manic feeling for the silent-comedy routines, and Mickey Rooney, as his teammate, Cockeye, creates a character out of almost nothing and lives it on the screen so convincingly that one fully expects to see him again after the movie is over, yet they don't have the kind of beauty that the picture should be *about*. I don't think it's their fault—it's Reiner's.

A moderately unbalanced visionary filmmaker once told me that he could see "elfskin," which he explained was "the white light emitted by all living

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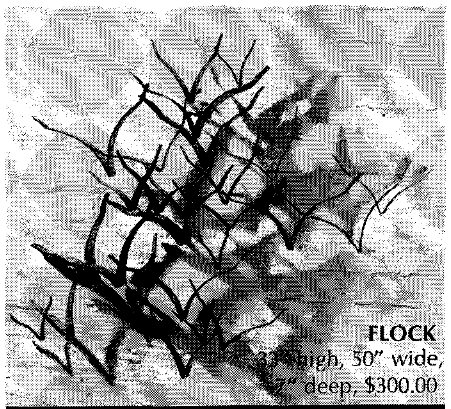

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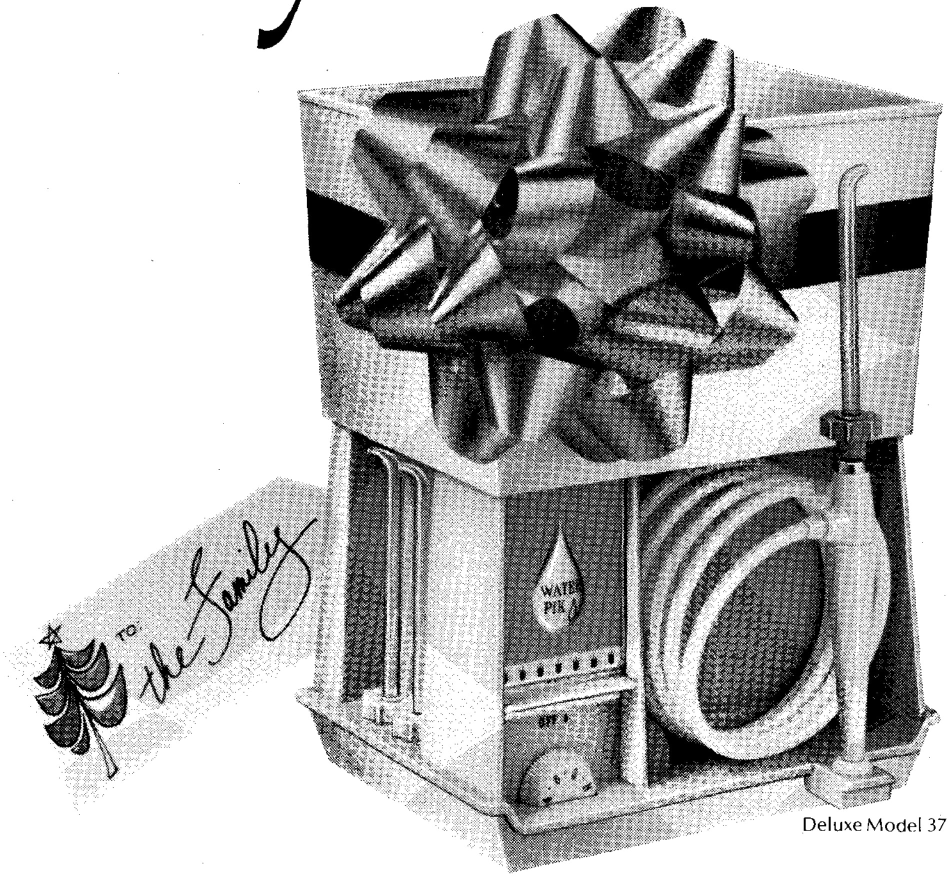

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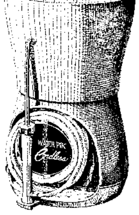

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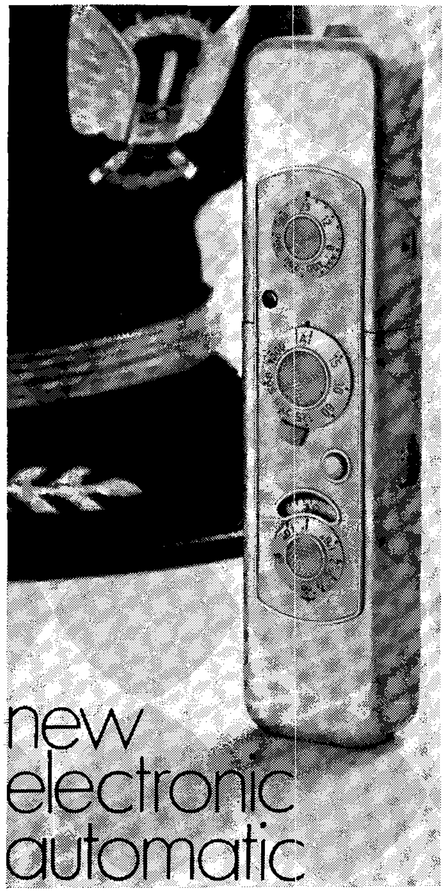

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creatures"—though, he said, some gave off more than others. I suppose that he was universalizing what Tolkien ascribes to elves ("They bore no lights, yet as they walked a shimmer, like the light of the moon above the rim of the hills before it rises, seemed to fall about their feet"). Whether or not all living creatures give off a white light, actors must, and, of all actors, comics, the elves of the theatre, must especially. What's depressing about "The Comic" is the total absence of elfskin, the glow that comics emit when they're giving of their best and when everything comes together right. Without it, you have at most a mild, disappointing little comedy; with it, you can have greatness.

When you see a good old comedy, you feel that the people involved gave you everything they had—rehearsing that split-second bit until it would look so perfectly, effortlessly funny that you would laugh every time you thought of it, for days, maybe for years, afterward. Carl Reiner has a prodigious gift for that kind of comic invention, for the details and bits of business that are comic in the greatest movie tradition—the comedy that unites the sophisticated audience and the mass audience. But he doesn't think his story through; he doesn't develop and sustain the characters; he tosses things together. And without a structure to give his bits meaning they don't have enough resonance to be memorable. As fast as they come and go, we forget them, and we're still starved for entertainment when the picture is finished.

Television has been destroying the old show-business belief in giving everything you have to an audience. With the skimpy material they're handed, performers can't give much. And as they go from a movie role or a TV series to the circuit of game shows and talk shows, they reach the peak of celebrity when they're such "big names" that, like Jack Benny and Bob Hope, they no longer need to do anything to be applauded. (The name, like the label on a can, is supposed to certify that the performer is great. The "guest appearance" has come to mean just a flash of the label.) The big-money writers and directors leap from medium to medium; they become so rich and their time is so valuable that they can't *afford* to keep working on a project until they get it right.

In "The Comic," Reiner uses his subject in the way TV writers use subjects, as a peg to pin some skits and jokes on. He begins with Billy Bright's funeral, where Cockeye, carrying out

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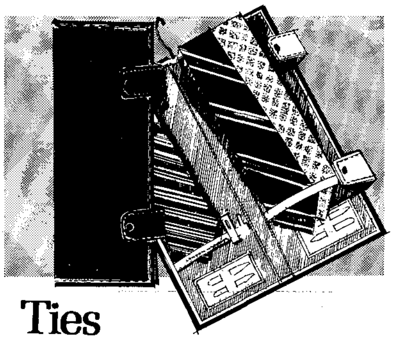

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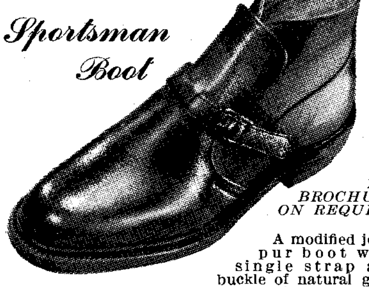

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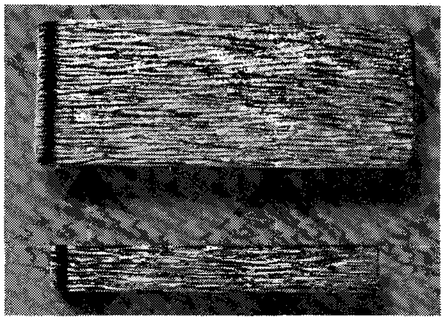

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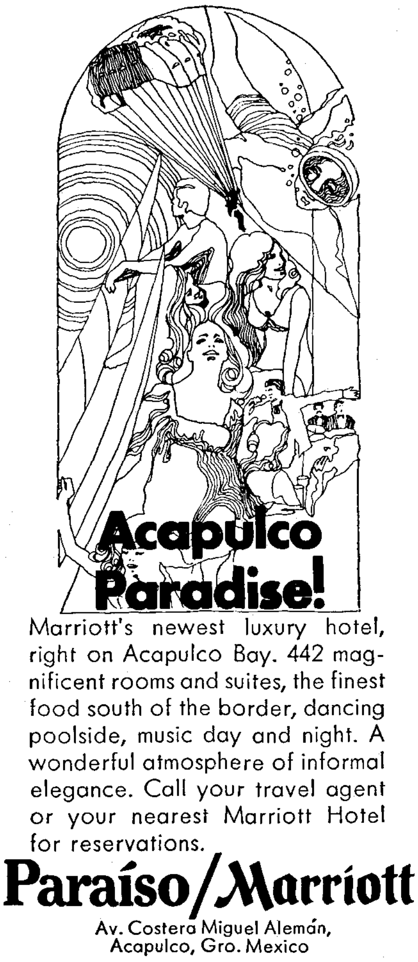
The forbidden fragrance.

Billy's instructions, throws a pie at the pontificating eulogist from the Motion Picture Academy. We expect the flashbacks to reveal a Billy consistent with this gesture; what we get is a narrow-minded, self-centered comic—television's idea of hard-hitting realism—and not a clue to what made him great. We see Billy's life fall apart into alcoholism when his wife and leading lady (Michele Lee) leaves him, though we never had any indication that he cared for her. We see him as a money-grubber who can't waste even the crowd at his wedding and photographs it for use. Later, poor and forgotten, he watches on TV a picture he produced and starred in. Reiner has confused the lives of the great comedians (like Chaplin and Lloyd) who retained control of their pictures, and who are rich, with the lives of those who didn't (like Stan Laurel and Keaton). And in thus eliminating the whole business background, and the role of the studios in breaking performers and dumping them, he has left out the factors that might explain the wasted, poverty-stricken lives of some of our greatest talents, discarded in their twenties or thirties. Billy Bright's drunken egomania is used to explain his decline; this is so far from what actually happened to the artists Billy resembles—Stan Laurel and Keaton, who loved what they were doing so much that they left the arithmetic to others—as to be an insult. It's the way Hollywood businessmen like to explain what happened to artists. Surely, of all people, Carl Reiner might have been expected to seize the chance to show how radio and talking pictures altered comedy, and to indicate the different kinds of people who prospered in the sound era, but he doesn't even *try*.

What makes the movie worth attention is Reiner's facility, which is both his vice and his phenomenal talent. Though he apparently hasn't learned anything about the technical side of moviemaking—visually the picture is dead—he has developed a controlled, light touch with the actors (who don't mug, as some did in his "Enter Laughing"). Michele Lee is charming—at times reminiscent of Mary Tyler Moore (and who would quarrel with *that*?)—and, as a mercenary stage mother, Pert Kelton, in her last performance, goes out in glory. But Reiner also throws in the worst kind of TV writing and acting; he uses Steve Allen and Cornel Wilde and himself like empty cans with fancy labels. One feels that if only he would give a movie his full attention and find collaborators



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who would do the same he could make great comedies—as great as the ones of "the golden era." We have the resources in actors and actresses. Television is full of brilliant performers wearing themselves out or stagnating, dying creatively though they go on performing. It doesn't do to say that they're reaching millions of people and that that's what counts, because they're not really reaching people in the *way* that counts—they're not really satisfying the need for comedy and entertainment that we all share; they provide a constant diet of hors d'oeuvres that sickens and starves us. Reiner is one of the greatest talents in television, yet he just tickles us, he doesn't touch us. He draws back from his subject here before he gets near it, just as he draws back from giving the audience anything it can feel and take away. He seems terrified of trying anything that might have any depth; he has, perhaps, accepted the too limited idea of entertainment that dominates television—an idea that, I think, is based on failure to believe in the audience. Elfskin comes not just from the pains—and the pleasure—that an author takes in working out his ideas but also from the director and the actors caring enough about what they're doing to make it shine. I think you must really *believe in the audience* to do that—believe, that is, that you owe the audience your best. And, given the underdeveloped tastes of the mass audience, you must believe that you owe the audience your best even if it is willing to "love" you for your second best or third best, or for your token presence. A man like Carl Reiner or Woody Allen spreads himself so thin that he may never discover his full self; there just isn't enough of him together at any time in any one place. Now that such men are making movies, they treat the movie audience like the television audience; their movies are as thin as skits.

Maybe I overestimate Reiner—maybe the talent he scatters is all he has. But even that is so great that if he husbanded it he could make comedies that people could really respond to. In the crumbling Forty-second Street picture palace, the people who had gathered there hoping for a little something came out with nothing—once again. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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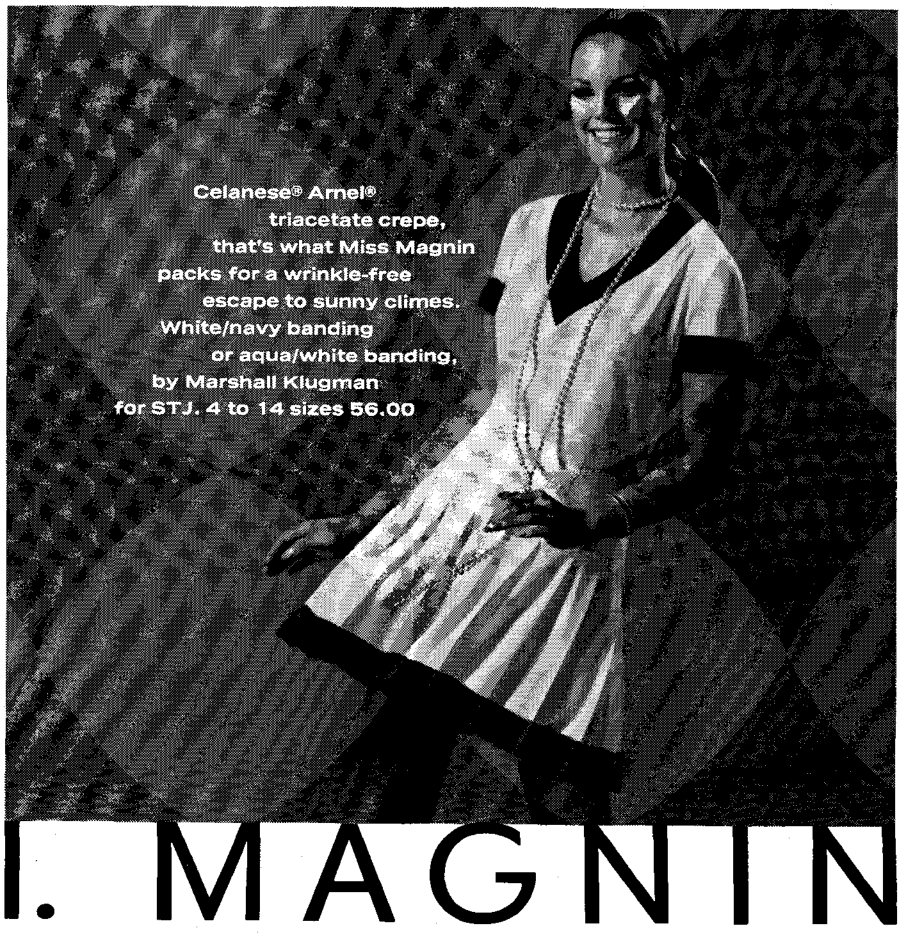

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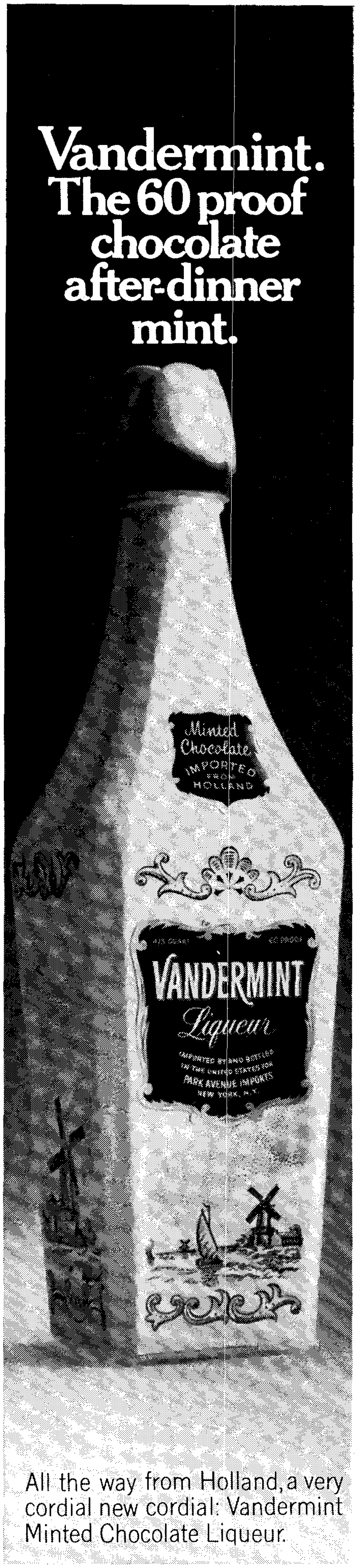

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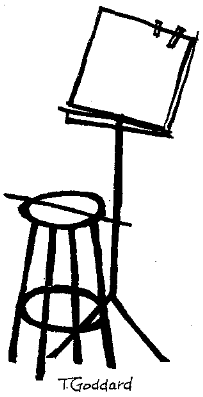
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *As It Was in the Beginning*


T. Goddard

NOWADAYS, when every avant-garde composer's ambition seems to be to shatter his auditors' eardrums with the most original and progressive noise ever created, it is a pleasure to hear a work that is modestly written—merely to elicit an emotional response from an audience. Such a work is Donald Swann's opera "Perelandra," which was given a single performance here last Monday night in a small auditorium in the Riverside Church. Mr. Swann is the piano-playing half of the team of Flanders and Swann, which has been entertaining us periodically for several years. But "Perelandra" does not consist of the patter songs that Mr. Swann is best known for, and that he is such an unquestionable genius at inventing. It is a genuine opera, with a very serious plot, and it is full of arias and choruses and has a deft score. Its plot comes from the novel of that name by C. S. Lewis, with whom the composer and the lyricist, David Marsh, collaborated before Lewis's death, and it constitutes a sort of morality play, dealing with the forces of good and evil. The scene of its action is the planet Venus, where two British astronauts arrive, almost simultaneously, to find a world of complete innocence, much like the Garden of Eden before the expulsion of Adam and Eve. In this world, there are only two human beings, a King and his Lady, both naked, and they enjoy eternal life, surrounded by a group of kindly and peaceful animals. The question posed is "What would have happened if Adam and Eve had resisted temptation and gone on living in the Garden?" And what would have happened is shown us despite the machinations of one of the astronauts, a scientist named Weston, who, as becomes clear before long, is Satan himself. The other astronaut, a fellow named Ransom, is Weston's opponent. Ransom admires the innocence of Perelandra, as Venus is called in the opera, and he tries to thwart Weston at every turn. Weston tempts the Lady to defy her God, and also

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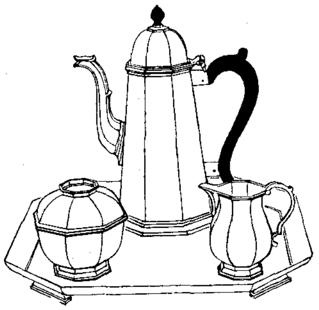

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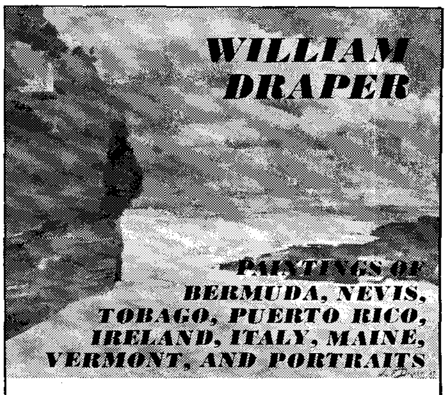

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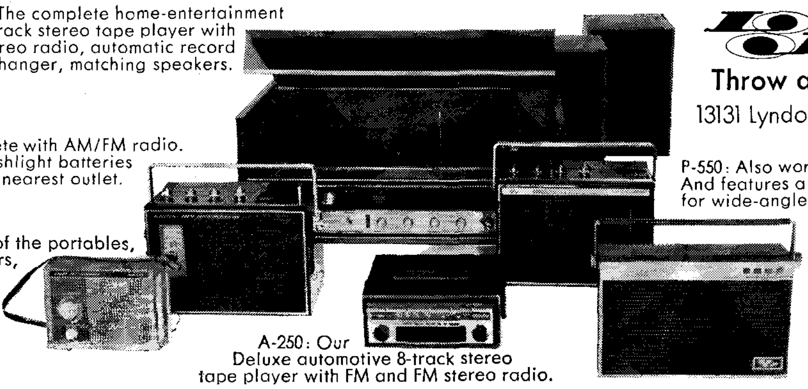

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tempts her with dreams of power. A chorus, presumably of angels, comments on what is going on, and advises Ransom to fight Weston. Ransom at this point assumes a Christlike character, even to the extent of quoting such Biblical lines as "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Despite Weston's greater power (he is older than mankind, he says), Ransom fights him, and their battle entails an amount of violence that would probably finish off an average operatic tenor and bass. Ransom is hurled over a cliff into darkness. "Another world, another victory!" cries Weston. But Ransom is not dead yet. He meets Weston again and pushes *him* over a cliff, to his death. The chorus sings about the "long road to Calvary." In the royal palace of Perelandra, the King and his Lady sit in state among their animals. Ransom appears, mutilated by his battle with Weston (an apparent analogy with the mutilation of Christ on the cross), and reports that the enemy has been destroyed. The chorus sings "Glory, glory." Then the King, discovering that Ransom cannot survive in the Venusian environment, sends him back to Earth. Thus the Son of God has appeared briefly on Venus, done His work, and departed.

The symbolism and mythology of all this are fairly obvious. "Perelandra" is a religious opera. Satan is a physicist, leading mankind more and more astray. He has to be killed by Ransom, the Christ figure, so that at least one planet can remain free of evil. The libretto's only flaw—and I suppose it is an inevitable one—is that, to most people, Venus, or Perelandra, or Paradise, seems to be an awfully dull place. Evil and such things as sex are unknown there. Desire is absent. The environment seems even more dehumanized than the modern world of scientific progress.

Still, there is a certain charm about the idea of Perelandra, the ideal world where evil does not exist, and Mr. Swann has written a lovely score, which characterizes the two opponents and the King's Lady magnificently, and sets Perelandra in fantasy surroundings somewhat like those of Mozart's "The Magic Flute." The idiom of the music is, as most progressive composers would say, "not of our time." It is unabashedly old-fashioned. It represents the Handel-Mendelssohn tradition, which is the tradition of most unselfconscious British music. There isn't a trick in it. A few dissonances appear from time to time to designate evil. But

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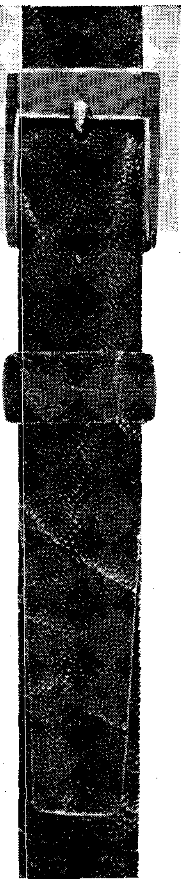

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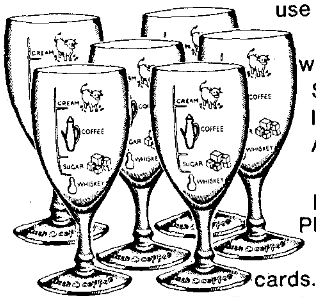

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most of it is as innocent and sincere as Perelandra itself. Soaring choruses and very singable arias (a particularly beautiful one is sung by the Lady just after Weston has tempted her with power) follow one another with seemingly endless fecundity on Mr. Swann's part. "Perelandra" is a little like the work of Gian Carlo Menotti and the late Douglas Moore. It may not be "of our time" in the doctrinaire sense, but it is far more enjoyable and moving than the music that purports to be so.

The performance was an amateur one, presented by the music and drama departments of Haverford and Bryn Mawr, as well as the Haverford-Bryn Mawr Drama Club. The director was Robert Butman, the conductor the expert William Reese. The student cast sang well, on the whole, especially the young men who took the roles of Ransom and Weston (Weston's role, by the way, as always happens to the Devil, turns out to be the richest and most dramatic one). The scenery and costumes were minimal but appropriate. Despite the limitations of amateur performance, I enjoyed "Perelandra." I understand that this was its first staged production. I should like very much to hear a production staged by a professional company.

BEING the elder statesman of the conducting profession in America, and in many ways the champion in the field, George Szell can present programs of pretty conventional character on the ground that nobody else can conduct conventional music quite as well as he can. His program for the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Wednesday night was conventional enough. It consisted of Haydn's Symphony No. 88, in G Major; Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in D Major, K. 537, with Robert Casadesus as soloist; Mr. Casadesus' own Suite No. 2, in B Flat Major, Opus 26, performed in honor of his seventieth birthday; and the very familiar "Daphnis and Chloë" Suite, No. 2, by Ravel. Everything was performed with the utmost spit and polish. Mr. Casadesus provided a suave, technically fluent, and elegant performance of the solo part of the concerto. His own suite, which I had missed on the occasion of its first performance here, in 1952, is a pleasant work, slightly satirical, very Parisian, and very much of its period (1937-39), reminding one of the early Poulenc. The trouble with Mr. Szell from a concert review-

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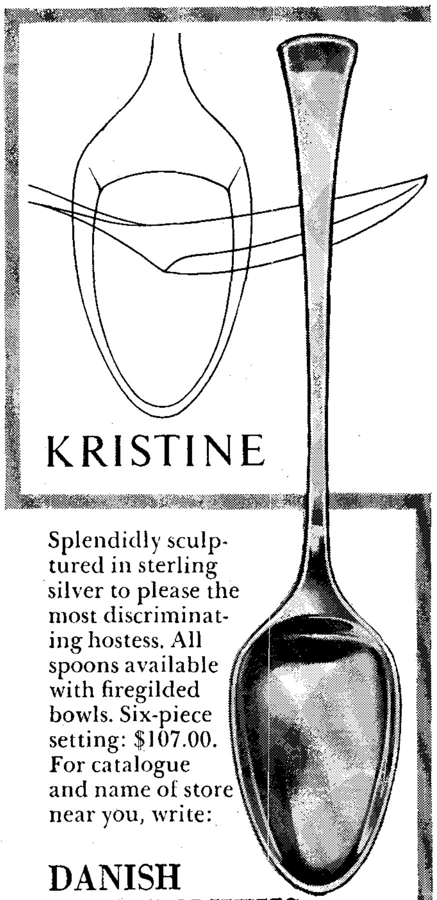

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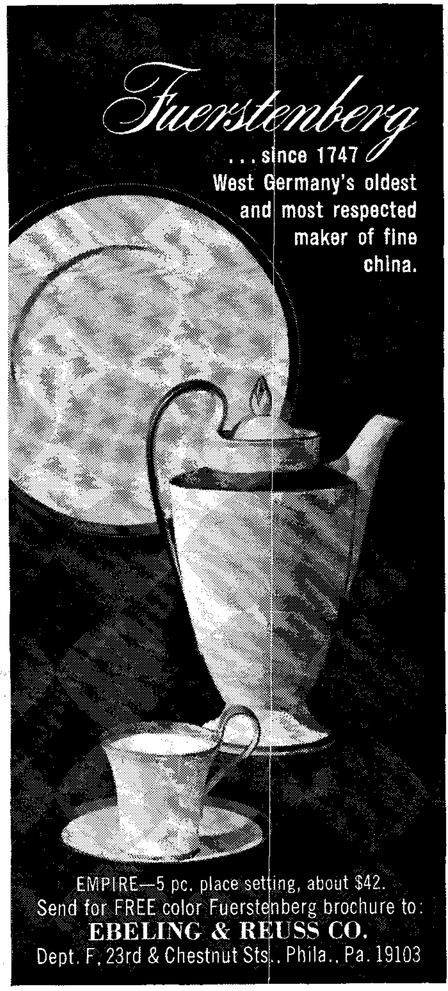

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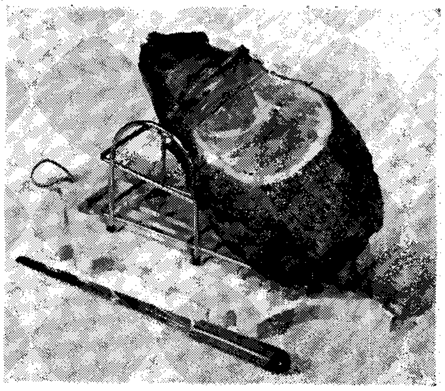
er's point of view is that he is predictable—always fastidious, always in control of every scrap of detail, always able to project the larger architecture of a composition; in short, he is a great conductor.

LAST Thursday night, I went to the Brooklyn Academy of Music to see the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. This is a predominantly black dance troupe, which combines modern American dance techniques with a technique of its own, involving traditional Negro movement, which is difficult to explain. It is a kind of movement that comes down from soft-shoe routines, vaudeville turns, and the like, but that has been raised from these popular dance forms to the status of an art. The program the other night contained three items—"Revelation," choreographed by Alvin Ailey to the sort of music one finds in written-down "spirituals," some of it very fine; "Threnodies," a ballet for five women soloists, choreographed by Richard Wagner to music by the contemporary Polish composer Tadeusz Baird; and "Blues Suite," choreographed by Mr. Ailey to a number of traditional blues songs. The music was all on tape. This is a handsome company, with several dancers who would be notable in any surroundings, among them Judith Jamison, Consuelo Atlas, Dudley Williams, and Kelvin Rotardier. "Revelation" turned out to be a hybrid affair—half modern dance, half Negro movement—beautifully costumed and a pleasure to see. "Threnodies," despite an interesting stage set and some superb dancing, was killed—for me, at least—by Mr. Baird's raucous music. But the "Blues Suite" was one of the freshest and most delightful things I have seen recently on any ballet stage. It is not only full of spectacular dancing, all of it in the sophisticated Negro manner I have tried to describe, but full of wit, self-parody, high spirits, drama, and pretty nearly everything else that you can put into an endlessly amusing romp. Some outstanding moments among many were Miss Jamison's dancing in something called "House of the Rising Sun;" a male-female contretemps called "Backwater Blues," danced by Miss Atlas and Mr. Rotardier; and a fine finale ("Yancey Special," "Slow Drag—Going to Chicago," "Sham," and "Good Morning Blues"), danced by the whole company, with Mr. Williams in an unforgettable comedy role.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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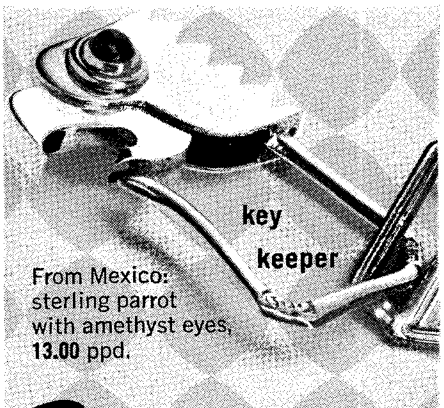

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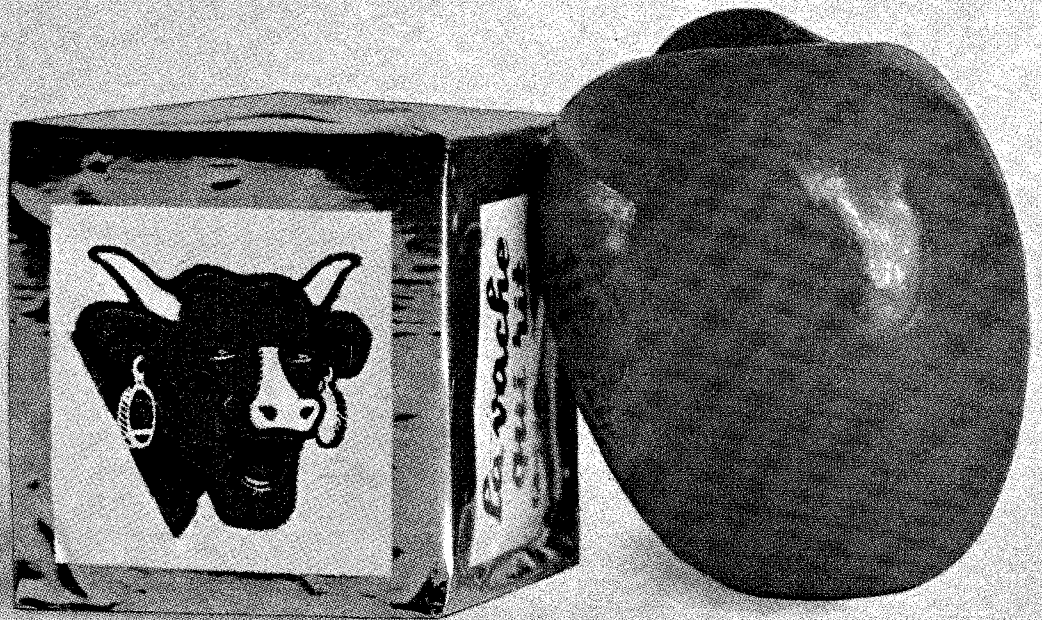

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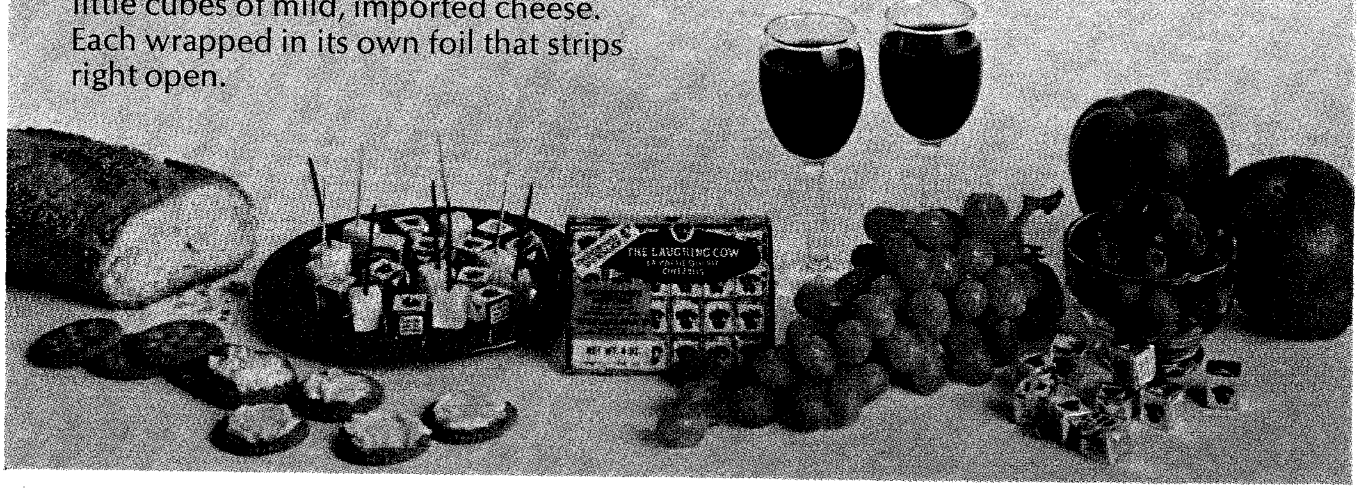

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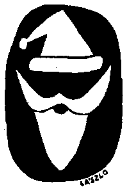
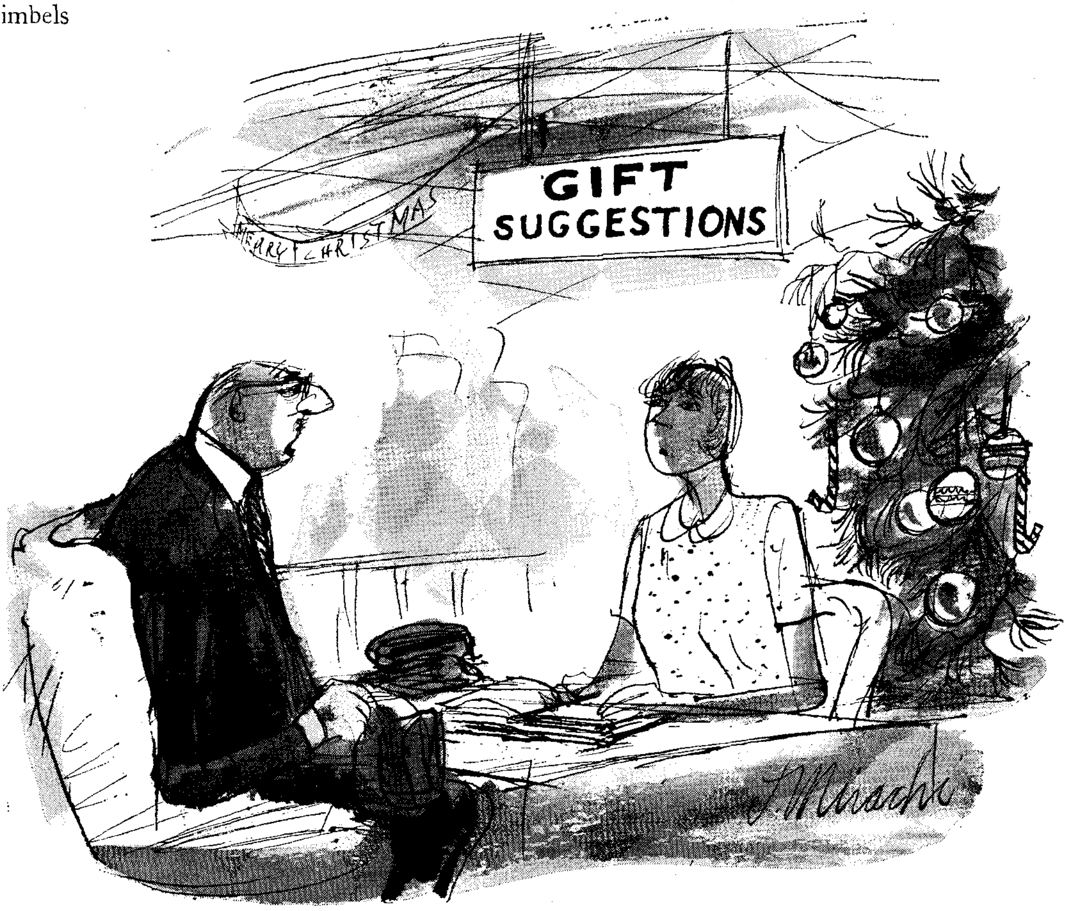
## UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE



IN one of the toy departments we've been frequenting lately, we ran into a father we know, who introduced us to his companion, who turned out to be *his* father. Each carried in his hand a Christmas list entrusted to him by the family hostages to fortune, and as the men stared down at the words laboriously spelled out on pieces of lined paper their eyes took on the glazed look we've grown familiar with in such circumstances. "Swingy, Baby Know-It-All, Baby Catch-A-Ball," our friend read aloud to us, shaking his head. "Mugwump, Grippidee Gravidee, Gro-A-Face, Hot Wheels," he went on, and then he faltered. We knew, as sure as Santa Claus, that his next sentence would start off, "What ever happened to . . ." Fortunately, we were able to assure these shoppers that some of the old familiar playthings are still around. For instance, a set of Lincoln Logs (two hundred and ten pieces) is $6.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz. Gimbels has an Erector Set with over three hundred parts, including a motor and lots of nuts and bolts, and it costs $12.99. Two D batteries are required to run it, and you buy them in a six-pack at Gimbels for ninety-nine cents. Macy's sells Mickey Mouse watches for $6.95. At Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), a deck of Old Maid cards is twenty-nine cents, a box of jackstraws is $2, a Parcheesi set is $3, and a Monopoly layout is $6. Rappaport's also sells Spanish, French, Italian, and German versions of Monopoly for $12 apiece, in case the young person you have in mind is thinking of investing in foreign real estate or wants to learn to make change in, say, the revalued mark. B. Shackman, 2 West 35th Street, offers a dozen marbles in a drawstring bag for $1, a jump rope accompanied by a book of traditional jump-rope rhymes for $3, and a polished-wood Yo-Yo, two inches in diameter, for forty-nine cents. A foot-tall plush Teddy bear (in pink or blue as well as Teddy-bear brown) is $3.50 at Lord & Taylor. Another foot-tall Teddy, who is also known as a Kruse Bear, after his designer, is $9 at Creative Playthings, 1 East 53rd Street, and we mention him because this accommodating fellow, being made of plush over foam rubber, can go right into the washing machine when the time comes. A clear-plastic top enclosing a small circus troupe that performs wildly as the plunger that spins it moves up and down is $4 at Childcraft, 150 East 58th Street. At the same store, ninety-eight cents will pay for a kaleidoscope with three interchangeable heads. At Macy's, you'll find a jack-in-the-box for $3. Actually, it's not a fellow named Jack who pops up but Charlie Brown's old pal Snoopy; there is background music, supplied by some tinkle bells inside, and, as you might guess, the tune is "Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" An old-fashioned doll whose only accomplishments are saying "Mama" when she's bent double, and making a large, cuddly armful at all times, is $11 at Macy's; twenty-five inches tall, she comes in a red romper suit, all ready for play, and her name is Dear One. A fourteen-inch Kewpie doll wearing a red dress and ruffled white bloomers is $6.95 at Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street. Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy are all over town; in the twenty-inch size they're $5.95 apiece at, for instance, the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street (near Sixth Avenue). For that matter, Shackman has a ten-inch baby doll with a bisque head, circa 1900, who arrives in a lace party dress and cap and costs five 1969 dollars. At Rappaport's, you'll find Flexible Flyers—those are sleds, kids—in lengths ranging from thirty-seven inches, at $13.50, to sixty-five inches, at $39. We wound up our retrospective tour, and simultaneously won a small bet from the grandfather just mentioned, by locating for him—and all at Schwarz—a hobbyhorse, three feet long, with a red-and-white harness and plastic wheels, for $3.50; a white bearskin rug, roughly three feet by four and made of cotton-and-rayon plush, with a foam-rubber lining and black button eyes, for $30; and a gleaming white Stutz Bearcat, three and a half feet long, that operates on a twelve-volt battery and will propel a five- or six-year-old sportsman along at speeds well within the statutory limits, for $42.90.

Having thus assured our father-grandfather team that all links with the



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past have not been severed, we proceeded to edge them into the Now generation by providing a glossary for the cryptic lists in their hands. Swingy, for example, is a pert twenty-inch doll in a pink polka-dot dress who tosses her yellow hair about and frugs rhythmically to any rock record for an estimated eight solid *hours*, if you can bear to think of it. Rappaport's has her for $22.45—a price that, like all the prices that follow, includes the specified number of batteries (two Ds, in this instance). Baby Know-It-All is also a doll, and, to put it bluntly, she doesn't know very much. She's seventeen inches tall, wears a pair of red plaid overalls and a bib, and sits in a low plastic play chair. On its tray is a plastic frame into which a child fits one of forty bright-colored pictures that are provided. The theory is that if this doll doesn't like what she sees she shakes her head vigorously; if she does like it, her head—and all the rest of her—bounces up and down. Actually, her critical judgment has nothing to do with little gray cells but rather with four D batteries, which jiggle her negatively when the frame is placed on the tray in one position and affirmatively when placed in another. The manufacturer points out, somewhat defensively, that the machinery for this confusing performance is all in the play chair; lift Know-It-All out and she's "completely huggable." The price is $16.39 at Macy's. Baby Catch-A-Ball is still another doll. She houses her own batteries (two Ds) and is therefore as completely huggable as any other electrical appliance, but she catches a ball in her hands, all right, as long as it is thrown reasonably near her, and, furthermore, she throws it back with considerable vigor. If this is the only way the little girls in the house will take exercise, maybe there's something to be said for her. Catch-A-Ball is eighteen inches tall and comes in a pretty blue dress with pastel-striped sleeves and front panel. A small pink tongue sticks out of one corner of her mouth to help her concentrate. With her own silvery metal ball, she's $17.28 at Polk's Toys & Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd). Mugwump has nothing to do with James G. Blaine, the continental liar from the State of Maine, or with the election of 1884, but is a kit ($6.95 at Schwarz) containing materials for making two crazy-looking pillow creatures about fourteen inches long, with crossed eyes, yarn hair, pompon noses, and improbable legs. The handiwork involves mostly lacing and stuffing, so even an eight-year-old girl might take it

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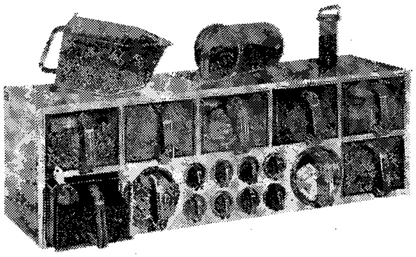

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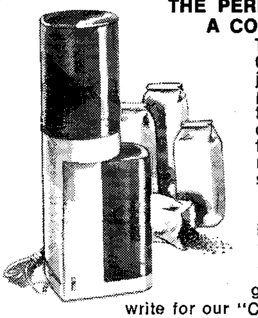

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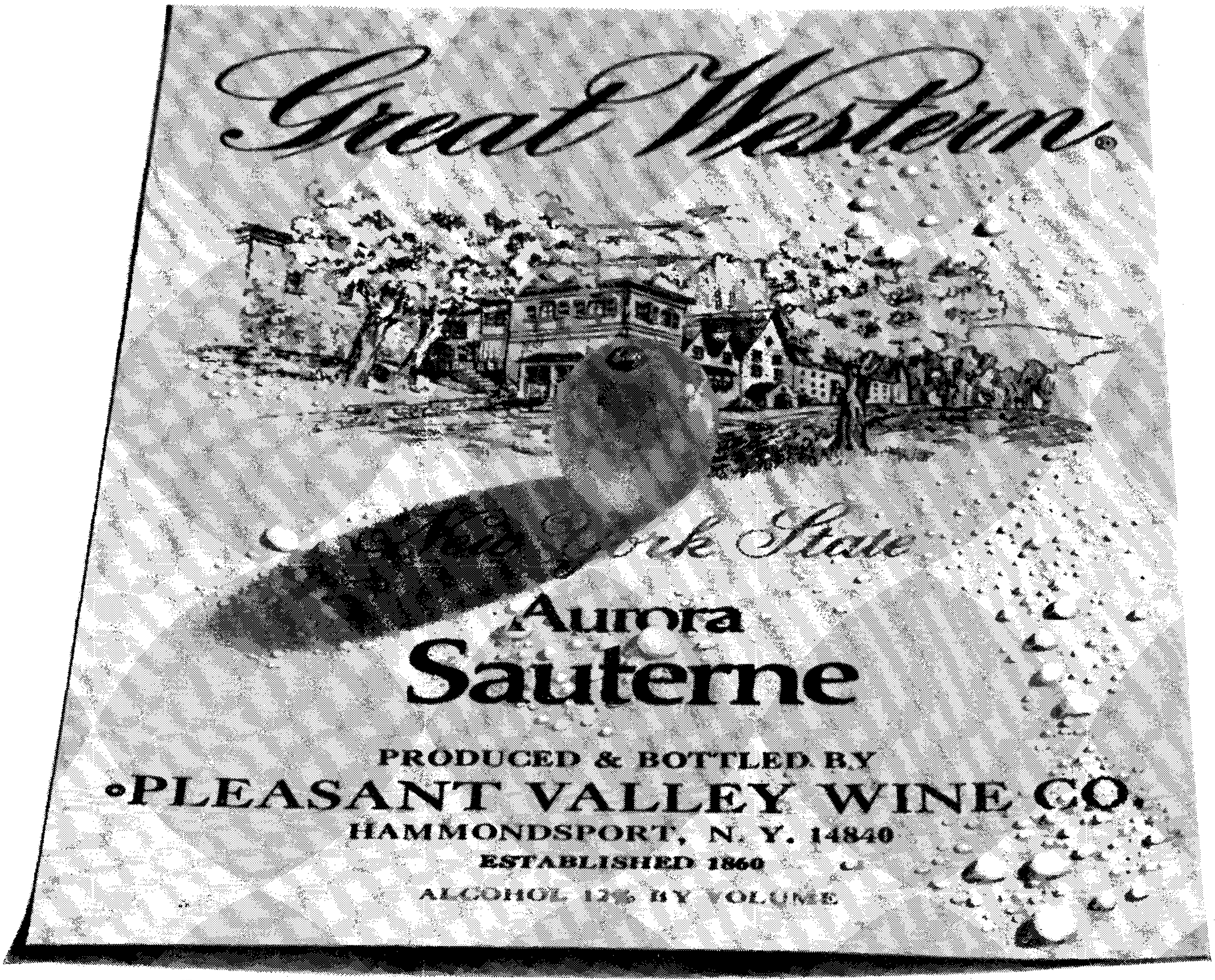
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on. Grippidee Gravidee ($15 at Altman's) includes twenty-five sections of plastic track, to be set up in all sorts of tricky arrangements, along which two small cog-wheeled plastic cars (battery-powered) move inexorably—up one side and down the other, turning abruptly here and there when they cross a switch, and reversing direction automatically when they come to a dead end. An outgrowth of this enterprise, called Aqua-Grip Gravidee ($16.95 at Schwarz), can be set up in a bathtub half full of water, and the cars keep right on going, both above and beneath the water—a spectacle so absorbing that in some families it may be sponge baths all around for days after December 25th. Gro-A-Face ($2.98 at Polk's) is an "educational" item and "an exciting hobby for the whole family." It says so right on the box, which contains a dozen three-inch composition discs, a small plastic tray, and a supply of grass seeds and beans. The grass seeds and the beans are arranged on the discs in such a way as to compose a face, the discs are set afloat in water in the tray, and in a week or two the stuff sprouts and the owner has created his "very own out-of-this-world monsters." To add to the excitement, about twenty stick-on embellishments—vampire eyes, fangs, and so on—are also provided. And when the Gro-A-Face becomes too monstrous to bear, the bean sprouts can be transplanted to a flowerpot and will develop into a perfectly staid house plant. Hot Wheels, according to the trade bi-weekly *Toy & Hobby World*, is, for the second year in a row, the best seller in the business, so it probably isn't necessary for us to explain that this is a miniature-automobile-racing setup, in which one or more two-and-a-half-inch cars go whizzing along a stretch of plastic track, propelled by nothing but gravidee. The track can be set up almost anywhere, with the higher end clamped to, say, a table or the back of a chair. A Hot Wheels Stunt Action Set, with one car, sixteen feet of track, a loop-the-loop attachment, two jump ramps, and a trestle, costs $4.98 at Reiss Brothers. Numerous other manufacturers have got into this act, and Matchbox, for instance, now offers a Superfast Double Loop Race, which includes two cars, twenty-four feet of track, two loop-the-loops, and start and finish gates (a checkered flag drops at the latter, to show the winner); $6.50 at Schwarz. We might have known that in this electronic age someone at Hot Wheels headquarters would look for an alternative to unpatentable grav-

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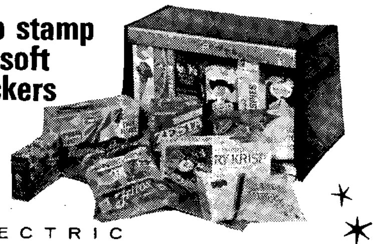

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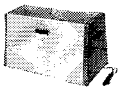

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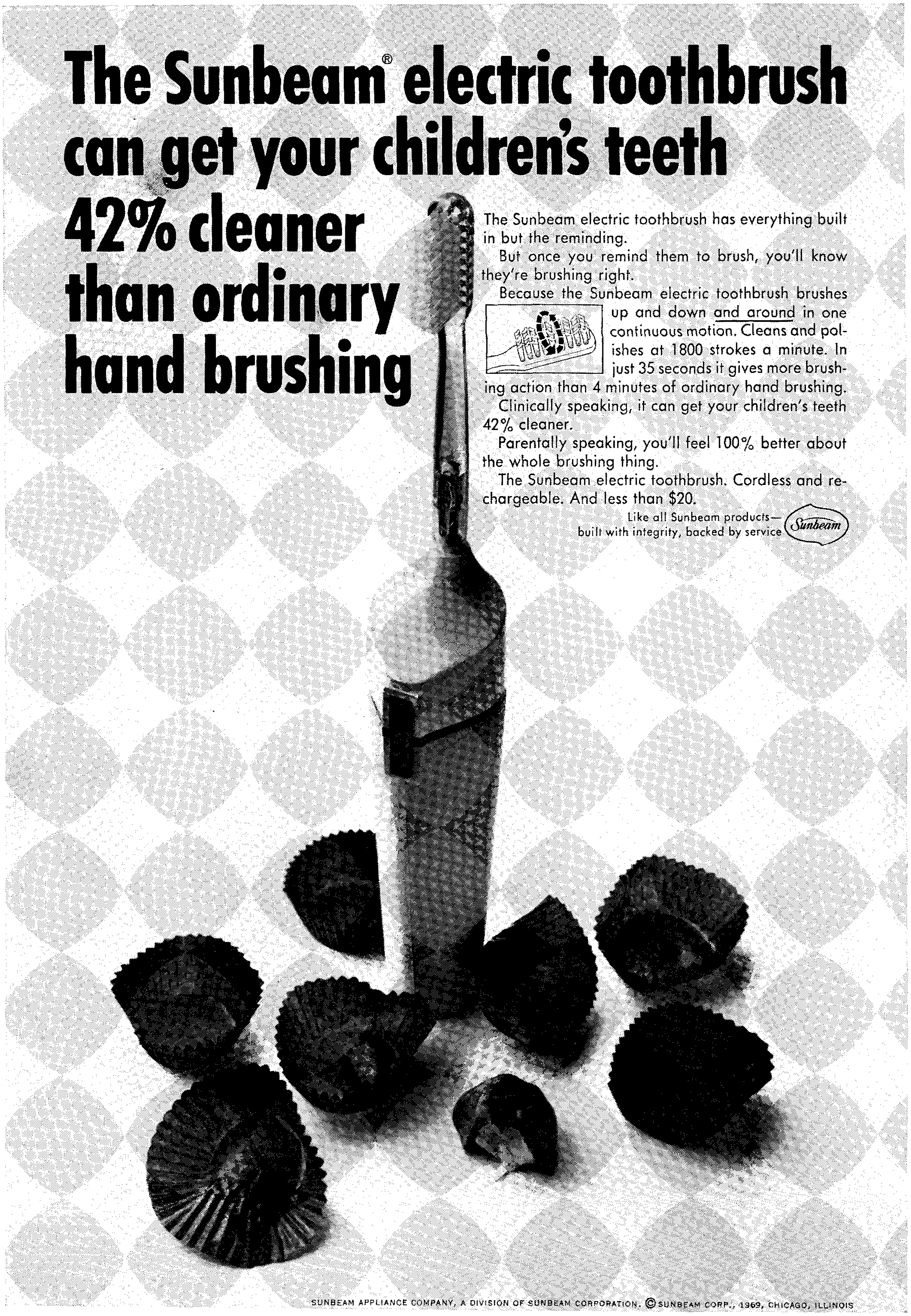

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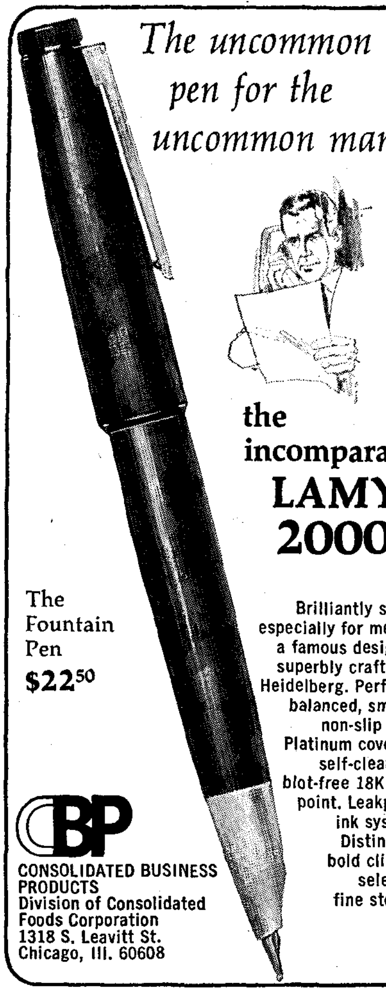

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ity, and the result is that this Christmas you can buy Hot Wheels with a Supercharger attachment—a structure painted to look like a combination lunchroom-and-garage, with an opening between, that fits over the Hot Strip track. As each car rolls through, it is given a quick boost by a pair of concealed, battery-powered wheels; the operator of the set controls the amount of acceleration by means of a small lever. The Supercharger Sprint Set—one car, sixteen feet of Hot Strip, two one-hundred-and-eighty-degree Hot Curves, a bridge, three trestles, the Supercharger, of course, and two D batteries—is $12.35 at Rappaport's. Another racing-car entry that draws a big crowd in the toy departments needs no track at all. It's a seven-and-a-half-inch battery-powered vehicle called an Amaze-A-Matic (the Fantastic Car with a Brain), and it operates in accordance with the dictates of a small computer card inserted just above its rear wheels, doing circles, hairpin curves, hard rights and lefts, and backing up. A programmed route labelled "Le Mans," for example, consists of a long dash forward, a reverse run almost to the starting point, and three wide circles; the "Grand Prix" route is seven eccentric circles in alternate directions; and so on. There are four Amaze-A-Matic models to choose from (our money went on a bright-red Chevrolet Astrovette), and each arrives with six programmed routes and twelve blank cards, along with instructions for notching them, so that the young autoist can devise his own routes (out the living-room door, down the hall, into the kitchen, and back, for instance); $7.88 at Polk's.

IT'S not like the toy business to be in the vanguard of anything (its leaders are usually too busy figuring out which of last season's tired TV shows to base their games, dolls, and coloring books on), but the fact is that, thanks to certain signs of customer resistance, which apparently went unnoticed in Washington, the strategic withdrawal of military toys from the toy departments started nearly two years ago, in the days when the word "moratorium" meant something to do with mortgages. Last Christmas, toy armaments were restricted to a few enclaves, and this year, with the possible exception of some guerrilla holdouts in remote corners that haven't got the word, khaki-colored items have virtually vanished from the stores. This headlong retreat naturally posed problems for some of the leading toy com-

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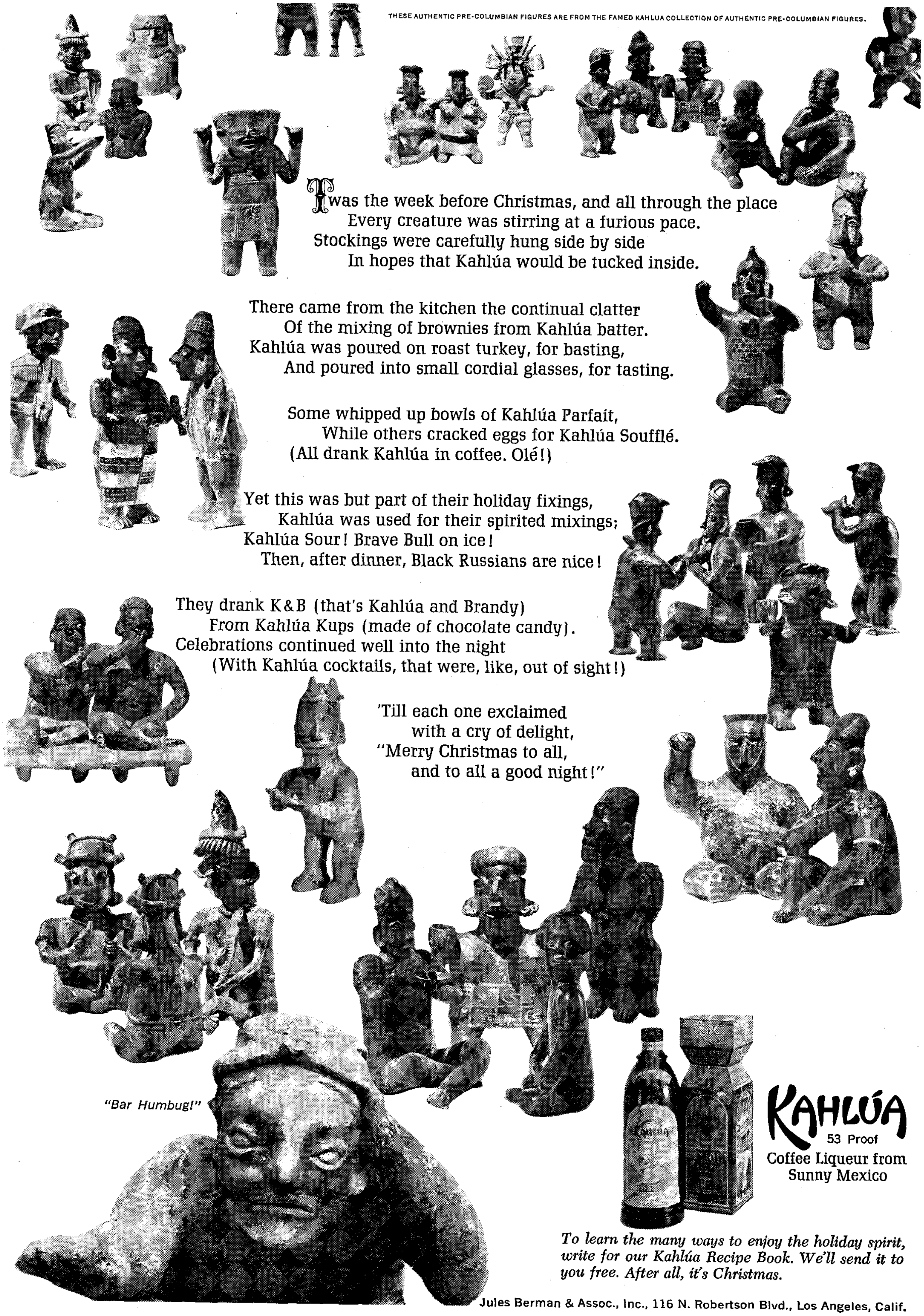

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'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the place
Every creature was stirring at a furious pace.
Stockings were carefully hung side by side
In hopes that Kahlúa would be tucked inside.

There came from the kitchen the continual clatter
Of the mixing of brownies from Kahlúa batter.
Kahlúa was poured on roast turkey, for basting,
And poured into small cordial glasses, for tasting.

Some whipped up bowls of Kahlúa Parfait,
While others cracked eggs for Kahlúa Soufflé.
(All drank Kahlúa in coffee. Olé!)

Yet this was but part of their holiday fixings,
Kahlúa was used for their spirited mixings;
Kahlúa Sour! Brave Bull on ice!
Then, after dinner, Black Russians are nice!

They drank K&B (that's Kahlúa and Brandy)
From Kahlúa Kups (made of chocolate candy).
Celebrations continued well into the night
(With Kahlúa cocktails, that were, like, out of sight!)

'Till each one exclaimed
with a cry of delight,
"Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!"

*"Bar Humbug!"*

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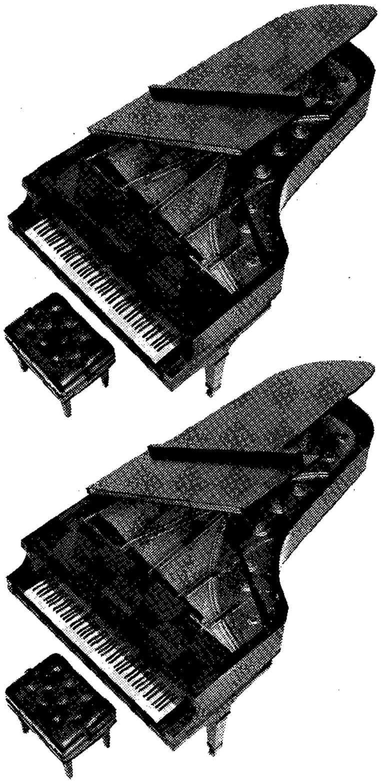
panies. Consider Hassenfeld Brothers (Hasbro), the sponsors of the twelve-inch, talking, fully articulated G.I. Joe—"fully articulated" meaning that his head, torso, and arms and legs are jointed. According to the Hasbro people, G.I. Joe items earned a hundred million dollars for them, beginning in 1964. For a while, G.I. Joe dolls, fitted out with M-1 rifles, bayonets, hand grenades, and such, were being sold at the rate of ten million a year, making them, as Hasbro sometimes pointed out at jocular moments, the largest standing army in the world. Under the circumstances, Hasbro (like the sponsors of other twelve-inch plastic military types) was naturally convinced that American boy children would be inconsolable without their fully articulated playthings. G.I. Joe and the others have therefore received new and less controversial assignments. Although G.I. Joe Action Soldier is still in production, you're more likely to find him in the guise of G.I. Joe Rescue Diver, G.I. Joe Fire Fighter, and so on. Even more in evidence is G.I. Joe Astronaut. When you pull the dog tag around his neck, he makes eight different space-oriented observations ("Ten seconds to lift-off!" and that kind of thing). In his white space suit, helmet, and boots, he costs $7.95 at Rappaport's. A non-talking G.I. Joe in a space suit, with a space capsule to ride in and appropriate gear (camera, tether cord, cabin light, and half a dozen other essentials), plus a recording of suggested moon-to-surface exchanges and a sixteen-page G.I. Joe Adventure comic book with which to while away the duller moments in the cosmos, comes to $11.44 at Polk's.

It will be interesting to see how this new ploy works out, for in the past space toys have often been something of a bomb—probably because younger children, brought up on the derring-do of comic and TV characters, can't realize what a giant step it really is for a man to walk on the moon. As they get older, they're likely to catch on, though, and a model of a lift-off moon rocket might well grab the attention of a space-minded fellow of twelve or so. Revell's Apollo Saturn V Moon Rocket model has a hundred and fifty plastic parts. The scale is 1:96, and when the whole thing is finally glued together it stands nearly four feet high. The box it comes in is sturdy and has a handle, and is big enough to hold the finished structure, so that it can be moved easily from launching pad to launching pad (or to the back of the closet during



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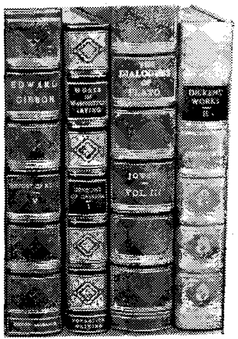

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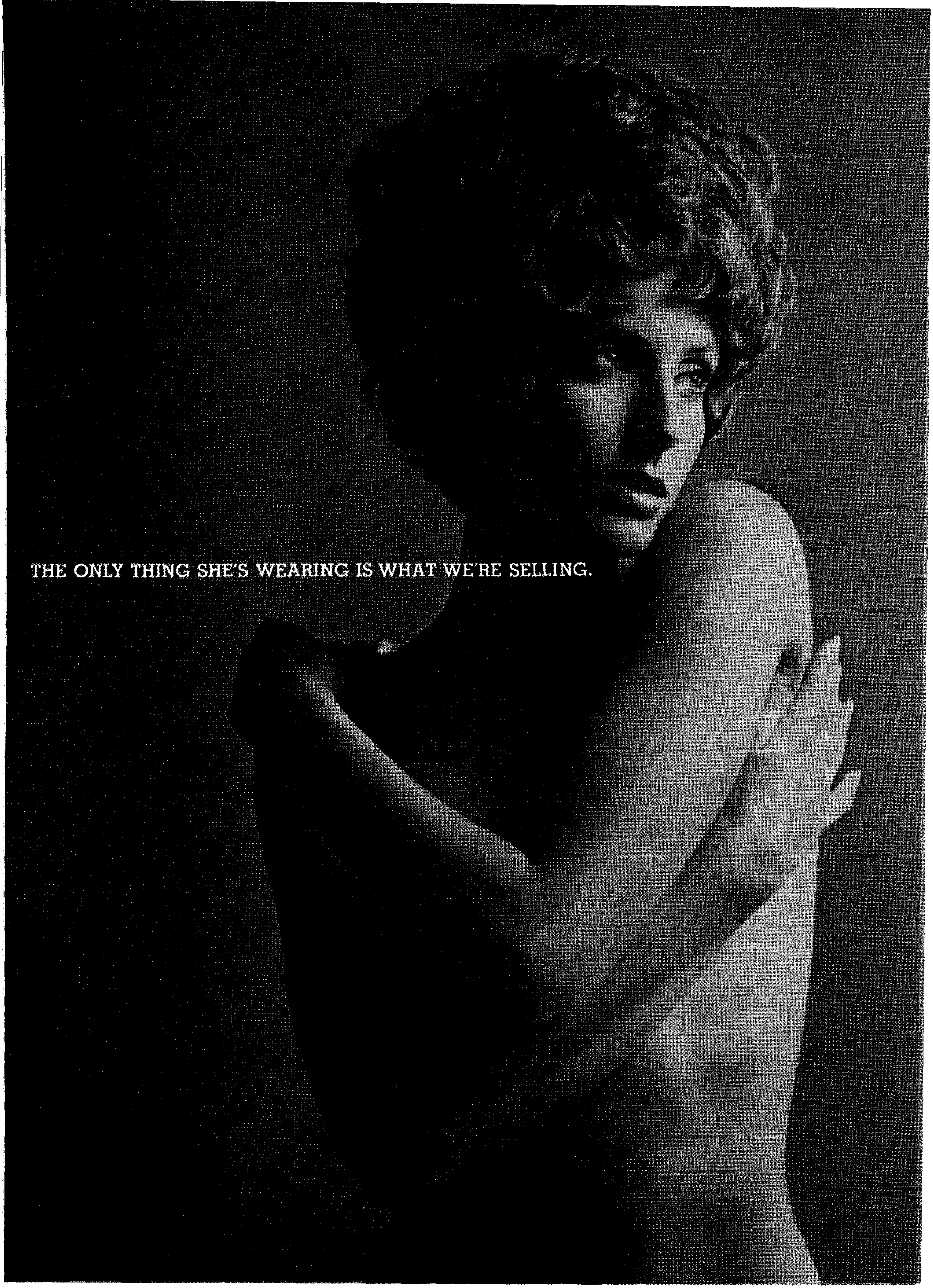
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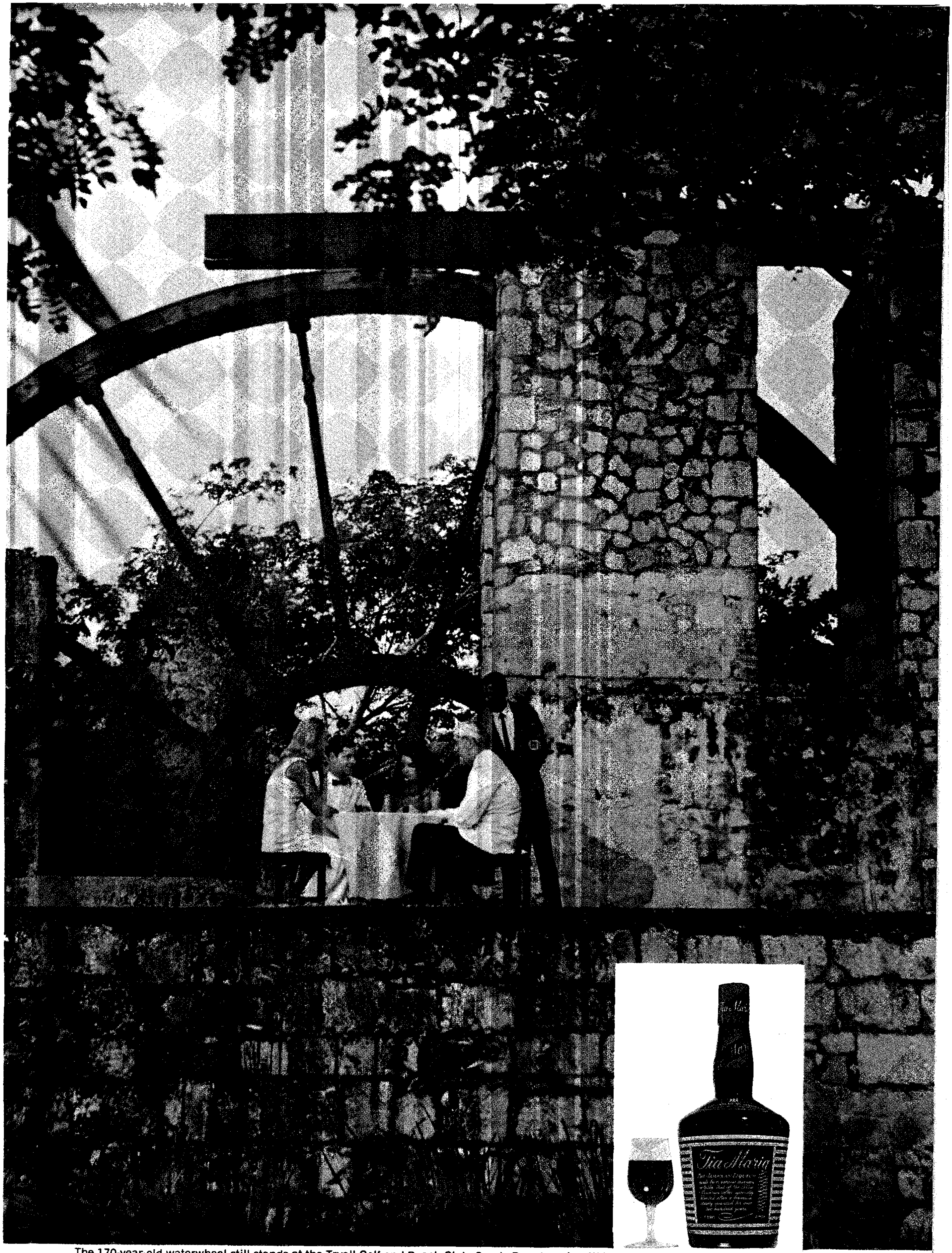

The 170-year-old waterwheel still stands at the Tryall Golf and Beach Club. Sandy Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

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the baseball season); $11 at Altman's. Displaying a certain ecumenical spirit, Revell also puts out a model of the Vostok, the first Russian manned spacecraft, in which Yuri Gagarin made history. Its parts include an ejection seat and a cosmonaut figure. Polk's has this for $2.98. For those with a serious interest in our new colony, Macy's has a Rand McNally map of the moon, measuring four by almost four and a half feet, for $1.69. Macy's asks $3.50 for a metallic Moon Globe, produced from NASA specifications, with the various craters and seas all labelled. For a boy (or girl) who would rather try taking a look at the real thing, Macy's also has a forty-power telescope with a coated lens. With a metal tripod, it's $14.

Of course, there are ways of removing the boy dolls from today's combat areas without sending them out of this world. The toymakers simply transport them far back in time—to that old reliable, the American West. There, if you must know, the hostilities continue to be quite fierce, but who is going to raise the spectre of the military-industrial complex over a skirmish between cowboys and Indians, or Indians and a handful of beleaguered cavalrymen, poor chaps? At Schwarz, for $28.95, you can have a wooden fort approximately two feet square called Fort Mohawk. There are twelve plastic Indians, two of them on horseback, and—it hardly seems fair—*eighteen* soldiers, including two mounted color-bearers. Schwarz points out that the flag-bearers have detachable heads, but doesn't say why. Fort Cheyenne is a much simpler affair, meant for younger frontiersmen of, say, five, and includes about a dozen warriors for each side, two wigwams, a fort with four towers, and a foot-and-a-half-square battleground in front of the fort. Fort Cheyenne, by the way, represents a recent less-work-for-mother trend in the toy business that we'd like to commend; it comes in an open-out carrying case of bright-colored plastic. Fort and battleground all wipe clean, and, best of all, everything—in this case, the whole shooting match—can be bundled inside and carted off to the toy shelf at the end of the day. Macy's has Fort Cheyenne for $5.

If the children on your Christmas list would rather do their own fighting, Schwarz has cowboy and cowgirl outfits for $9.95 apiece, and Indian-chief and squaw costumes at the same price. All come in sizes 4 to 14. For $15, Altman's sells a brown-and-black waterproof-plastic tepee five feet six inches high that both sides will

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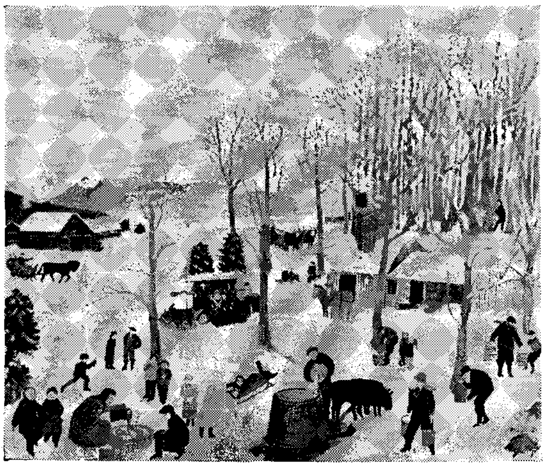

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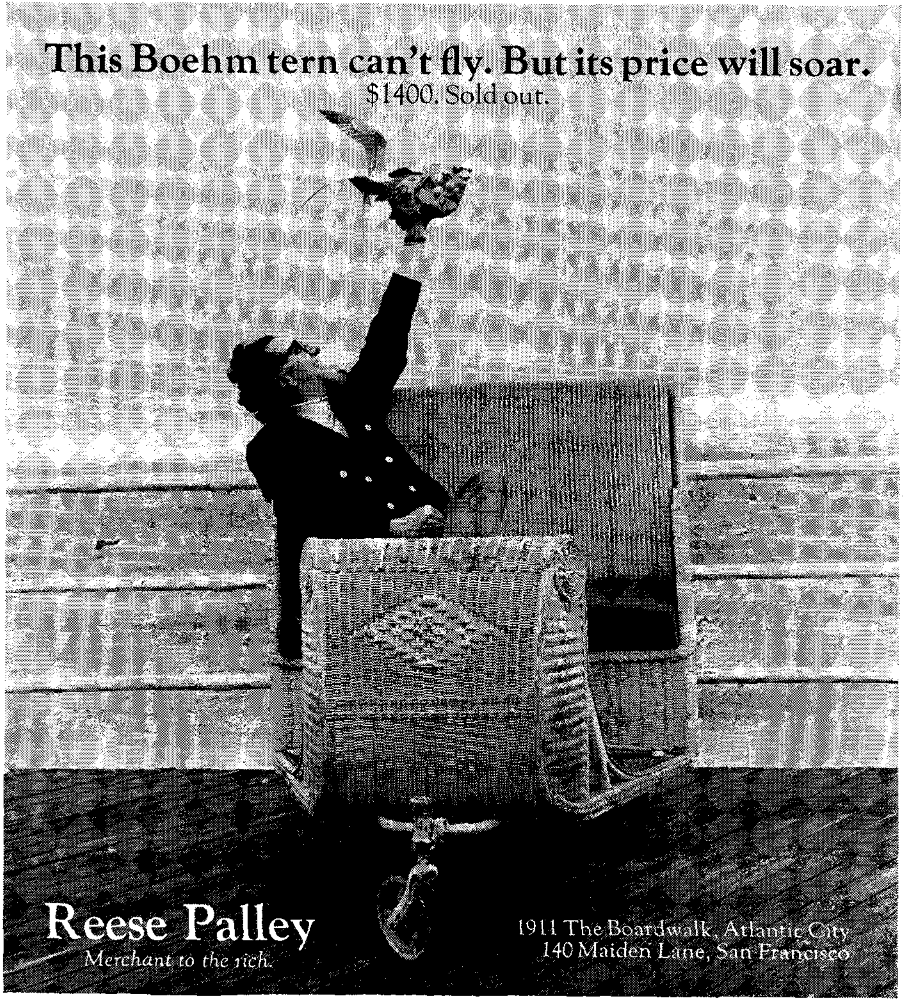

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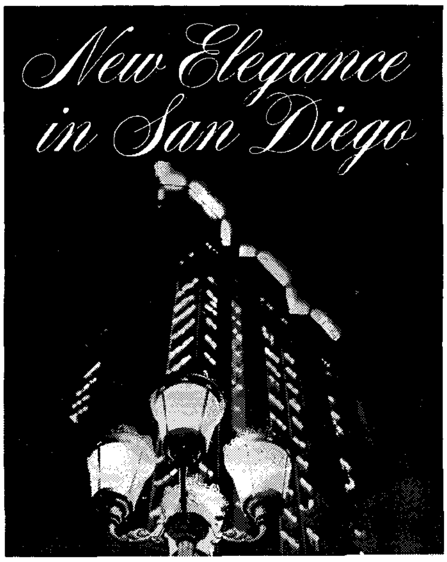

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probably enjoy crowding into when the skirmishing is over. We even found a doll in Indian dress for a little sister to play with as she dodges the slings and arrows of family fortune. Nine inches tall and wearing a fringed jacket and pants, the doll is one of those Thumbelinas who roll their heads and toss their arms about when you pull a string between their shoulder blades. This one comes with a pony—actually, a yellow plastic rocking horse—and as she moves, the little horse starts rocking very satisfactorily; $9.75 at Macy's. Perhaps we should mention that the toy people are ready to offer young belligerents an even more remote alternative to modern warfare than the kind that flourished on the American frontier. Some two dozen knights, fully equipped for battle, and turreted fortifications for them to fight over can be bought at Polk's for $9.88. This time, the carrying case is of metal. Knights, in fact, have now been admitted to membership in the fully articulated, foot-high set. At Rappaport's, you'll find Sir Stuart, the Silver Knight, with twenty pieces of body armor and seventeen pieces of plastic weaponry, for $5. A booklet telling about the stirring days on the old jousting field comes with Sir Stuart, and, for $4, Rappaport's has an armored horse for him who is not articulated but makes up for it by having hidden wheels on his feet, so he can roll to the tilting yard. There's also a board game featuring knights and serfs and captured castles. This is for older types who have lost all interest in toy horses of any era. It's called Feudal, and Brentano's has it for $7.95.

SHALL we climb down off the parapets and go back even farther, to the real beginning of things, by which we mean the nursery department? If you don't think small cars are everywhere this year, consider that we found one among the crib toys. This may be the *slowest* car on the market, however. Called a Plushmobile, it is a pull toy eight inches long, it is made of foam rubber covered with red-blue-and-green plush, and it is nothing but a nice soft object to pummel and hug or maybe pull about the living room if the owner is up to that kind of thing. It costs $4.95 at Childcraft, where you'll also find three fine rubber squeeze animals—a pink pig, a green turtle, and a blue seal, all three for $2.40. A circus mobile to hang over a crib is $5 at Schwarz. The same mobile with a music box attached that plays Brahms' "Lullaby" when you wind it up costs $9.50. Tiny Tot, a doll for babies, is

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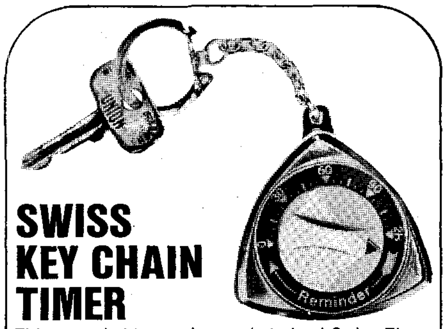

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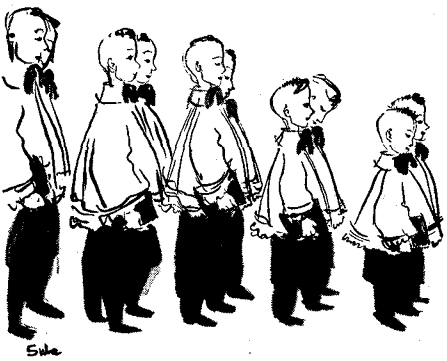
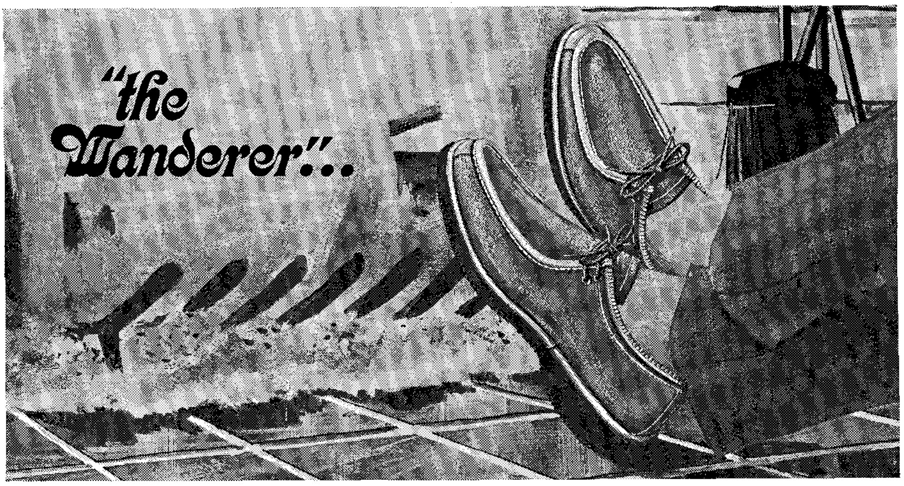
eleven inches tall, has a terry-cloth-covered sponge body and a stockinette head, and is machine-washable. In either blue or pink, Tiny Tot is $3.95, also at Schwarz. A round polished-steel mirror with a maple frame—the whole thing is six inches in diameter and, of course, is unbreakable—gives a young person a chance to explore the wonders of his own changing expression; $5 at Creative Playthings. When he gets tired of looking and is ready to talk back, Rappaport's suggests a wooden play telephone with ten numbered push buttons. When a caller pushes nine of the ten, he hears musical chimes. If he pushes the one marked "O," a small plastic operator pops up out of the base, ready for business, which is better service than many of the parents in the room have been getting lately. It costs $3.95. An especially handsome nineteen-inch wooden Noah's ark costs $7.50 at the Gingerbread House. The hull is red and the deckhouse is blue, with a yellow removable roof, and there's a gangplank for the twenty-four rubber animals inside. A ten-and-a-half-inch wooden truck at Schwarz has a manually operated crane with a magnet at the tip. Attached to the truck is a trailer holding eighteen magnetized blocks, which a smart boy can hoist from the trailer to the ground by working the crane; $9.50. A wooden Swiss music box less than six inches long can be held in one small hand and cranked with the other, whereupon it plays "Sur le Pont." The mechanism is visible through a plastic window, and cannot be overwound, according to Creative Playthings, where the instrument is sold for $4. A toy that is painted to look like a 1910 nickelodeon with eight playing keys is actually a windup music box, too. It's called a Change-a-Tune Piano. By setting the dial that is on its side, a child can choose one of three melodies ("Pop! Goes the Weasel," "This Old Man," and "The Muffin Man") and pretend he's plunking it out himself—a joke he'll probably think he invented; $7.95 at Rappaport's. Another source

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of amusement to the nursery-school crowd could be a Play N' Show Phono-Projector, which Polk's sells for $20.23, including three D batteries. This is a phonograph with what looks like a TV screen on top of it. A child lifts the phonograph lid, inserts a 45-r.p.m. record, and closes the lid, which automatically brings the needle down in the right place, and the instrument begins to play. Around the outer rim of the two records provided are cartoon-type color slides, which show up on the screen above and change at intervals to keep pace with the tale that is told on the record. Stories labelled "The Three Bears" and "Beauty and the Beast" come with this toy, and more ("Paul Revere's Ride" and "Rip van Winkle," for instance) are available at most toy stores. And any 45-r.p.m. record can also be played by just closing the lid—an arrangement that may prevent those howls of frustration from a two-year-old who can't get a phonograph arm on straight, not to mention saving wear and tear on the family hi-fi. Gimbels has the phonograph without the fake TV attachment—in this form, it's called a Close 'n Play—for $8.99.

The nicest doll house for this age group that we've come across in some time is the two-story Fisher-Price Play Family House, which is $11.98 at Bloomingdale's, among other places. Fifteen and a half inches long, nine and a half inches wide, and nine and a half inches high, it's made of wood and heavy plastic, and is hinged on one of the long sides, so that it can be opened out to show four shallow rooms plus an attached garage. There are beds, chairs, and tables enough for the five residents, which include a dog. The occupants are those cylinder-shaped, knob-headed wooden figures that even an eighteen-month-old householder can get a good grip on. The staircase is movable, the garage door slides up and down, and a bell rings when the front door opens. Closed up again, the house can be carried around by a handle on its roof. And—as nice a touch as any—the whole thing arrives in a big blue cardboard moving van. If you know some older girls whom you want to encourage to live it up, there's a big two-story doll house of white pine with electric lights in every one of its seven rooms at Schwarz for $175. It's three feet long, twenty inches wide, and over two feet high. A suitable set of furnishings (Duncan Phyfe dining room, Empire bedrooms, and all that) comes to $122.50. On the other hand, for $80, at the same place, you can have

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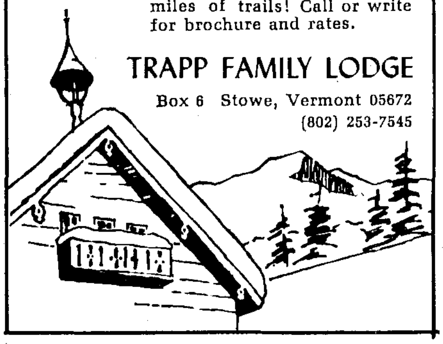

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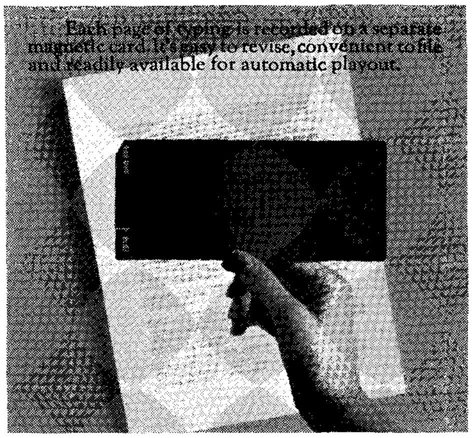

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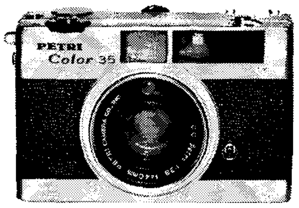

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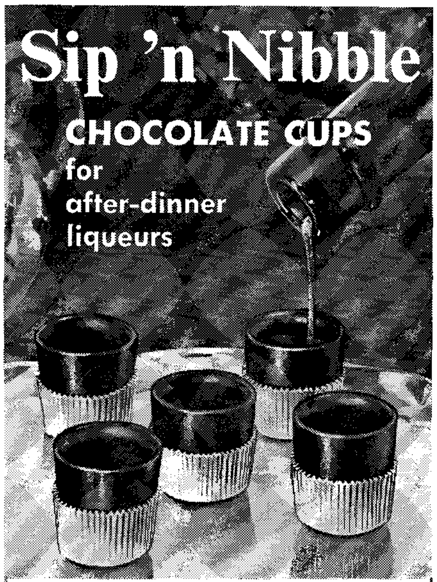

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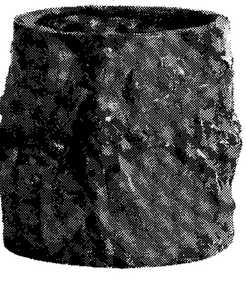
a twenty-nine-inch-long, sixteen-inch-wide, seventeen-inch-high three-room house, but that's for peasants; in fact, it's called the Peasant Doll House. To its credit, it comes with twenty-five pieces of peasant-style decorated furniture and a ready-made peasant family (father, mother, and two children, and not a knob head in the lot). Of course, if you already have a doll house and are thinking of redecorating, we, as usual, recommend B. Shackman for replacements. Where else could you find a Governor Winthrop desk three and a quarter inches high with pigeonholes, working drawers, and brass knobs for $4, or a crank-style telephone an inch and three-quarters high for $1.25, or tiny (an inch and a half) copies of the New York *Times* and the Chicago *Tribune*, eight pages each, at fifty cents for both?

Childcraft has a two-story wooden firehouse, twenty-six inches long, fifteen and three-quarters inches wide, and seventeen and a half inches high, with two fire trucks, four firemen, a real sliding pole, and a working gong, for $13.95. Between alarms, young firemen might like to work on a firehouse jigsaw puzzle, which costs $2.50 at Creative Playthings. Fifteen wooden pieces that make up the front of the firehouse are meant to be fitted into a nine-and-a-half-by-eleven-inch frame with a printed background showing the interior. The Museum Shop of the Museum of the City of New York has twenty blocks that have a different part of a picture puzzle on each of their six sides so they can be put together to form six different scenes from fairy tales; $4. A puzzle clock ($3.75 at the Gingerbread House) has two dozen pieces that, when they're correctly arranged, show not only a clockface but what children might be doing at any given hour. The red hands are movable for teaching purposes. For a young person who likes to watch a real clock at work (or just needs to get up on time in the morning), Childcraft has a See-Through Alarm Clock, with part of its face exposed to reveal its inner machinery; $5.95. Or a child you have in mind might be up to putting a clock together by himself. A pendulum affair that will run for twenty-four hours on one winding comes ready to be assembled and costs $7 at Creative Playthings.

A different kind of craftsman might be happier with a woodburning set at Altman's. Woodburning gear and raw material for making five items, including tie and recipe racks and a desk set, come to $9.50. Another Altman's sug-



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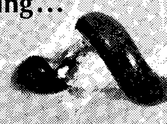

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gestion is a rock polisher. Several fistfuls of stones, an electric tumbler for buffing them up, and an array of jewelry settings cost $15. Or how about a Thingmaker? A Thingmaker is a plug-in heating unit into which the maker of things fits a mold, pouring into it a substance called "new genuine Icky-yuk Plastigoop." Dozens of Thingmaker sets are available, such as one called EEEEKS! It includes eight molds for gruesome-looking creatures never known to either phylogeny or ontogeny. When the genuine Icky-yuk Plastigoop (four colors of it are provided) cools, the EEEEKS! are removed from the forms and may be attached to one of two batlike mobiles that come with the set, or the owner may, as the manufacturer suggests, "collect, trade, hide, hang, or gift-wrap 'em and send to a friend"—say, a girl cousin, who will, of course, say "EEEEK!" She would no doubt settle for a Thingmaker set that produces all kinds of decorative, rainbow-colored daisies, roses, and such, which she can paste on a jewel box or string together as a necklace. It's called Fun Flowers, and either set is $12.98 at Reiss Brothers. A far simpler enterprise involving molds is the Gloppy circus set, which includes six five-inch plastic molds (a bear, a seal, an elephant, a lion, a clown, and a monkey), each filled with a different color of a modelling material called—no, not Plastigoop but Gloppy. (Chacun à son goo.) With the set come fourteen smaller molds of various creatures. A child just presses the Gloppy in a mold, waits ten minutes, and removes it. Gloppy holds its shape but doesn't dry out, and can be used over again anytime anybody wants to. This is at Gimbels for $1.69. An attractive toy called Lite-Brite, which appeared a couple of years ago, is likely to turn up again this year on a great many lists. This, you may remember, is a kind of framed pegboard about nine inches square on which a child can superimpose any of sixteen blueprints for various designs—a clown or a steamboat, for example. He then fits plastic pegs into the holes according to the pattern. Or he can make up his own design (six blank sheets of construction paper are provided). There are four hundred pegs in eight colors to work with. When the picture is done, the artist turns on a twenty-five-watt bulb on the underside of the frame, and the whole production glows very satisfactorily. The price, not including the bulb (which you'd be wise to provide), is $9.95 at Rappaport's. For $12.95 you can have it with an activator that

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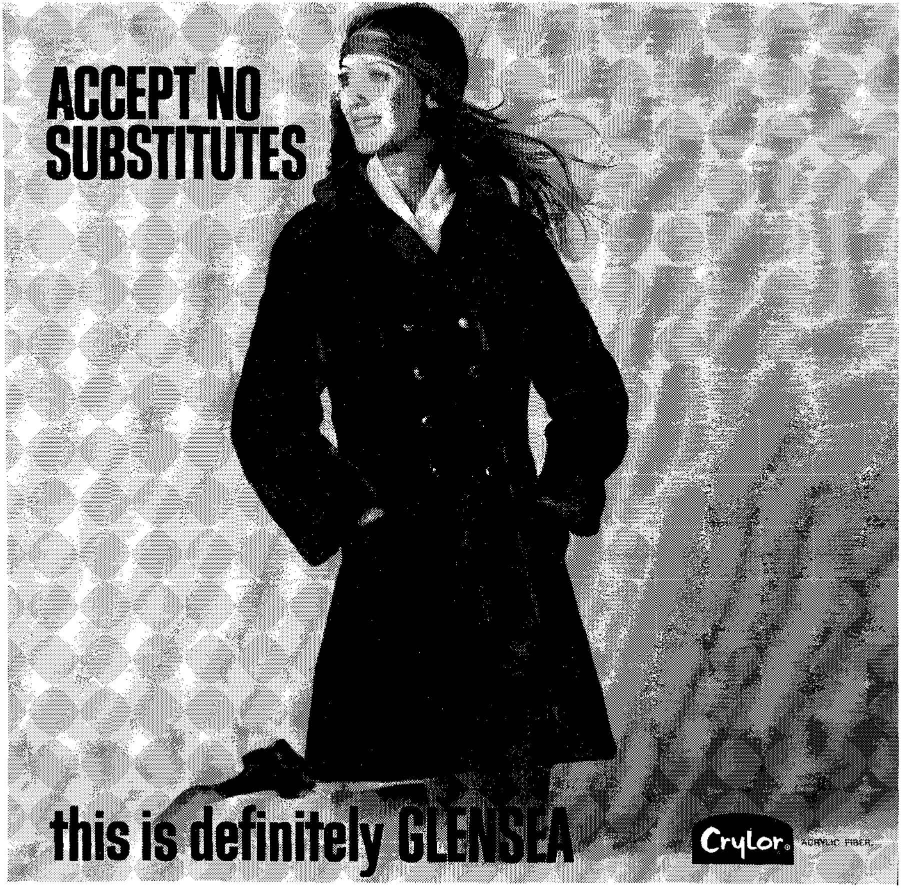

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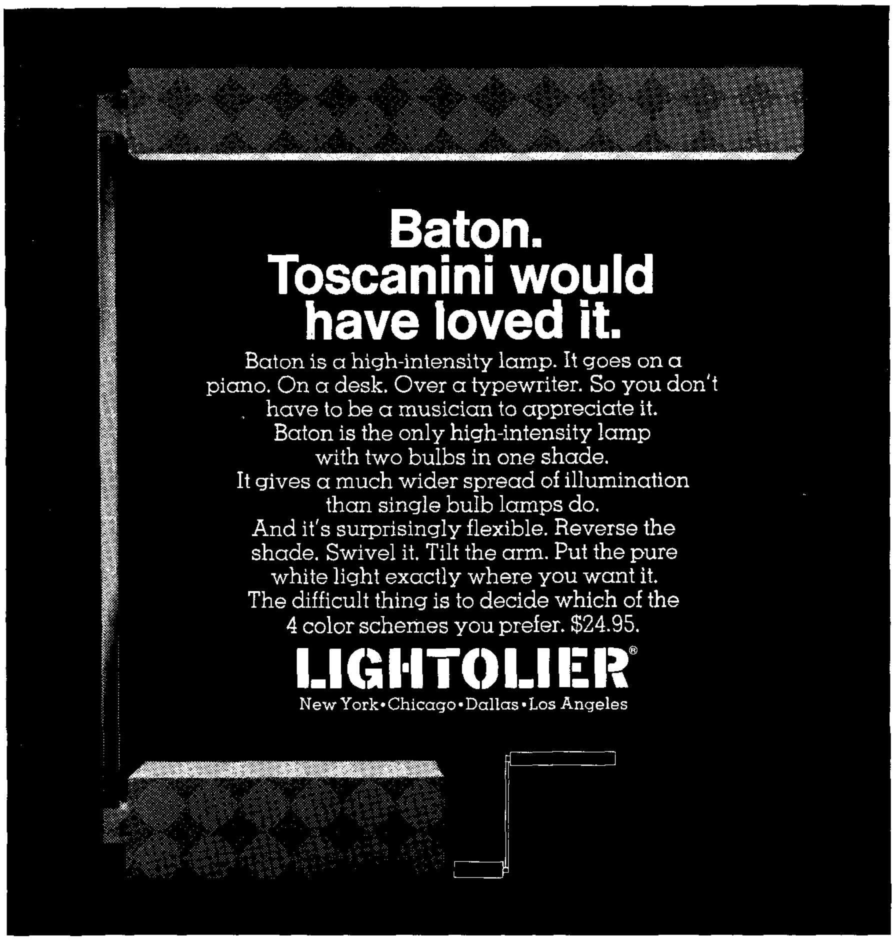

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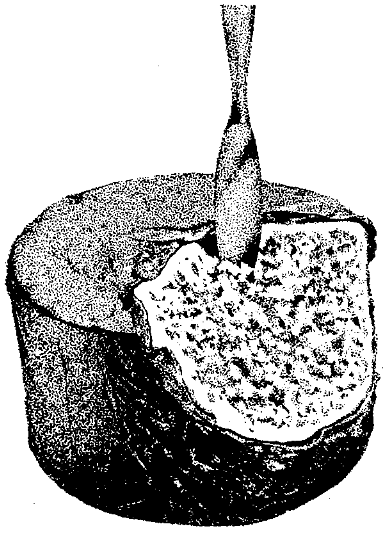
makes the designs seem to move. And Spirograph, that ingenious precision-drawing apparatus that was named the British Educational Toy of the Year for three years in a row and has been a big hit here as well, is out in time for Christmas in a more elaborate form, called Superspirograph, which Schwarz has for $6.50. There are now fifty-four perforated wheels, rings, racks, and whatnot, to be meshed in such a way that by fitting a pen or pencil into the holes a child of, say, ten can produce all kinds of fascinating designs. Four ball-point pens in different colors and a book of patterns come with this. As for another kind of pastime, word games, several disinterested witnesses have given us testimonials for Probe as one of the best of these when a family group of varying ages is gathered around the table. Letter cards are involved, and each player conceals a secret word on his board while opponents try to figure it out, letter by letter. Brentano's has Probe for $8. And the game of Battleship, which used to call for pencils and smudged pieces of paper, is now available as a pair of plastic kits with models of actual ships to fit onto the playing boards and pegs to mark the salvos; $5 at Schwarz.

ARE you ready for a few more dolls? You may not have counted on us to find you a Peter Pan doll, but we did anyway; he's $9 at Altman's. Fourteen inches tall, he wears green tights, a green jacket with a red belt, and, over his red curls, a green hat with a jaunty red feather. Somebody has also gone to all kinds of trouble to produce a doll for ballet-minded little girls. Dancerina is two feet tall and wears a ponytail and a pink tutu. On top of her head is a plastic crown. Twist it this way or that and she executes all kinds of intricate ballet steps, pirouetting, curtsying, even head-spotting as she twirls around. With the requisite batteries and an L.P. recording of the "Song of the Flutes," from the "Nutcracker Suite," she costs $25.55 at Rappaport's. Countering the trend last year, when dolls were so small that little girls were going around wearing them in lockets, the hit doll of this season is a seventeen-and-a-half-inch entry named Crissy, who is available at Macy's for $9. She is quite a stunning number, with auburn hair, a generous mouth, and long-lashed black eyes, and she really stands out among the lumpy girls in their romper suits on the doll shelves, because her outfit is a long-sleeved lace dress with a velvet ribbon at the



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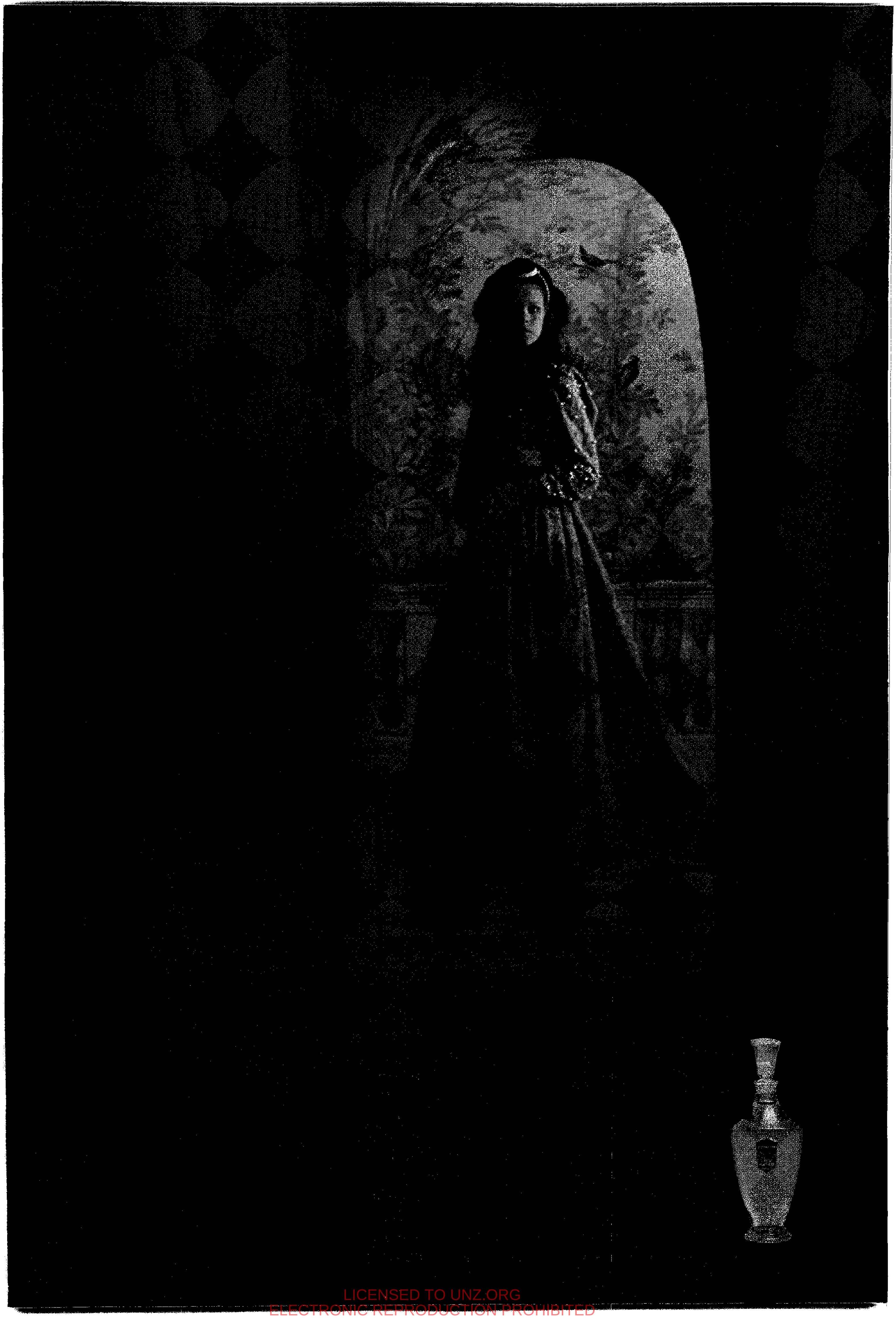

neck. Her only eccentricity is that her hair grows and grows. Press a button at her middle and pull her hair, and it gets longer; turn a knob and it winds up again. If you had in mind a rather elegant baby doll—one who has trunk, will travel—try Sweet Tears, who is $18 at Altman's. One of the few cry-baby dolls still around, she is fourteen inches tall and comes in a lace-edged party dress. Packed with her are three costume changes, a bottle, a pacifier, and other fourteen-inch-doll necessities. At the same place, incidentally, you'll find for $10 a very nice doll's cradle, nearly two feet long, in walnut-finished hardwood with a pink vinyl mattress. A sociological point: In contrast to previous years, the majority of the dolls we've mentioned also come in black versions. They include Baby Know-It-All, Baby Catch-A-Ball, Kewpie, Dancerina, Crissy, and Sweet Tears. (The black Kewpie doll, incidentally, is labelled "Brown-eye Kewpie." Who would have expected to find synecdoche on the doll shelves?) More sociology: A couple of years ago, all male dolls were banished from the Barbie-doll corner, but apparently that wasn't what she or her eight-year-old followers wanted at all. Barbie's twelve-inch boyfriend, Ken, is now back on the scene (Rappaport's has him for $5.95). And not only is he back but he is sporting a modest pair of sideburns. Evidently, he hasn't been anywhere very interesting, though. Now, as before, when you pull the ring at the back of his neck, all he says is things like "Hello, I'm Ken!" and "Let's go over and listen to Barbie's records."

AND this puts us in mind of children's records. We once found on a shelf in a rented summer house a book on child care dating back to long before the age of juvenile tyranny. A section that dilated on the healthful properties of natural cod-liver oil concluded, "However, some mothers cannot stand the smell of natural cod-liver oil. In that case, of course, it will have to be given in some other form." We hold that the sensitivities of parents are still worth considering now and then, especially when it comes to records for young children which may be played a dozen times in a single morning. Most of those on the list that follows should go down easily. "The Lobster Quadrille" (Columbia, CR 21525, $1.89), for instance, is the work of the Simon Sisters, Lucy and Carly. They share the singing chores, and, in addition, Lucy has set to music ten poems, most of them familiar but

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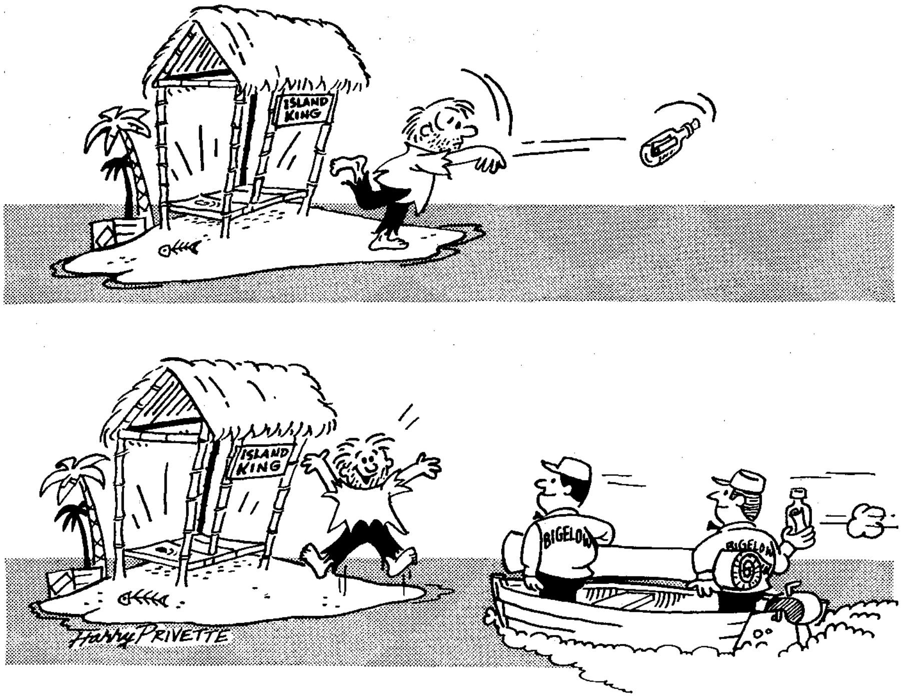

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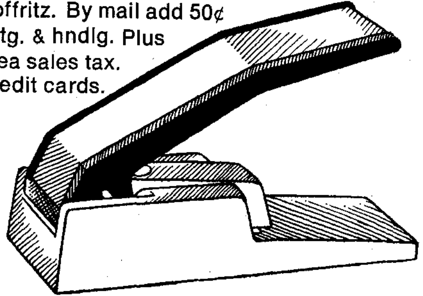

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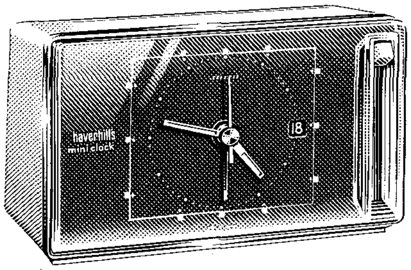

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none of them the kind you'd be grateful never to hear again. Christina Rossetti's "Who Has Seen the Wind?" is there, and so is Edward Lear's "Calico Pie." All kinds of musical styles and instruments are resorted to. "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" is calypso; "The Lamb" ("Little Lamb, who made thee?") features a plaintive flute; and the rollicking title number brings on a rock rhythm section. (Like nearly all the records mentioned hereinafter—the few exceptions are noted—this is a twelve-inch L.P., designed for stereo but also playable on monaural machines, and available almost anywhere records are sold.) . . . The title "Peter, Paul, and Mommy" (Warner's, W 1789, $4.98), means, of course, Peter, Paul, and Mary singing songs just for children this time. Despite a wide range of subject matter—the selections include everything from the folk song "All Through the Night" to a caper like "It's Raining" ("It's Pouring")—the trio, as usual, delivers each number in the same tone of voice, and yet the general effect, also as usual, is easy to take and not at all boring. The finale is "Puff (the Magic Dragon)," which has been around long enough, perhaps, to seem novel to a new generation of kindergartners. . . . "Happy Birthday to You!" (Caedmon, TC 1287, $6.50) takes notice of the special, exalted feeling that children have about their birthdays ("Today is your birthday! Today you are you!"). Hans Conried narrates this Dr. Seuss story with contagious enthusiasm, as he does four other Dr. Seuss stories, concluding with "And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street," in which the confrontation between the imaginative little boy and his literal-minded father affords a touching early instance of the generation gap. . . . Also intended for the kindergarten group is "Animal Songs" (Columbia, CR 21523, $1.89). These are uncomplicated, lighthearted pieces about animals of all kinds, a number of whom act out of character—a well-mannered rat doesn't desert a sinking ship, for instance. Anna Lenti wrote the music, which is sung by the Carillon Singers. This record also comes with a book containing simple piano arrangements of the songs, plus guitar chords, at a package price of $3.98 (Columbia, CC 23517).

In fact, there are those who claim nowadays that either a children's record or a children's book is inadequate by itself—that a book-and-record set is more like it. One theory is that this arrangement helps children learn to read, and there's probably something to it.

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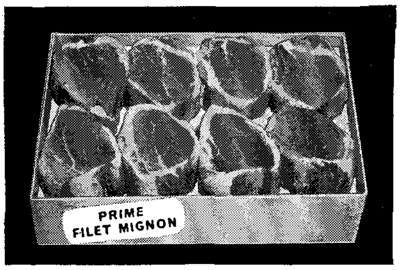

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"Show me where it says that, Mom" is almost a litany for a child ready and anxious to have those letters on the page mean something to him. With this in mind, Columbia has turned out a sizable number of these combined audio-visual offerings, together with some sets (also word for word) for slightly older children, who seem to enjoy reading along with a record and knowing what's coming next. "The World's Worst Wisher" is a quietly funny story, meant for nine-year-olds and under, and is about a boy named Grover whose fairy friend (she has a thick Cockney accent) turns out to be such a prime bumbler that he uses up his last wish to rehabilitate her. Book and record come to $3.98 (CC 23514). . . . Many of the books in this Columbia series are well-made hard-cover volumes, illustrated with style and imagination. For example, "Drummer Hoff," meant for the crowd just learning to read, is the book whose colored woodcuts won Ed Emberly the Caldecott Medal for the best children's-book illustrations last year. The text (now repeated on a seven-inch record) is about the assembling of an ancient cannon, most of whose assemblers—peace lovers will be gratified to hear—went up in smoke (CC 74004, $2.98). . . . The illustrations, at once brilliant and gloomy, for "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (Columbia, CC 25502, $5.98) are by Tomi Ungerer, another frequent prize-winner in the children's-book field. The text of the story is read on one side of the record, by Marshall Izen, and the music is played on the other, after a brief introduction to the instruments and the characters they represent, by the New York Philharmonic. . . . A similar book-and-record set involving the Philharmonic is the ubiquitous "Peter and the Wolf," this time with Mildred Dunnock reading the storybook story on one side and Leonard Bernstein doing the narration and the conducting on the other (Columbia, CC 25501, $5.98). . . . Mildred Dunnock is also to be heard in "The Wizard of Oz" (Columbia, CC 30001, $5.95)—a set that includes a facsimile of the first edition (1900), and seven records, on which Miss Dunnock and George Rose, of the Old Vic, read every word of its two hundred and sixty-three pages. (It takes more than three hours' playing time to get Dorothy back to Kansas.) Even a father dedicated to reading to the children every night might be willing to have this talented pair spell him on occasion. The records in this set are seven-inch

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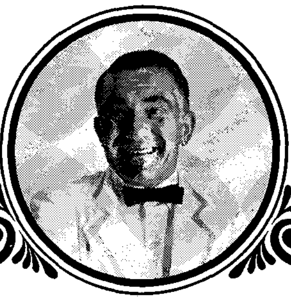

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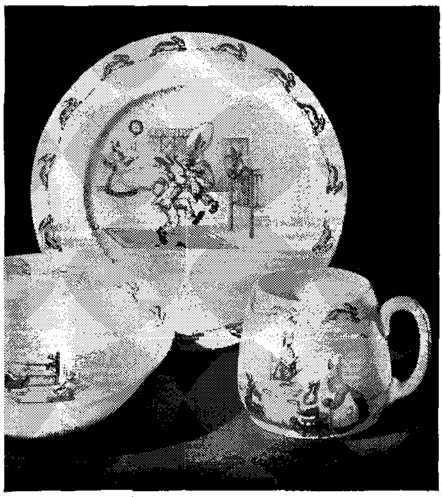

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ones, and Columbia assures us they represent an innovation, because they play much longer than other seven-inchers. This substantial package comes in a small carrying case with a handle. . . . And, to return to the records-only category, the adventures of "Pinocchio" (Caedmon, TC 1262, $6.50) take about a third as long as Dorothy's excursion but turn out to be far more extensive and exciting than we'd remembered. We had also forgotten that this story is not one of the old fairy tales at all but was written between 1881 and 1883 as a newspaper serial by an Italian journalist using the name of Carlo Collodi. Cyril Ritchard tells the story with just the right combination of amusement and despair (for, of course, Pinocchio was a very bad boy—indeed, a recidivist—which is why children regard him so fondly).

In our estimation, the people at Dimension 5 are better than practically any other record-makers at the kind of offbeat musical exhortation that encourages anybody under the age of ten to rise up off the living-room rug and move into a polka, the Mashed Potato, or a simple jump-for-joy when the record calls for it. They describe their latest venture, "The Electronic Record for Children" (D 141, $4.98), as an experiment in "space-sound choreography." Between the all-out action numbers there are quiet interludes during which everybody can catch his breath. Our favorite of these is called "African Lullaby."

One of the nice things about the Caedmon people is that they put their record jackets to such good use, not dwelling on a performer's most recent night-club engagement but, instead, calling in experts to explain some of the background of the song or story we are about to hear. In the case of "Mary Poppins" (TC 1246, $5.95), the jacket material includes a long talk with the author, P. L. Travers. "No self-respecting family would tolerate such goings-on," she says when she is asked if the story of the eccentric nursemaid resembles something that happened in her own family when she was a child. Later, she mentions a phenomenon that many of us have noticed: "All the books and stories I have most loved seem to me to *have* begun long before the first chapter and to continue long after the last"—surely an experience that several generations of children have had with her books. This record is a dramatization of highlights of the first Mary Poppins book. There is a large cast, headed by Maggie Smith, who plays Mary with the proper tartness. . . .

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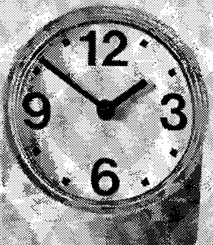

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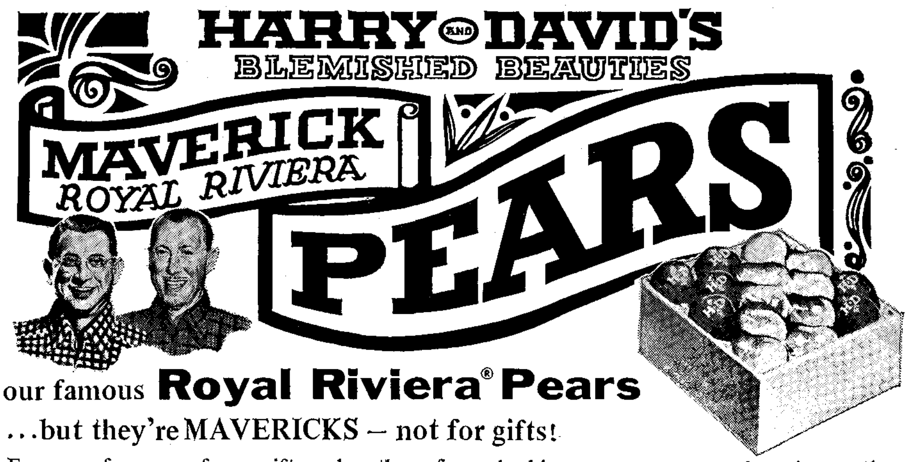
Much the same crew is around for a sequel, called "Mary Poppins Comes Back" (Caedmon, TC 1269, $5.95). . . . The jacket of "Huckleberry Finn" (Caedmon, TC 2038, $13) reminds us that when the source of all modern literature—which is what Hemingway once proclaimed this book to be—was published, in 1885, the Concord, Massachusetts, library banned it from its shelves as "the veriest trash" and as "coarse, inelegant, dealing with a series of experiences not elevating." Ed Begley, who does the reading here, is a very good actor and manages to get the necessary effect without hamming things up. This is a two-record album, not the whole book, but the editor's name wasn't Bowdler or anything like it. The selections include Huck's father's tirade against uppity Northern niggers who wear white shirts and ought to be taken out and sold, as well as many of the controversial scenes with Nigger Jim. . . . Begley also takes part in "Paul Bunyan in Story and Song" (Caedmon, TC 1275, $6.50). This is a good record for someone you know who pines for Fort Cheyenne country, or for anyone who would just like to hear about a fellow that nobody ever told any *little* lies about. Begley reads seven of the better-known whoppers, and between times Oscar Brand sings half a dozen songs—sometimes rip-roaring, sometimes mournful—that catch the spirit of frontier life. . . . Or you might like, in this same vein, "An Axe, an Apple, and a Buckskin Jacket"—a story, by Arnold Sundgaard, about a lonely frontier boy named Jethro, who dreams that on Christmas Eve Paul Bunyan drops in to give him an axe (for strength), Johnny Appleseed brings him an apple (for hope), and Daniel Boone brings him a buckskin jacket (for courage). The story is told by Frank Luther, and there is a musical accompaniment, largely choral, composed by Alec Wilder, which ends with his haunting "How Lovely Is Christmas" (Columbia, CR 21527, $1.89). . . . Davy Crockett makes an appearance on Tom Glazer's record called "Namu, the Killer Whale, and Other Ballads of Adventure," although most of the songs deal with the sea; "The Golden Vanity," "The High Barbaree," and "The Sinking of the Titanic" are among them, and not a routine arrangement in the lot (United Artists, UAS 6540, $4.98). . . . "Tom Glazer's Fun and Games" (United Artists, UAS 23501, $1.98) is all about games that can be played on a long trip in the family car. With inter-



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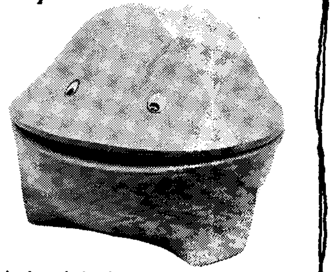

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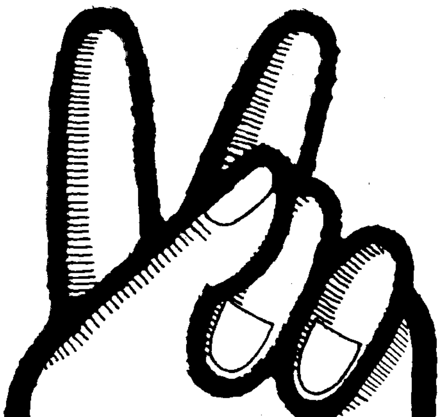

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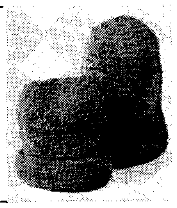

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mittent musical interludes ("Sing a Song of Safety," "The Gas Station Song"), Glazer outlines the rules for "Ghost," "Famous Persons," "I'm Packing My Trunk," and other old reliables, in each case playing a sample game with child helpers. A family about to make a trip to Grandmother's house for the holidays might bless you for this one. . . . For travellers to more exotic places—if only in imagination—you might like "Folk Tales of the Tribes of Africa," another Caedmon entry (TC 1267, $6.50). A map of Africa is included, showing where the tales originated. Eartha Kitt tells the stories, in a voice that manages to sound both breathless and stern, and we should warn you that some of them are pretty gory. But then we all survived the Brothers Grimm, didn't we? . . . For more relaxed moments, there is "Greek Folksongs," sung by Ted Alevizos, to the accompaniment of flute, guitar, mandolin, and santouri, which is a Greek dulcimer. The songs are sung in Greek, but synopses on the jacket give you a good idea of the fun that is going on. This record (POS 1041, $3.98) is made by Pathways of Sound, Inc., which describes itself as "a company founded for children and others who share their good taste."

AND now for a miscellaneous finale: A sprawling brown-and-white plush basset hound who looks very sad and measures twenty-five inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail is $16.50 at the Gingerbread House. A two-unit walkie-talkie that uses a nine-volt battery and has retractable antennas is $13.50 at Altman's. The girls in the family might like a pair of very fancy-looking French telephones, bright red with gold trimmings. Thirty feet of wire connects these, and when you crank one the other rings. They're $18 at Schwarz. At Henri Bendel, for $11, you'll find a suggestion from the money-minded Swiss. It's a repository for nickels and dimes that looks like a bank building in an Alpine village. Except for a red plastic roof, it's made of Lucite, so that a fellow can see where his money goes, and a Banc de Suisse bankbook comes with it. A nine-inch-long wicker sewing basket from Schwarz ($10.75) contains an eight-inch blond doll, a thimble, some thread, a pair of scissors, a set of needles, a pincushion, and four complete outfits for the doll, all cut out and ready to be sewn. (*More* work for Mother, maybe.) Bergdorf has little boys in mind. For $5, pajamas in a football-helmet print (either red or blue on white)

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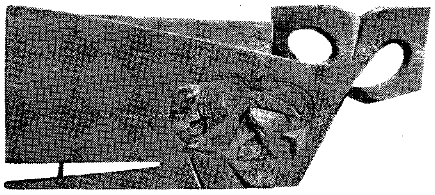

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The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have no income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund is conducting a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00...an amount that's "just another Christmas gift" to more fortunate kids...buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.

*NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief**
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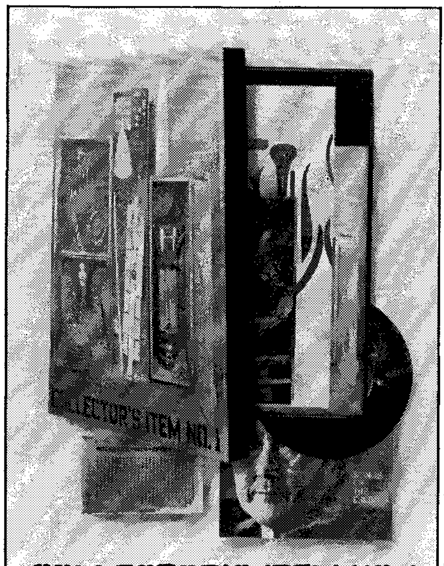

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can be had from size 2 through regular size 8, and a small football is part of the deal. A zippered sleeping bag in the same print is $14. A fine Santa Claus rug is $8 at Lord & Taylor, where you can also buy a thirty-six-inch-square acrylic rug for the older, non-believing crowd. Its red and black squares are designed for playing ticktacktoe on, and plastic circles and crosses are included; $23. A ceramic-and-wood decoration for the telephone table that would be useful in some houses we know of shows a little girl in slacks and hair ribbon curled around a telephone. Beside her is a three-minute timer. The Gingerbread House has this for $3.95. A pair of royal punching bags, two and a half feet tall and representing the king and queen right off the poker deck, are $5 each at Altman's. Corgi's version of the yellow submarine that is now as much a part of our mythology as Cinderella's pumpkin coach is made of metal, is five and a half inches long, costs $4 at Rappaport's, and arrives with the hatches down. Push a couple of levers, and John and Paul pop out of one hatch and Ringo and George out of the other. As it is shoved along the floor on its wheels, the submarine makes a humming sound, and the periscope revolves. An item called Wonder Art, at Polk's for $3, is a transparent-plastic envelope, about two feet long and a foot and a half wide, with a thick mélange of paint inside, which can be slurred around with the hands as in finger painting, except that this paint blessedly stays beneath the plastic. The results are often eerie and beautiful, and when they're not they can be changed with a swipe of the hand. Those seven-inch circular jigsaw puzzles called Thingies cost $1.25 apiece almost everywhere, including Altman's. As it happens, the titles of this year's batch all have to do with Christmas—just what you wanted. For instance, there's "Smile—It's Christmas," "My Stocking Runneth Over," "A Loaf of Fruitcake, a Jug of Wine, and You Beside Me . . .," and "Mistletoe Is a Welcome, But Unnecessary, Excuse." And then there's the one called "Peace," which, of course, would make this the merriest Christmas of all.

•

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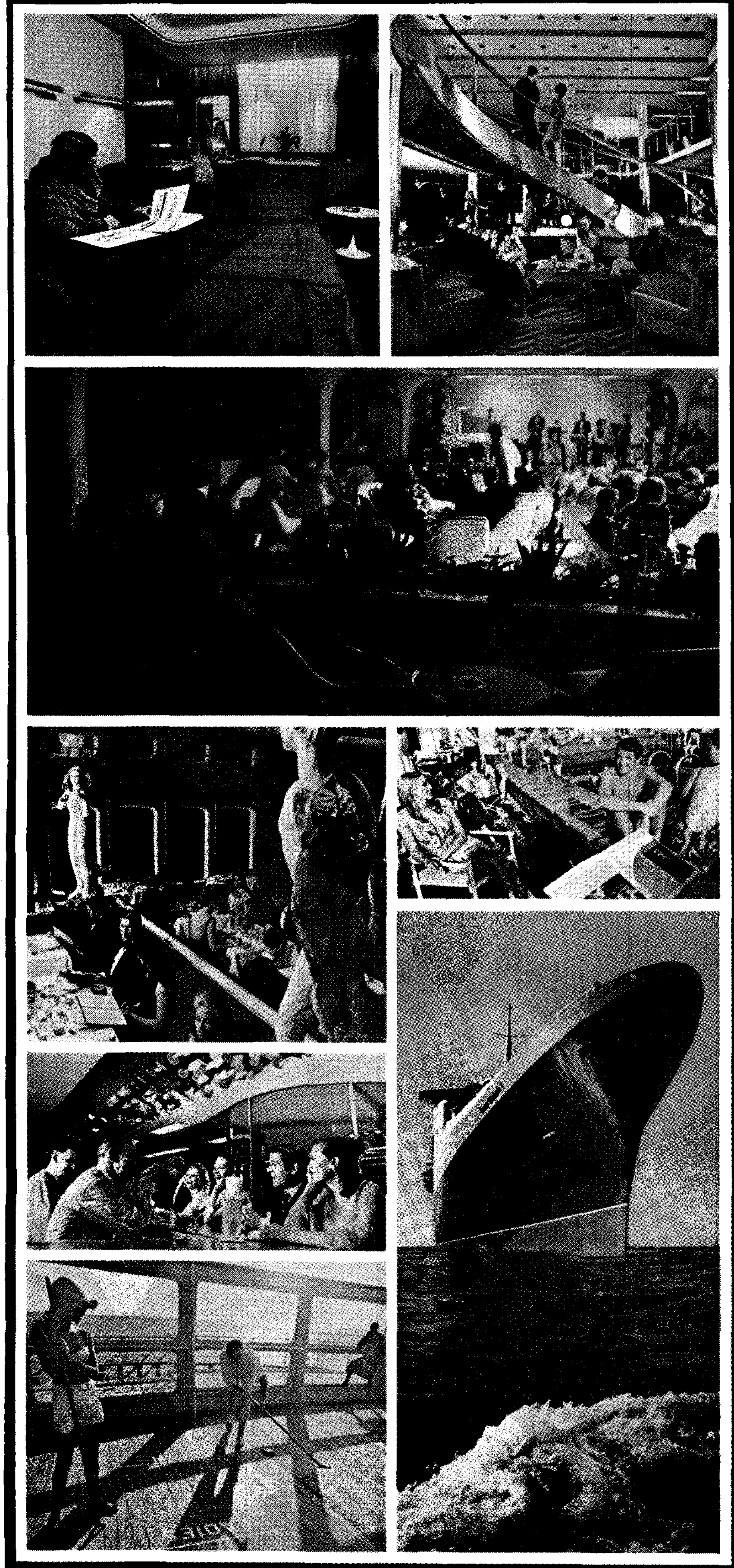

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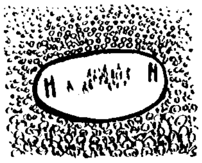
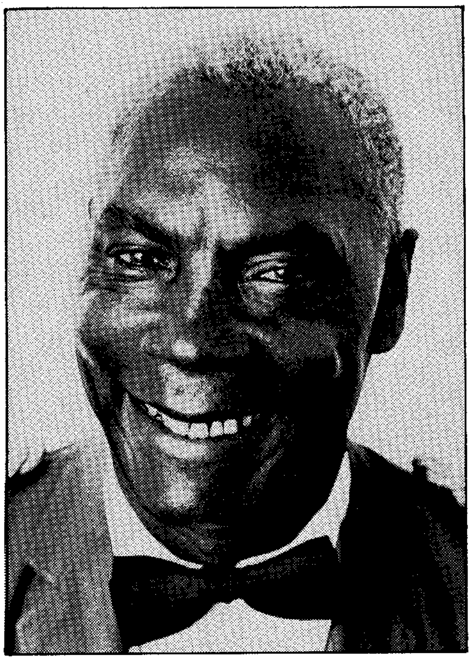
# FOOTBALL

## *How to Throw the Game Away*



THOSE who throw in haste have no leisure in which to repent, for events catch up with them. Throwing in haste is what you do when your difficulties with making your running game work have become so apparent that everyone expects you to throw the ball instead of running with it, and so everyone pursues the quarterback with intent to make him throw it before he really wants to. (Exception: In professional football, everyone expects you to throw the ball anyway, for fear that the crowd is going to go home if you stick to first-class, orthodox football, like running the ball fast, furiously, deviously, and devastatingly.) After a Thanksgiving Day bewilderingly spent at the television set—a day in which, no matter where one looked, everywhere appeared to be in Texas, and all the players appeared to be in just-alike red-and-white uniforms, and all of them appeared to be throwing, and by no means always catching, footballs—it was actually a pleasure to journey to the grim dungeon outside Philadelphia and see an Army team play first-class, orthodox football and make it look like the best sport in the world. "My game plan?" said Cahill, the Army coach, after Army had literally run away, 27–0, with the Navy game. "It was Moore right, Moore left." Zigzagging behind what must have been the neatest blocking he'd ever had, Lynn Moore ran—dodging, swivelling, butting down opponents—as he never had run before. After such blocking, which uprooted Navy's principal linebackers with such vehemence that they had to retire into private life, there was—literally again—no stopping Moore. Navy did do a fair amount of running itself, mostly with the small but rapid Marchetti and the more direct Pike, but McNallen, its quarterback, had to go to the pass much too often, and part of Army's game plan, it became obvious, was to move in on him so quickly that he could not slip into a pocket of protective teammates but would have to throw from out in the open—generally when he was running cross-lots for dear life. And Army's defense, meeting up at last with players down at its own not abnormal size, left no place for Navy to go. The goal-line stand that ended up with Coonan popping up



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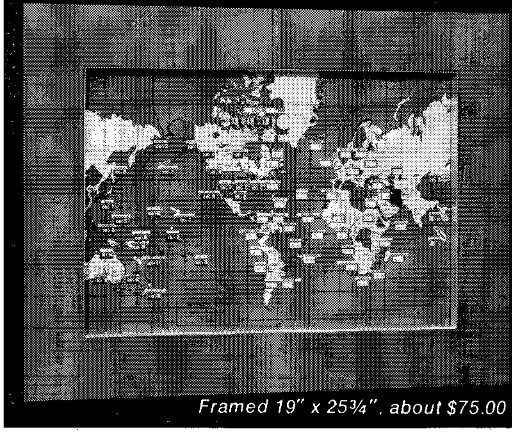

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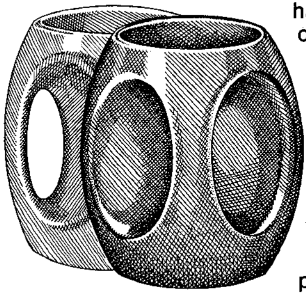

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out of nowhere to nail McNallen in midair, six inches short of a touchdown, was of the sort known to the trade as "classic." At that, Navy, though solidly beaten, made few mistakes. It was simply trying to make up for a mistake of some years ago, when Moore was still a schoolboy but one of the ranking players in Oklahoma. The Navy persuader who had an appointment to persuade Moore, son of a Navy family, about the delights of going to Annapolis never showed up; Moore's story is that an Army persuader, full of the delights of West Point, did show up.

ORTHODOXY, come to think of it, showed up the weekend before Army-Navy, and thereby Dartmouth, about to be awarded the Ivy League championship, had to share it with Yale and Princeton. Running the ball less with deception than with fearsome and purposeful speed, and now and then throwing the ball in the same fashion, just enough to baffle, Princeton demolished what I still consider one of the best Dartmouth teams I have looked upon, and did it with a mixture of matter-of-factness and glee. Why it chose to exhibit this skill only upon alternate weekends this fall will be a topic of fireside conversation all winter. Princeton's resort to orthodoxy involved, also, the use of the punt as a deadly weapon, and Bjorklund, filling in for the incapacitated McCullough as runner and for Ellis Moore (who remained very much present as a ball-carrier) as punter, was without fault. The match brought together two of the most adept running, passing, deceiving, and thinking quarterbacks of the season—Princeton's MacBean, making his last showing, and Dartmouth's Chasey, who will live to fight another day. Part of the Princeton game plan was to run Chasey to earth out in the open. Once (and this once settled the match—Princeton 35, Dartmouth 7—beyond recall), his defending pocket was slit open so deftly that the instant he turned, twenty yards behind the line of scrimmage, to throw the ball he was upended with such force that the ball bounced away from him and into Princeton hands, which in a matter of minutes propelled it to another Princeton touchdown. The reason was, as in the case of McNallen, that the opposition was cutting down Chasey's running plays so often that there was nothing else for him to do. Leaving your victim no choice in the matter is, unkind as it may seem, the essence of good football.—J. W. L.

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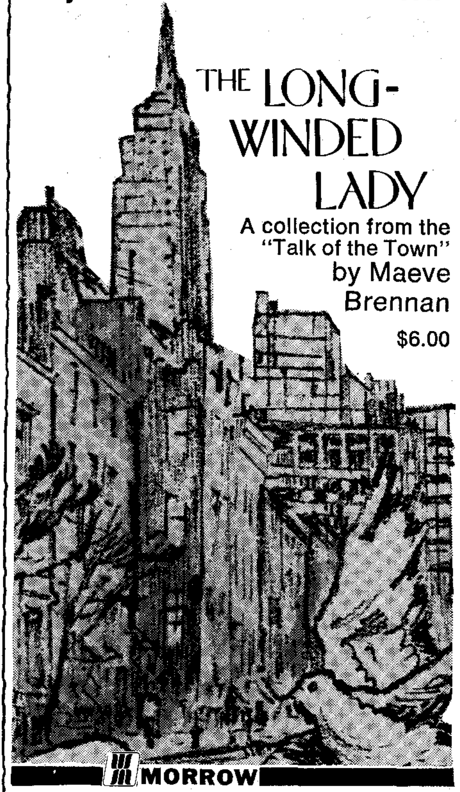

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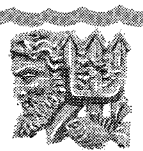

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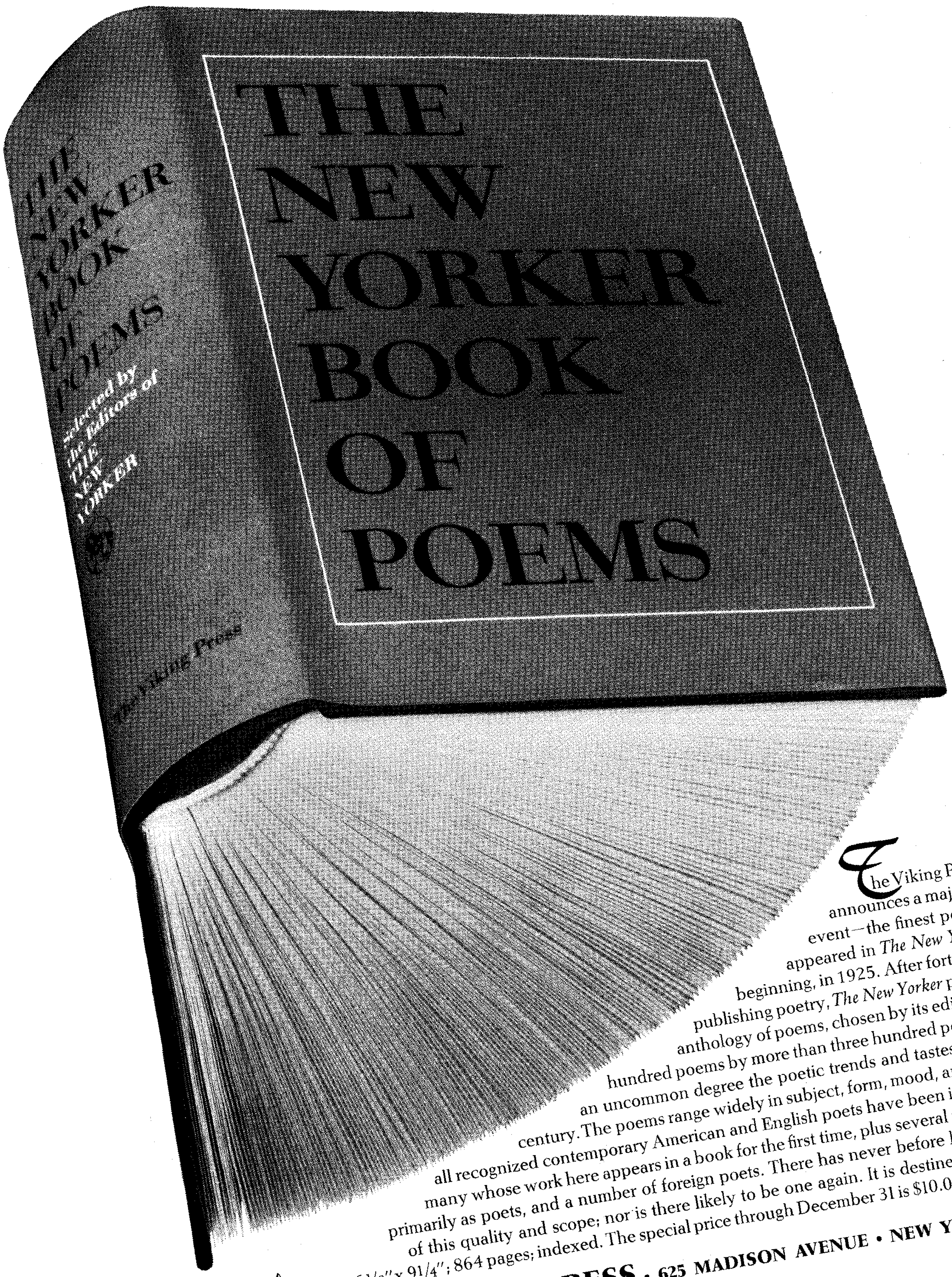
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# BOOKS

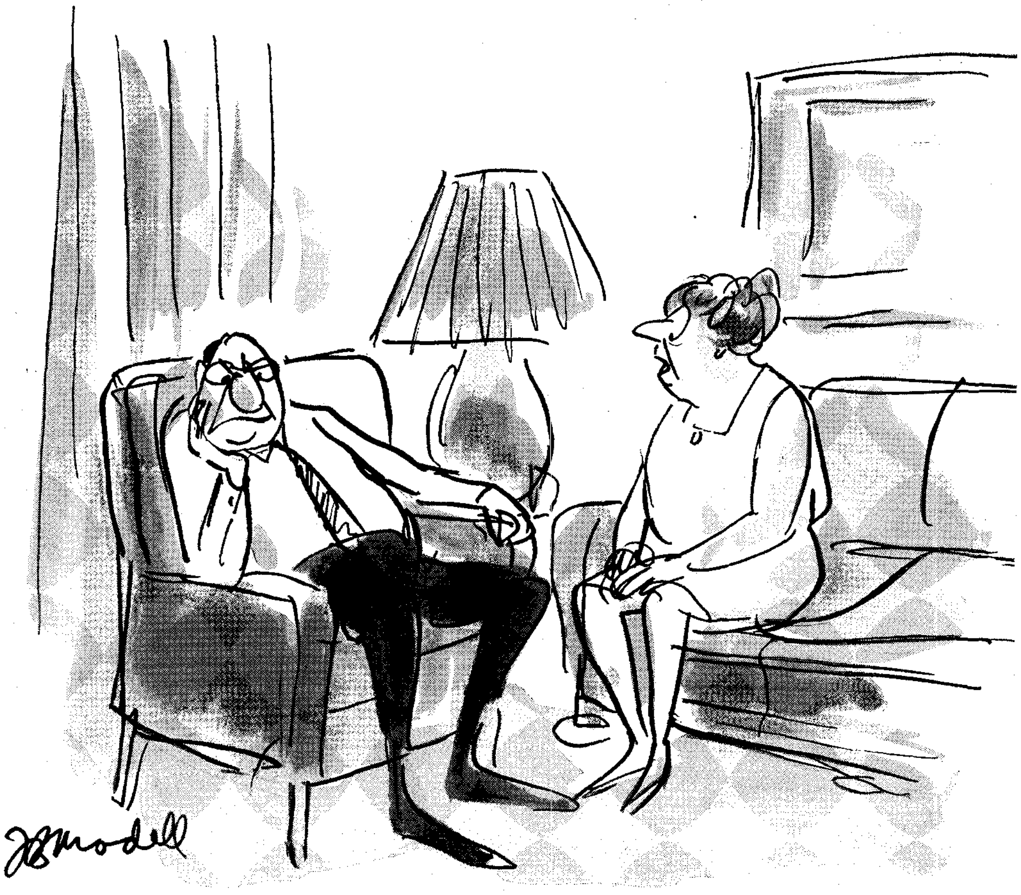
## *The Whole Truth*

WE in this country have a bad habit of overpraising or overdamning our young writers; if they are not tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail, they are paraded through our book reviews with a motorcycle escort and a cloud of ticker tape. Joyce Carol Oates is too good, and too serious, a writer to deserve the parade, which she seems in danger of. What she *does* deserve is a constructive and dispassionate appraisal of her strengths and shortcomings, both of which are quite in evidence in "them" (Vanguard), her latest book.

"them" (a plague on titles with a lower-case initial, however significant; I'm calling it "Them" from here on), "Them," then, is a five-hundred-page "work of history in fictional form," according to Miss Oates's preface, and it is based on the recollections of a former student of hers—recollections that cover thirty years of a family's life in the slums of a Midwestern city that is perhaps Toledo and of Detroit. From 1937 to 1967, Miss Oates traces the moral and emotional history of Loretta Wendall and of two of her children, Maureen (the former student) and Jules.

Let me say right now that I think this book is mainly a work of fiction and not of history at all; a good deal of internal evidence, which I'll get to later, suggests that Miss Oates, starting with a few factual clues, designed and constructed most of the fabric of events herself, and with considerable coherence and skill. Almost all the way, it succeeds in reproducing the psychological tenor of poverty—a series of stultifying routines interrupted irregularly and arbitrarily by radical change and blinding violence—and its stunting effect on the emotional scope of the poor. It does, though (at least for me), fail to bond the foreground characters to the background of their time and place, especially in the first half of the novel. While I sympathize with Miss Oates's desire to avoid the cluttered, too explicit stage sets of the old-time naturalistic novel and her determination to view the world through the minds and reactions of her people, I think that in discarding circumstantiality she has also discarded an essential key to their character. The city and the country slums of the thirties and forties—profusely detailed and profoundly interesting, too, like so many backgrounds to despair—cannot merely be assumed if we are to understand the people who lived in them. It is not a mass of detail but the significant detail that can illumine a character and his actions. In "Them," backgrounds are scanted, glossed over, seen as in a dream, without weight or definition, without place names or map references. Thus, Loretta Wendall, the main figure in the first part of the book, is never in sharp relief—in her person, her actions, or her speech—as an individual. Though it is the author's intention to show the submergence of her people's personalities in the crushing numbness of poverty, it is also her intention—stated in her preface—to write a novel "which is truly about a specific 'them' and not just a literary technique of pointing to us all." For her first two hundred pages, she points mainly to us all, or, at any rate, to all the poorer ones. Miss Oates, we feel, cannot successfully isolate and identify with Loretta Wendall and her time and place.

Fortunately, the opposite is true of Loretta's daughter, Maureen. When she assumes the center of the stage—as a sixteen-year-old who seeks dignity, power, and freedom by sleeping with a picked-up married man for money—the novel springs jarringly and truthfully to life. Somewhere in Salinger, Seymour Glass criticizes the triviality of his brother Buddy's fiction by saying, "I want your *loot*." In Maureen, we get Miss Oates's loot—the whole double armload of truth of character she has swiped for her book. The whole truth of the book, in fact, resides in Maureen, and in her despairing, hopeful attempts to escape the cage of her life—and the cage of her person—as she grows older. Beaten by her stepfather for possession of her inexplicable



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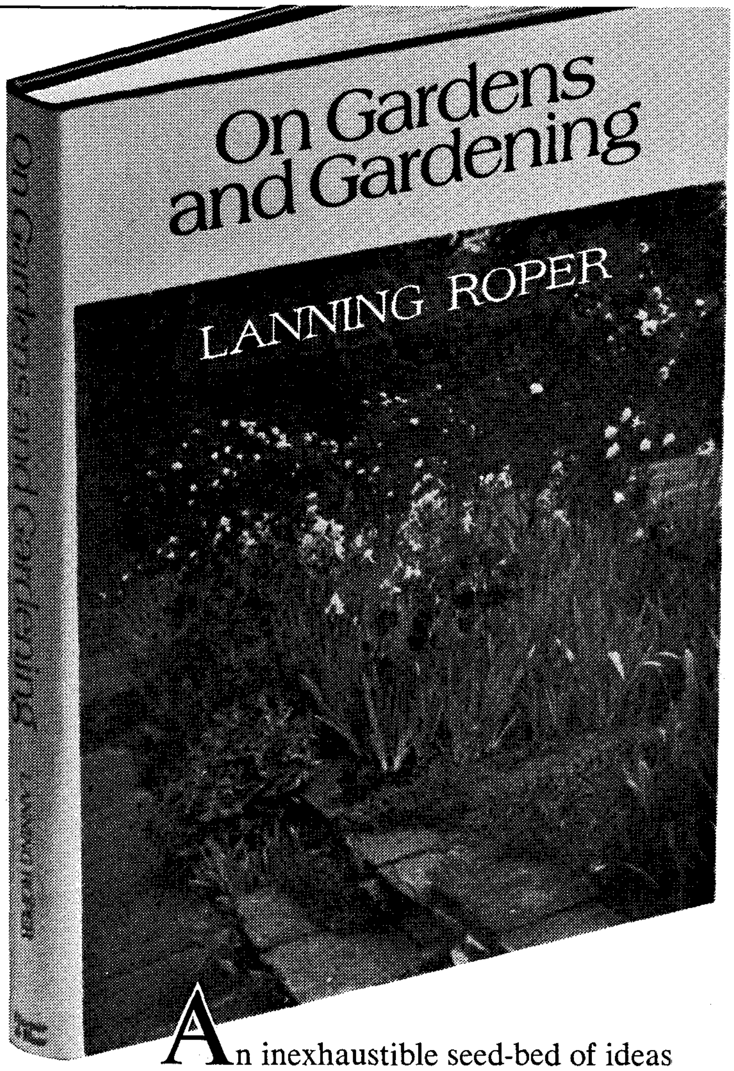
money, she retreats into a kind of catatonia and grows grossly fat in her slatternly bedroom; after a year, she awakens and resumes her faceless losing battle of a life, this time as a night-school student. She accepts a nothing job, she goes on taking courses, she eventually sets her cap for a poor, seedy English instructor—a married man with children—choosing him as the escape mechanism to deliver her from her past and present, from herself. All this rings true.

At this point, Maureen writes two letters to Miss Oates. The first probably is a genuine letter from a troubled girl to her former teacher. The second is something else entirely: an extended emotional autobiography, written with such literary craft, sustained at such a high and skillful pitch that we cannot quite accept it as the work of a failed night-school composition student. Maureen has revealed herself so well in dialogue and action that this letter seems gratuitous; it does not, however, destroy the development of her story or deter her final flight into a life of illusory acceptability. Maureen remains the crown of this book and its reason for being; she is one of the enduring women of contemporary American fiction.

Her brother, Jules, falls short of this distinction. A fitfully realized character, he tumbles through a series of arbitrary and often unbelievable adventures. After a few years as a petty tough, he is employed by a mad financial manipulator, who is immediately murdered. Having fallen in love with Nadine, the financier's niece, Jules uses his new job of delivering flowers to track her down to her Grosse Pointe house. Leaving his truck in the driveway, he talks his way into the house and up to her bedroom, where they spend the afternoon and evening. Her mother returns; cocktail guests arrive and leave; incredibly, nobody notices the truck in the drive. Finally, at one in the morning, they slip out, steal a neighbor's car, and set off for the Southwest, where, after a nightmare tour of small-town motels, Jules, down with the flu and fever, is abandoned by Nadine. His progress through the South is traced by a series of funny and affecting letters to his mother and Maureen. When he comes home, he sees Nadine, now a suburban wife, in a restaurant. They consummate their affair in a rented apartment. The ferocious love scenes, meant, like Jules's whole odyssey, to illuminate some versions of the lower-class American dream, succeed brilliantly on their own



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terms, but only by distorting and betraying the character of Jules. He becomes, like Nadine, a sort of upper-middle-class demon lover; his talk is not that of a recent dropout, a former slum kid, but of the other man in a worldly triangle. Nadine asks, "Don't you want to know about me?" He answers, "As conversation, yes. For the next thirty years. But it isn't essential. I can't concentrate on it. I can't even ask you whether you've had any lovers since your marriage, or before, because that isn't any of my business." The affair ends when Nadine, who can neither accept him nor reject him, shoots and nearly kills him. Eventually, he drifts, aimlessly, into a circle of student militants in Detroit. He takes part, aimlessly, in the 1967 Detroit riots; aimlessly, he murders a policeman. Without motive, he escapes. In the household she has set up with her captured English instructor, he visits Maureen, but they part without comprehension of what they have become, and Jules goes to California, in his new air-conditioned car, for his new job with a fraudulent anti-poverty program.

In the end, we can just manage to accept Jules as a protean mirror that reflects a dozen states of modern American consciousness; we cannot accept him at all as a character who ever was. As I've suggested, it's difficult, too, to regard "Them" as a genuine history—difficult because the characters vary so radically in their definition and intensity; difficult because so many incidents, especially Jules's love affair and the climactic race riots, seem introduced to round out a picture or make a point without having an organic part in the story; difficult because, on legal grounds alone, it is hard to believe that any writer would write or any publisher publish an account of a presumably unsolved 1967 murder committed by a real, only thinly disguised person. All that aside, Miss Oates is a writer of daring, discipline, and talent. Her taste is almost unerring; few writers have her gift for handling sexual scenes with masterly tact and suggestion, avoiding the wrenchingly explicit and the bathetically lyrical. Her skill in realizing character is rare and growing. "Them" is a novel to be read for its virtues. —L. E. SISSMAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

ANGELS FALLING, by Janice Elliott (Knopf). The scene hovers faithfully around London, but the deathbed of Lily Garland, who is the hu-

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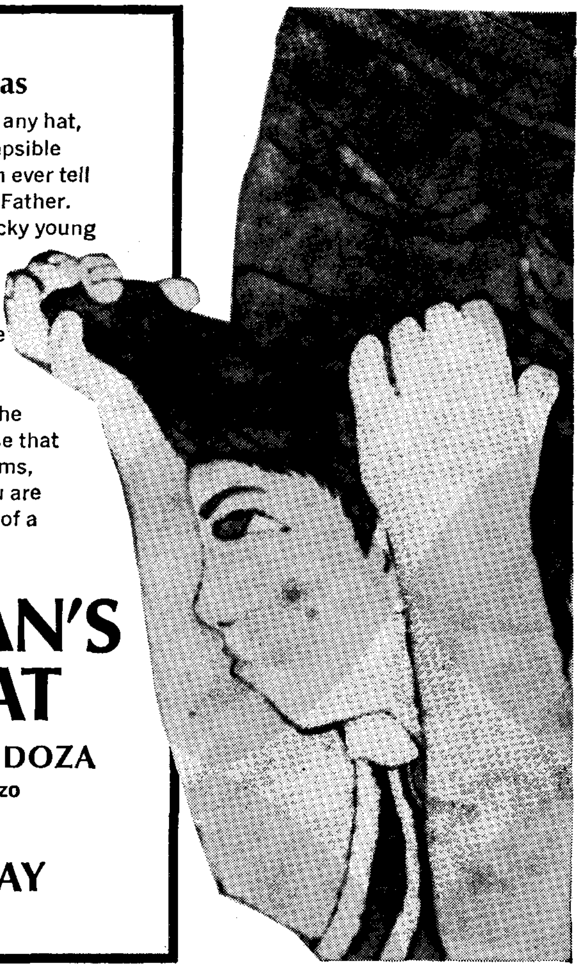
man anchor of this family history, is in her house in Oxford. Lily was born in London in 1901, on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral, and the story flashes in and out of the years between that date and 1968, when she dies. Miss Elliott's method—shuttling rapidly between lives and events, always returning to the vigil at Oxford—is of necessity impressionistic, and while the impressions are vivid, the sequence of events and the development of many different personalities and different relationships are often irritating for the reader to follow. The writing has strength, irony, and a bright, rueful precision in observing and recording small, memorable scenes, but the feeling that we are sorting out piecework is persistent and sadly enervating.

## GENERAL

Notes on a Cowardly Lion: The Biography of Bert Lahr, by John Lahr (Knopf). John Lahr, a son of the comedian, has used a novelist's eye for character and a historian's nose for facts in writing this objective portrait of his father's career, of the insecure man behind the career, and of the changing theatrical world it paralleled. His book suffers no limitations from intimacy. Beginning with his father's birth, in 1895 (forty-six years before his own), he chronicles with eyewitness immediacy the life of the great clown, from the kid acts he entered at fifteen, in flight from poverty at home and boredom at school ("What do numbers mean, when you have nothing to count?"); through burlesque, vaudeville, musical comedy, radio, movies, legitimate theatre, and television; to his death in 1967. Bert Lahr's story is as volatile and ironic as the story of the American entertainment world during his lifetime. He ended up famous, rich, and honored, yet still insecure ("Yeah, but what do I do next year?"), in a world of inflated costs, where he felt he could scarcely afford to perform except in television commercials. Sixty-six photographs.

Puttin' On Ole Massa, edited by Gilbert Osofsky (Harper & Row). Despite the dreadful title, this is a perfectly serious reprinting of three of the best of the narratives by escaped slaves in the eighteen-forties and fifties. Henry Bibb's history is distinguished by his fearlessness in returning repeatedly to Kentucky from the safety of Canada to try to rescue



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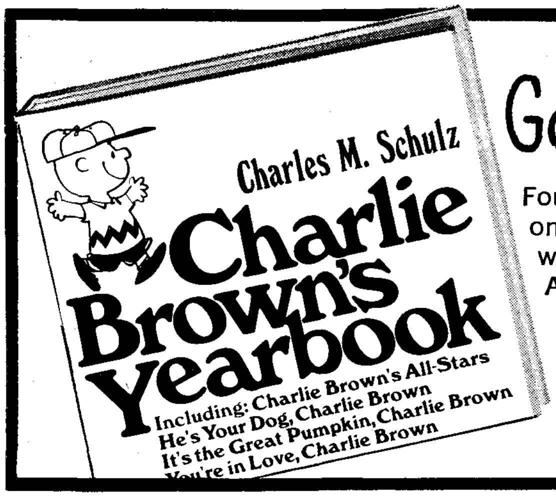

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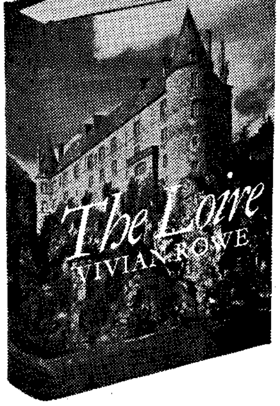

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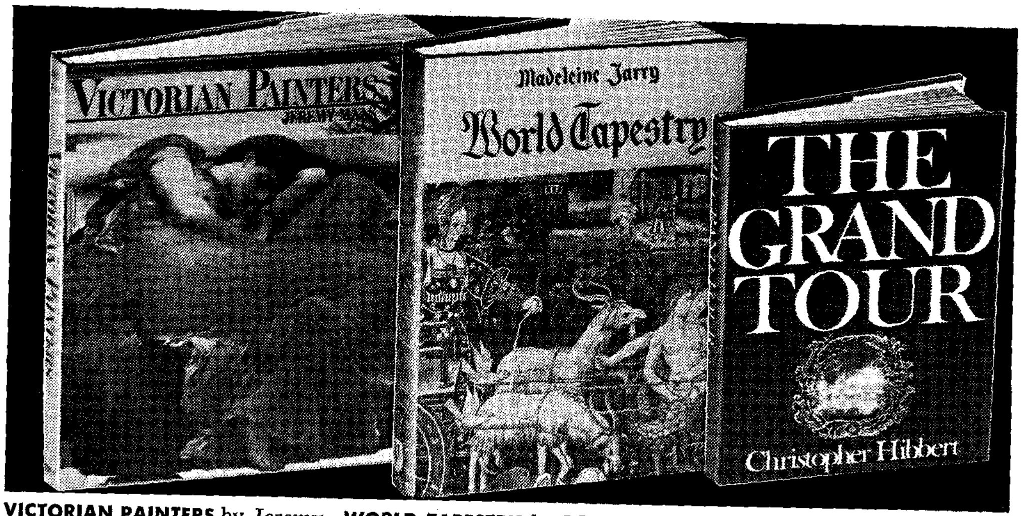
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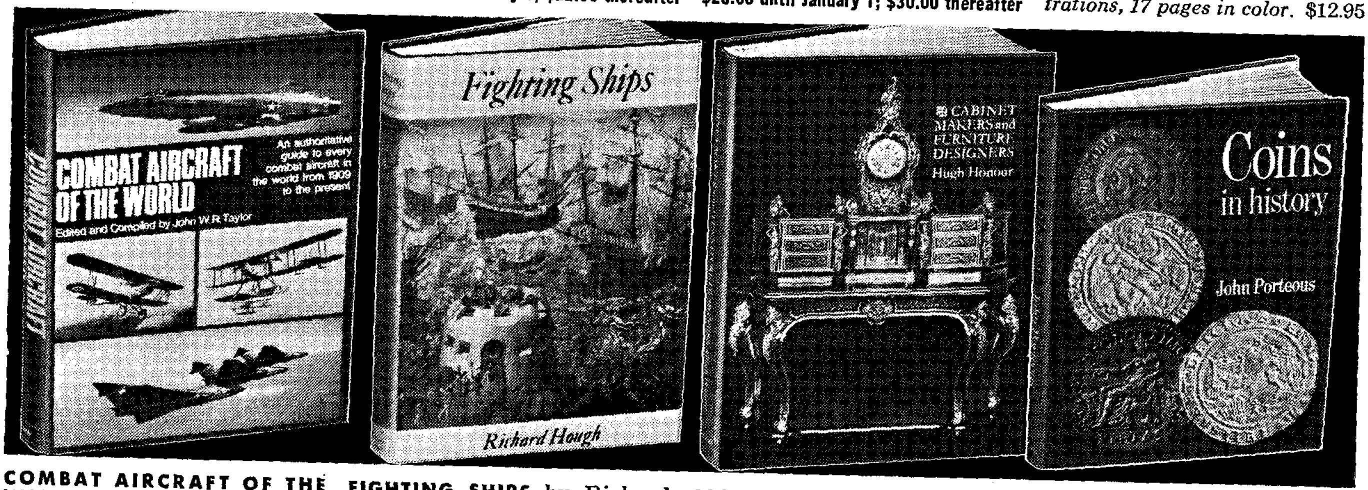
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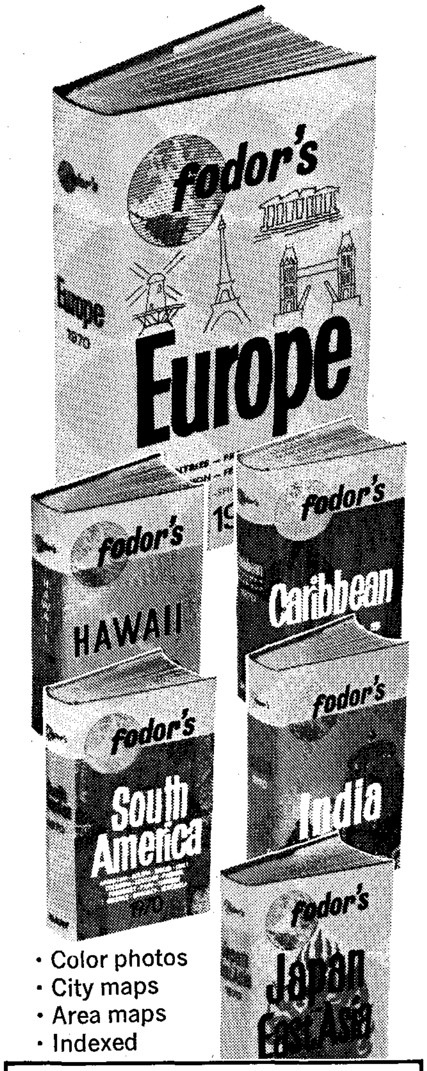

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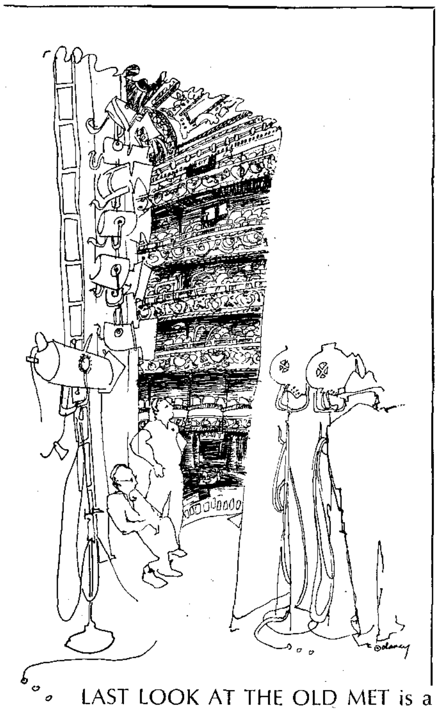

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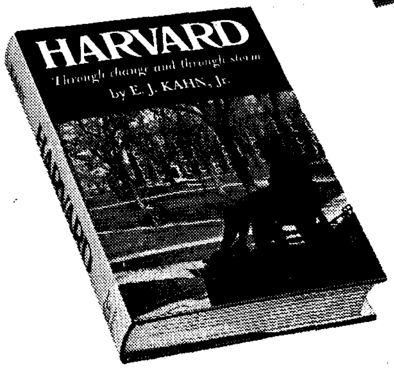
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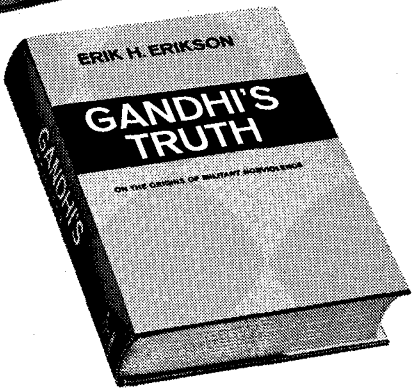
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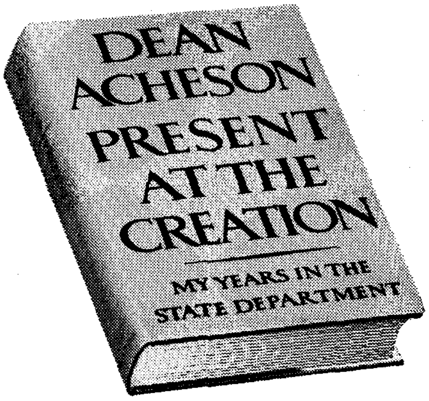
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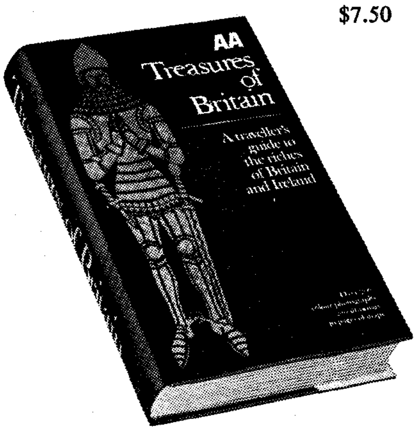
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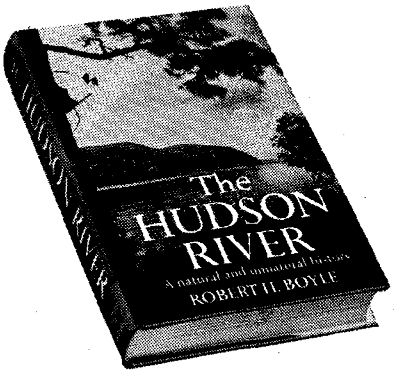
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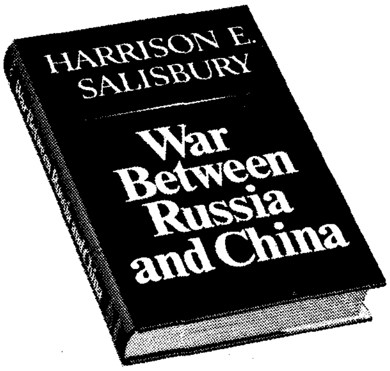
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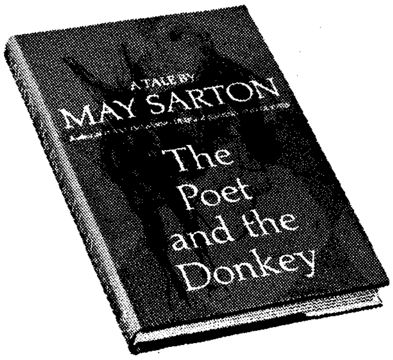
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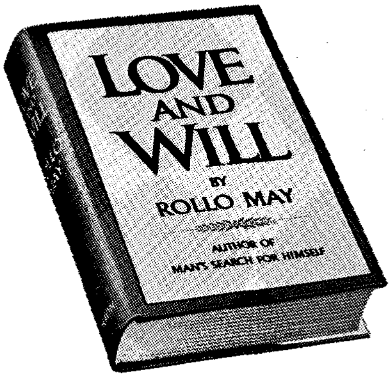
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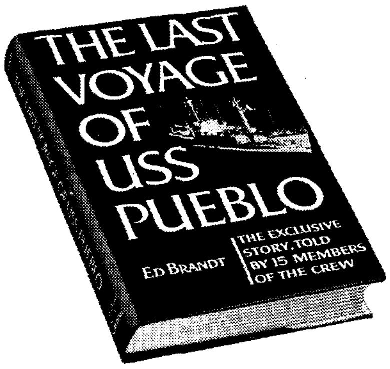
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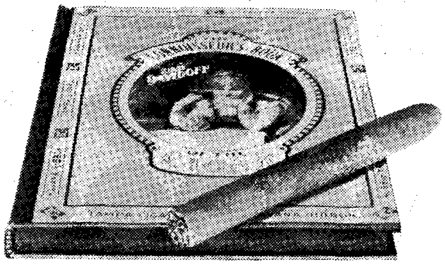

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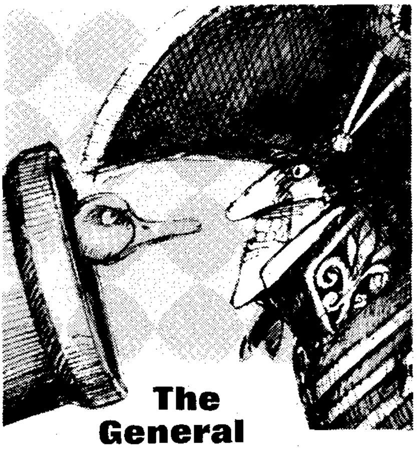

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